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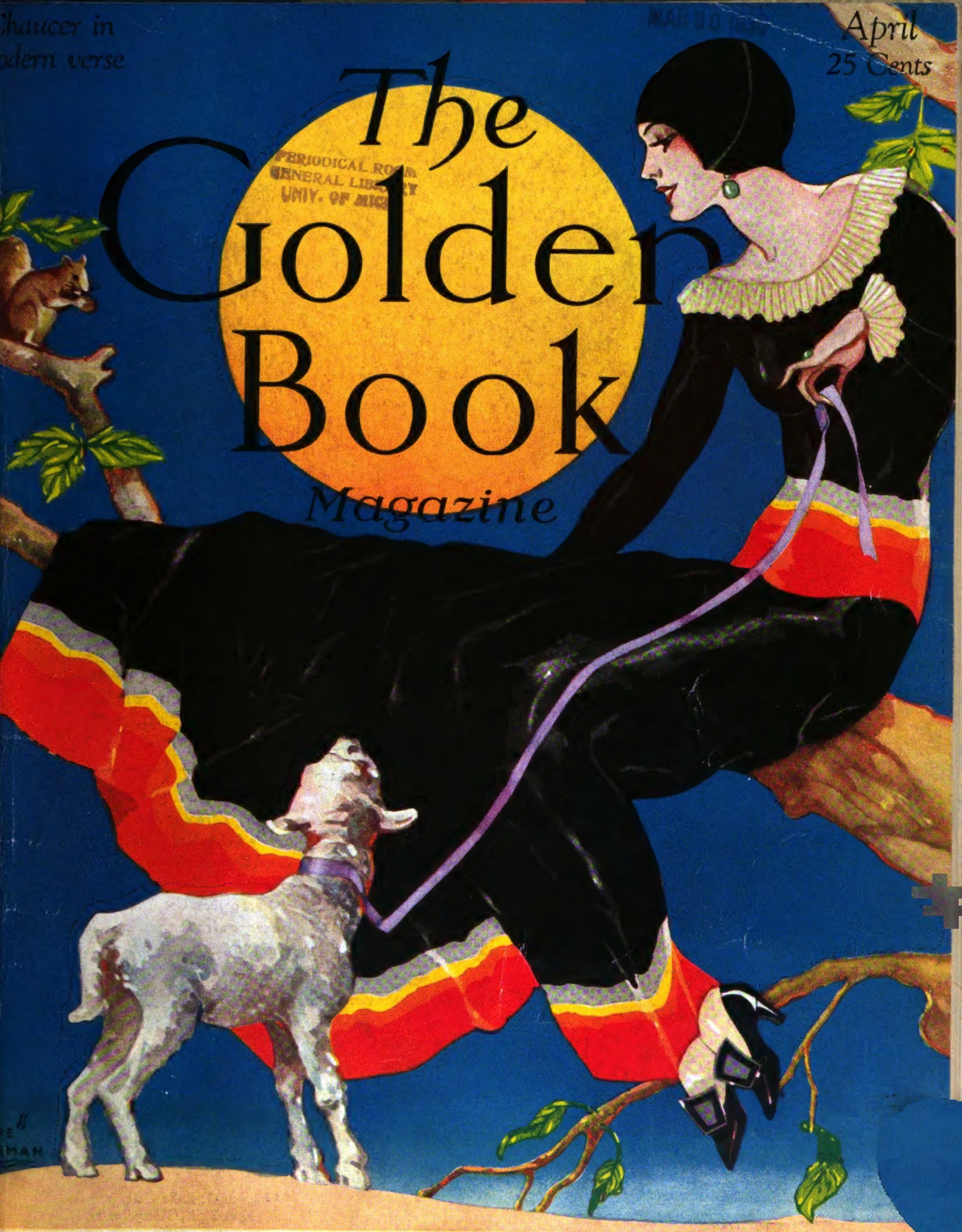

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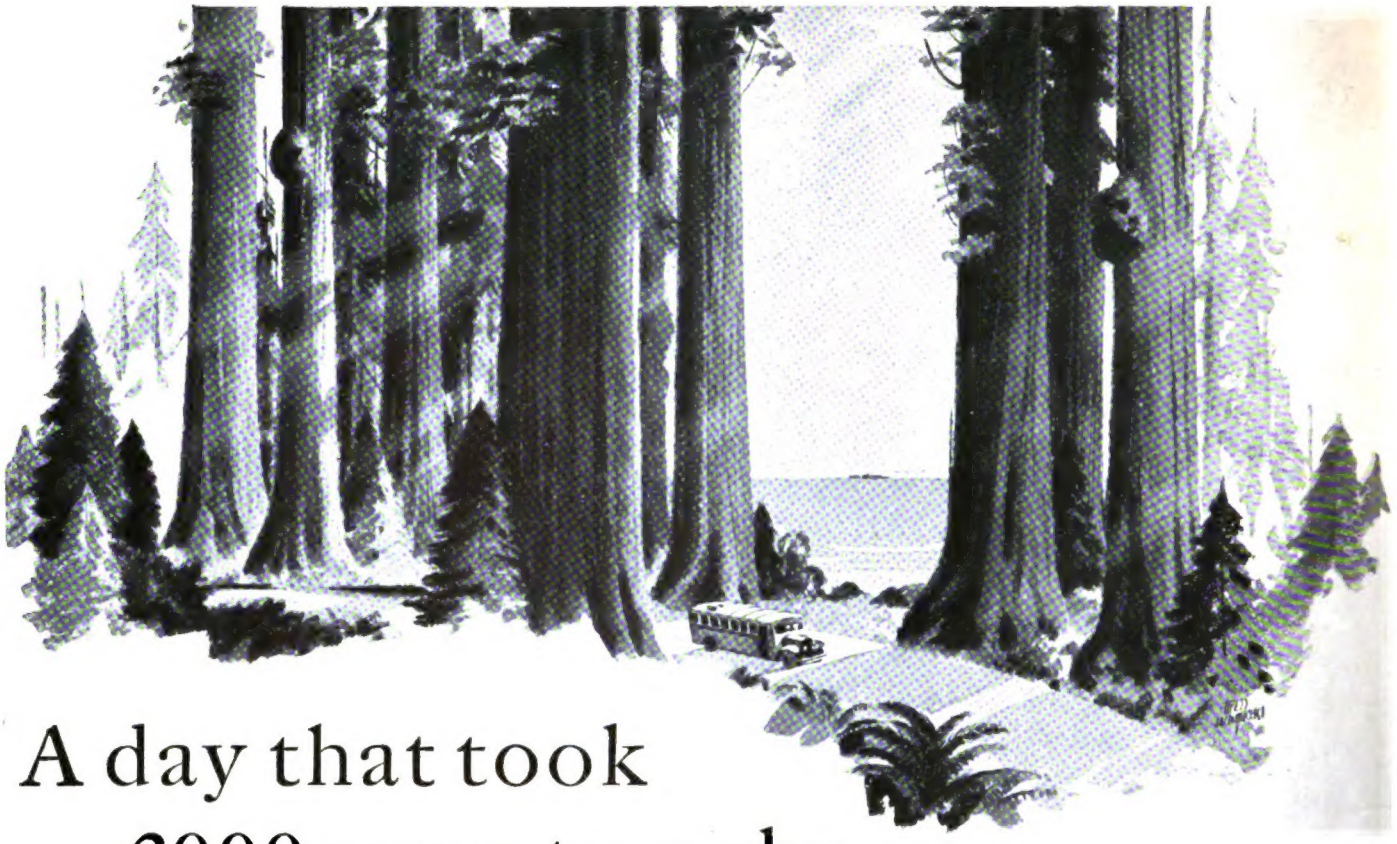

A day that took 2000 years to make

Northward from San Francisco, halfway south from Portland, a shaggy California shadow stretches into Oregon and underneath it there's a day that took 2000 years to make. It is the day en route to California, or back again, that sees you through the Redwood Empire.

Here is an empire ruled by giants. Forest giants, century-laden yet straight and tall—and haughty in the winds from that eternal sea that surges at their feet. These are trees whose branches inching sky-ward for 2000 years, have seen Spain's Conquistador and Padre plod the Sunset Trail to found San Francisco . . . the early pathfinders struggling through the Sierra's snows to blaze the Overland Trail. They heard that startled shout *GOLD* and watched this West blaze up in a yellow frenzy, then turn to green for the nation's table; and build great cities.

From secrets of another age . . . an old tranquillity, these branches change to whisper of a hundred newer days, checkered here and there throughout the long Pacific Coast. Days in sparkling cities. Sport-filled days in a varied group of great resorts. Days that drowse you with the lazy song of waves from far-off oriental shores.

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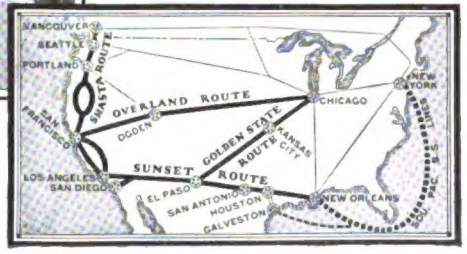

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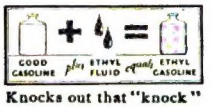

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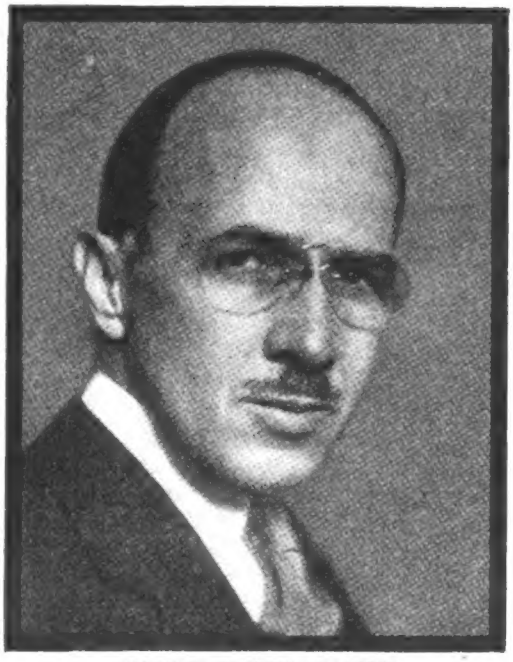

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

DR. CANBY is increasingly one of the leading literary influences in America. As editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, chairman of the Book-of-the-Month Club and critic he is in the forefront of contemporary thinking. This, with his many years of scholarship, teaching and writing—particularly on the short story—make DR. CANBY an invaluable member of the board of any magazine constantly searching for the best.

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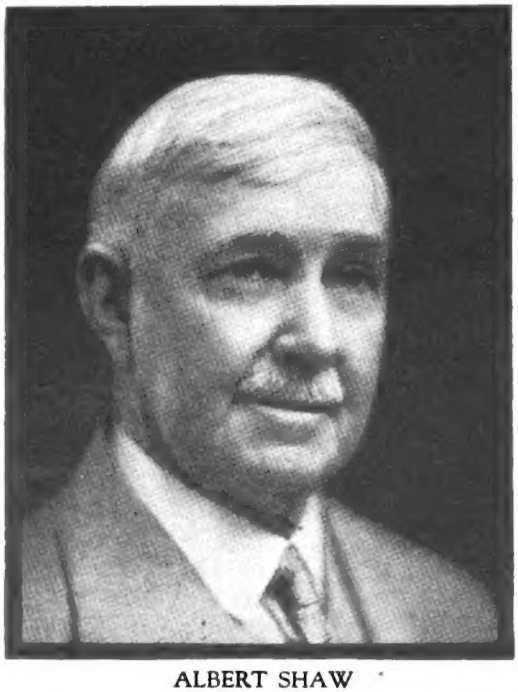
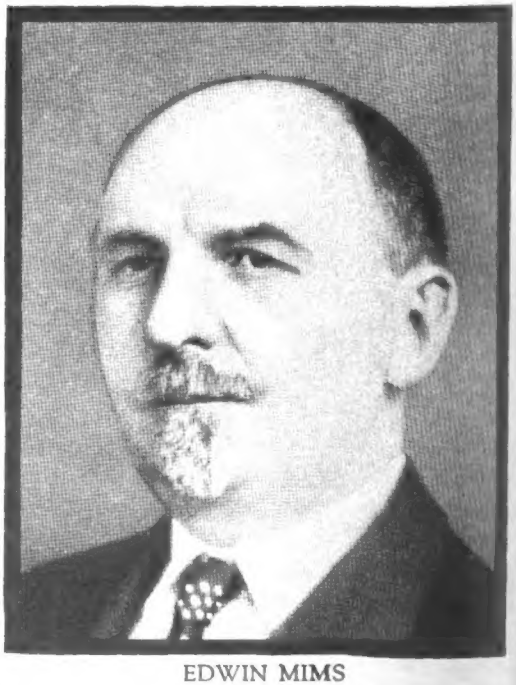
FOR THIRTY-NINE YEARS editor of the *Review of Reviews* and authority on political and social subjects, DR. ALBERT SHAW has pointed out the significance of daily happenings to thousands of readers. He has played an important part in forming the public opinion of the country, and his is a picture of the development and influences of America that should aid greatly in making the GOLDEN BOOK truly representative, as it must be, of the best modern thinking.

HUGH WALPOLE, among the foremost English novelists of the day, represents both in his own writing and in his literary enthusiasms the GOLDEN BOOK's conviction that really good literature is always friendly and alive. As a man intimately of his own time, he is famous for his encouragement of young authors of promise, yet he knows and has enriched his own life with the best literature of the past that is always as modern as the work of the newest writers.



ALBERT SHAW

FEW MEN in America today combine more richly their interest in the best things of the past and of the present than EDWIN MIMS. PROFESSOR MIMS is head of the English department of Vanderbilt University, a lecturer at many other great universities, author of biographies and histories of literature, of surveys of the advancing South, and of an appraisal of contemporary cultural influences called *Adventurous America*



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Vol. XI No. 64

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, and who could be better, serves as our spokesman this month on the subject of romance. Certainly he is setting forth the principle upon which many of the pages of the GOLDEN BOOK are filled when he says that the best literature satisfies our universal love of adventure—that really great writing, prose, or poetry, is always close to us and alive.

THE GREAT American short story is almost synonymous with the name of O. Henry. His fame is equally secure with the elevator boy and the scholar. Broad humanity and a tenderness for the unlucky, combined with swift plot and a surprising ending characterize his tales. Wandering New York streets he molded his stories around their tragedies and comedies.

William Sydney Porter, or O. Henry, was born in 1862 in Greensboro, North Carolina. Till fifteen, he attended school, then was for five years a clerk in his uncle's drug store. Later he lived on a ranch in Texas, was bank teller in Austin, edited a paper and was columnist in Houston. In 1896 he was indicted for embezzling $1150 from the bank in Austin, though he was undoubtedly innocent of the charge. His term of five years was shortened to three years three months for good behavior, and he then came to New York and began seriously to write.

In the introduction to the *Green Door* on page 44 of this issue, Bob Davis gives a lively sketch of the man as he appeared in those first struggling years in the metropolis. Sydney Porter's first book appeared in 1904, and from then until his death in 1910, he contributed articles and stories to newspapers and published his several books at a rapid rate. Of him, as much as of any modern writer, it can be said that he had "no talent, only genius."

AN ADVENTURER in a new vernacular was George Ade, and from his adventuring, he has built himself a unique place as one of the most original of American geniuses. He invented a new language, and with it went straight to the hearts of the American people.

Ade was a columnist on a Chicago newspaper making his $60 a week when he had the brilliant idea of writing fables in slang. His life since then has been one of ever-increasing fame and abounding income. Since his first fables, he has continued his successes—particularly on the stage—although he has never equaled the pungent and hilarious early fables such as the one reprinted here.

As an after-dinner speaker, Mr. Ade is in great demand. There is, we are given to understand, always a laugh at the end of each of his sentences. He has a true genius for the comic.

He is a Hoosier, and a bachelor, and has a country home in his native state, "not to live in, but to refer to," according to Mr. Ade.

"TO MOLIÈRE, we can scarcely hesitate to assign the first place amongst the comic writers of any age or nation," wrote Sir Walter Scott.

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin assumed the name of Molière when he went on the stage in order not to bring discredit on his family name, for actors in his day were held to be low scoundrels. In 1643, he left the profession of his father's choice to form a group known as the Illustre Théâtre which gave dramatic productions on a tennis court. Molière was one of the three principals who alternately played the hero. The company soon took to the road, and Molière began to write plays while continuing to manage and take parts in his dramatic troupe.

In 1659, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," the play presented here, was given in Paris. During the first production, an old man rose from the parterre, shouting, "Courage, Molière, this is real comedy!" This one-act play is the first and perhaps the most perfect comedy of manners. And it required courage to attack the pet vices of the court and fashionable Parisian society in those days. His succeeding plays were all hits of the season: "Tartuffe," "Le Misanthrope," "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," "L'Avare," and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

Molière's last play was "Le Malade Imaginaire," and the history of that play is also the history of his death. Sick, and almost dying, he wrote one of his best comedies around the figure of a man who was sick only in imagination. When it was produced, he played the part of the man with the feigned illness. On the night of its fourth production, Molière was feeling worse, but he would not disappoint his audience nor his fellow actors. In the course of the performance, he was seized with a convulsion which he covered with a forced laugh, and at the end of the evening he died.

For many years the Academy of Paris had wished him to become a member, but only on condition that he give up acting, which he refused to do. After his death, they placed a statue of the great dramatist and actor in their hall, inscribed: "Nothing is wanting to the glory of Molière. Molière was wanting to ours!"

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GAIUS PETRONIUS was a gay young wag of Roman society in Nero's reign. Tacitus writes of him:

> His days were passed in sleep, his nights in social engagements and the pleasures of life. The fame which other men attain by diligence, he won by indolence, and he was not considered a debauchee and a profligate like others who exhaust their substance, but a man of refined luxury.

He was court favorite and stationed as pro-consul and later consul of Bithynia. Falling into disfavor with Nero, he was arrested, whereupon he cut his own veins so that he might die at his own will. He spent the night before his self-determined death in an elaborate banquet and entertainment for his friends.

As a satirist he is of great note, and his most famous fun-poking is "Trimalchio's Dinner," part of which is presented in this issue. Trimalchio was a fabulously wealthy freedman, a nouveau riche living in the provinces. His party, as Petronius describes it, makes incomparable reading, and might have taken place yesterday.

ONE CAREER is all the most of us can hope for, but the author of "The End of All" managed three. As Andrew C. Wheeler, he was a newspaper writer, a correspondent during the Civil War, and a famous dramatic critic on the New York *World*. When he took to creative writing, he assumed the name of Nym Crinkle and remained under that pseudonym from 1870 to 1885, during which time he wrote *Chronicles of Milwaukee, The Primrose Path of Dalliance, The Iron Trail, Easter in a Hospital Bed,* and a play, *The Twins*, besides "The End of All." We have had letters from people who read "The End of All" forty years ago, and still remember their absorbing interest in it. It is as alive and unforgettable today as it was when it first appeared in a newspaper, the *Leader*.

In 1895, Mr. Wheeler retired from the life of journalism, changed his name and his style of writing, and brought fame to himself as J. P. Mowbray.

He is best known for his *Journey to Nature* which represents his mature philosophy that "God's in His world."

When Miss Gale was a reporter on the *World,* and as beautiful as any girl could be, she was put on difficult assignments that might well have terrified one as fragile and flower-like and feminine as she; but she never winced. . . . She covered murders and robberies—anything given her to do she did, at any hour of the day or night. But all the while she was writing exquisite poetry; and every day of her life she sent a letter to her mother, who was back in Wisconsin. If she was waiting for an interview with some financier of the hour, she did not dawdle her time away in the corridor of his hotel. Instead, she pulled out a pad and pencil and wrote as many pages as she could on a short story; or she dashed off a lyric; or she made copious notes for future work. I think she was about the most ambitious girl in New York.

THUS DID an anonymous writer picture Miss Zona Gale in those days when women were rare in the newspaper world and she was getting her start. It took some time for her to get anything published. At thirteen her first novel was rejected, and for ten years she submitted manuscripts to magazines before any were accepted. But success came eventually with the publication of her short stories in magazines. In 1918 her first important novel, *Birth,* appeared. She followed this with *Miss Lulu Bett* in 1920 which won the Pulitzer prize, and *Faint Perfume* in 1923.

Portage, Wisconsin, was her birthplace, and is now her home. She attended the University of Wisconsin, and has since been made an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa by her alma mater. Her best work is bound up with small towns in the Middle West, and "The Need" is typical of her charm and the sympathy she has for the loneliness and tragedy of small-town life.

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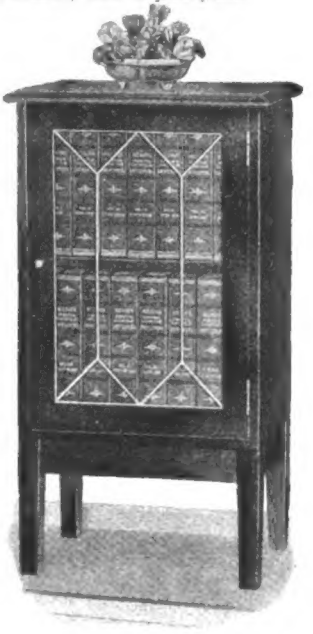

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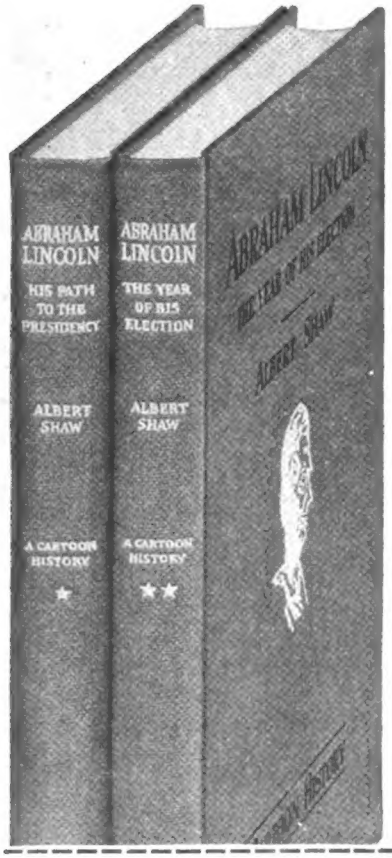

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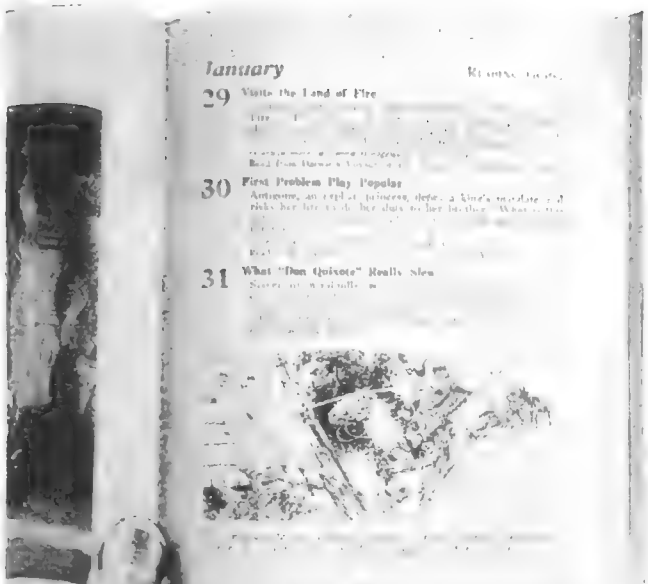
January
29
30 First Problem Play Popular
31 What "Don Quixote" Really Was
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1. Who discovered the circulation of the blood?
2. What great poet was Cromwell's secretary?
3. Who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast"?
4. Who was Aristotle's most celebrated pupil?
5. Who was the outstanding dramatist of the Elizabethan Age?
6. What is the Malthusian population principle?
7. What famous American writer was expelled from West Point?
8. Who discovered small pox inoculation?
9. What is the significance of the Ides of March?
10. What great American pioneer and thinker refused to remove his hat before a King?
11. What were the "Spectator" papers?
12. What was the Holy Grail?
13. What is the title of the most famous collection of harem stories?
14. What is the source of the quotation, "Is this a dagger which I see before me?"
15. What is Stonehenge?
16. Complete the quotation, "If winter comes," and give its source.
17. What was the Epicurean philosophy of moral conduct?
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19. What early biographer wrote vividly of the lives of famous Greeks and Romans?
20. What woman is supposed to have been Dante's inspiration for The Divine Comedy?
21. What were "The Sonnets from the Portuguese"?
22. Who was Siddhartha Gautama?
23. Who was called "the Father of History"?
24. For what was William Caxton famous?
25. What astronomer first proved that the earth revolves around the sun?

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Authors and Books

IT MUST BE that we are getting old. . . . Books this month don't seem as good as they were . . . last month, for instance. . . . Or perhaps it really is that the early Spring lists are not what they might be, considering that they are longer than ever. . . . Only a handful arouse in us any but the most ladylike enthusiasm. . . .

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS is, of course, a delight to the heart and mind. . . . She is an author whose books you might as well read as soon as they appear, because some day you will probably *have* to read them anyway. . . . Since the publication of *The Time of Man* in 1926, she has been recognized as one of the top-rank of new American writers, and her books increase in stature as you look back on them. . . . Her latest novel, *The Great Meadow* (Viking) is no exception to her rare charm. . . . In prose that has the grace and fineness of the persons she describes in it, Miss Roberts follows the trail of Dione and Berk Jarvis away from the sweet gentility of Virginia in 1774 to the promised fertility of Kentuck, just opened to pioneers by Daniel Boone. . . . It is so far from being just another Covered Wagon story that we blush even to mention it. . . . Here are a grand theme and real people—and that sweet prose, that prose which brings the whole of the life she describes into sharp and memorable form. . . . Kentuck, by the way, is Indian for Great Meadow—an improving thing, this reading. . . .

This is *The Trader's Wife*, charming creation of Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, pictured by André Durenceau.

CONSIDERING HOW LITTLE all this racketeering really affects our shredded-wheat-for-breakfast, set-the-alarm-at-night existence, a book like *The Pig Is Fat* (Farrar and Rinehart) is hardly fair. . . . It forces upon you not only the jargon and the glamor of the underworld, but its meannesses and its unescapableness. . . . Lawrence M. Maynard, the author, is now serving a seven-year term in a state penitentiary. . . . His story, which we are told is not autobiographical, traces without sentimentality the course of ill-luck, corrupt politicians, physical and intellectual defenselessness which cause the development of a 100 per cent. criminal. . . . Mr. Maynard wanted to be a writer even as a child, but did not actually begin until he was in prison, after homeless years as a bus boy, gate boy at a beach dance hall, helper in a California hospital, sailor, tramp, and student at a night school of journalism. . . . His first book, which opens on the night that Prohibition put Benny's honest saloon-keeper father out of legitimate business, is the beginning of a writing career of which any author might be proud. . . . There are faults—largely of conflict between his material and his efforts to write like a writer—but a more deeply interesting book we have not this month come upon. . . .

This is the *Woman of Andros*. We aren't saying anything about Thornton Wilder's book because Harry Hansen talks about it for two pages further along in the magazine.

SERENELY CHEERFUL about the future of modern civilization if only we will abandon all our ways in favor of their own high sense and untrembling ethical convictions are the dozen learned and brilliant men whose views are assembled in *Humanism and America*. . . . Under the leadership of Norman Foerster as editor, these men condemn all the fruits of mechanism because it has led us into the bafflement and moral desperation to be found in *A Preface to Morals, The Modern Temper*, modern drama, and a hundred other expressions. . . . They propose as a cure for this moral anarchy a return to a benevolent intellectual despotism, where, by telling our souls what is good for them, we can make them like it. . . . Louis Trenchard More, Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, T. S. Eliot, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., and others set up this cry after Humanism. And it would be nice if they had discovered the source, in digging back into the old academic Humanism, of a force, fluid and quick, that would provide a spiritual lowest common denominator for modern man. . . . They talk rather too confidently of it as "a new Humanism." . . . But it sounds to our interested and ignorant ears like the same old thing, satisfactory in the modern world only so long as one is content to deny the existence of modern science and society. . . . Humanism of a sudden is being offered on every side as the newest way to salvation, and here are the fifteen contemporary scholars best able to explain to you what it is all about . . . and to do some good revivalist exhorting while they are at it. . . . Farrar and Rinehart are starting all this. . . .

ALREADY VOICES from the other side of the fence are being heard. . . . *The Critique of Humanism, Essays in Opposition*, edited by C. Hartley Grattan, will soon appear, sponsored by Brewer and Warren. . . . Authority unimpeachable; destination unknown. . . .

LUDWIG LEWISOHN'S latest novel, *Stephen Escott* (Harper), is as devastating as final confidences. . . . It is a study of modern marriage, almost appallingly intimate, a brilliant confusion of advanced psychology and personal prejudice, of debate and confessional. . . . It is even a racial preachment, for the one (and otherwise unexplained) perfect union in the book is between two cultured Jews. . . . Stephen tells the story of four marriages: his own unsatisfactory marriage ruined by the Victorian teaching that sex is sin, from which he reached forth but Dorothy did not. . . . David's aforementioned perfect union, a balance of intellectual and physical companionship, to which is added something esoteric: the attitude of a race. . . . Oliver Clayton's

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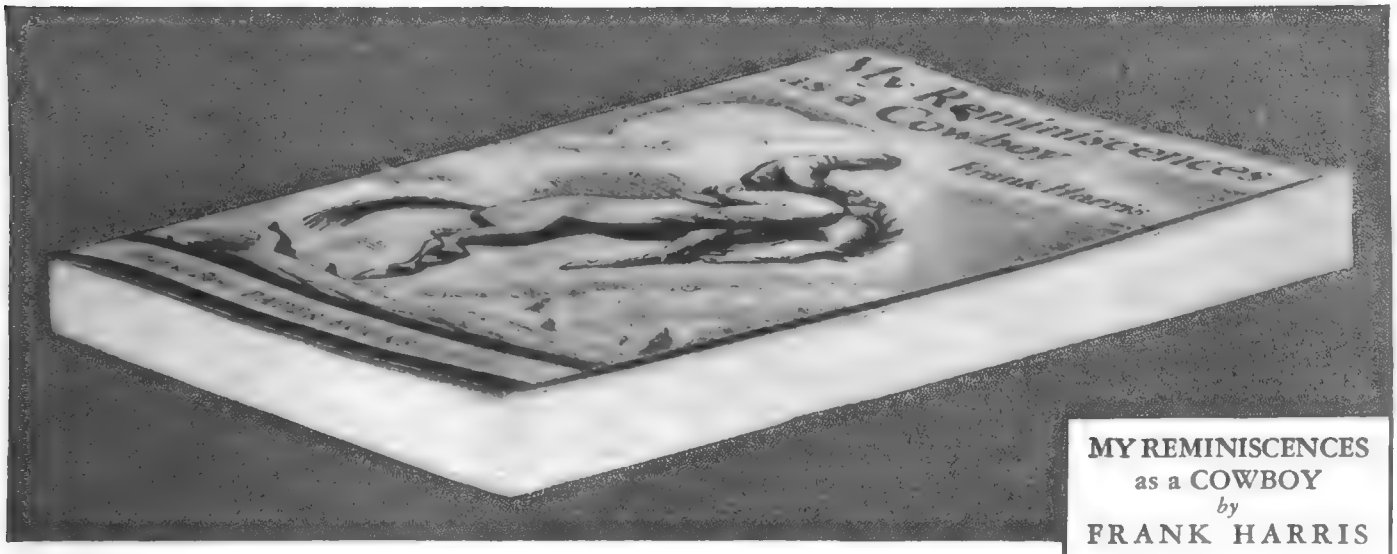

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frigid wedding, filled with fear and hypocrisy and envy of others. . . . Janet's and the poet's, where modern prating of woman's freedom and of the inconsiderableness of fidelity ruin something fine and beautiful. . . . It is a book that makes one think considerably—if to do nothing but watch, as one must, for those places where acute and thoughtful observation that strikes home changes into little Lewisohnisms. . . . But in spite of long stretches and constant obtrusions where Mr. Lewisohn's too set convictions escape with him, this is an arresting and absorbing novel. . . .

"It looked as though it was going to be an interesting evening." Interpretation by Herb Roth for *The Facts of Life.*

IT IS ALL OVER town that there is to be a revival of romantic adventure stories. . . . We thought of it on our own just after finishing our 277th mystery story. . . . Anyway, the publishers are out looking for another Percival Wren or a fresh young Sabatini, and we are brooding about a gay plot to write up ourself. . . .

EVEN AS WE SPEAK, along comes Margaret Irwin's *None So Pretty*, prize-winner in a historical novel contest conducted by Harcourt Brace. . . . E. M. Forster, Professor George Gordon and R. H. Mottram, judges, think that this is a pretty fine love story of the time of Charles II. . . . There is not quite enough scrapping up back alleys and pounding of hoof-beats for us in our present mood, but Nan, the heroine, is a charming girl, and her love-life varied, and Restoration England is brought just around the corner of Time by a sure pen. . . . We vote it at least 89%. . . .

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE'S quiet little story of *The Trader's Wife* (Coward-McCann), is exquisite and pitiful. . . . Miss Mackenzie has put the most sensitive perceptions of fourteen years in Africa into this small, slim novel. . . . The childlike wife in bustle and parasol and the solemn husband whom she unfailingly addresses as Mr. Harford are cameo-clear against slick black bodies and rich purple-green jungle. . . . It is a novel of delicate half-revelations, of fleeting glimpses through the eyes of one or the other of the characters at a strange and baffling world. . . . André Duvenceau's illustrations add immeasurably to the book's formalized, delicate charm. . . .

FOR ONCE we agree with those who rail at depressing novels. . . . Norah Hoult's *Closing Hour* (Harper), goes too far, or not far enough. . . . It comes close enough to power to have ruined our disposition for days, but it failed to purify us by pity and terror, to lift us by sweep of adventure as really great, justifiably depressing literature does—*Oliver Twist*, for example, or *Tess*, or to a lesser extent, *Richard Feverel* or *Ultima Thule*. . . . Miss Hoult can write amazingly. . . . *Poor Women* of last year proves that, and then there are whole pages of *Closing Hour* which are superb . . . where we, staggering slightly, accompany William on his path of broken will and self-pitying indulgence or spend arid days with his wife, battling poverty and trampled pride with no love to make the struggle bearable. . . . The weakness of the book lies in the joining of these two admirably presented points of view. . . . The scenes between husband and wife are merely incredibly sordid. . . . They fail to provide the gold which would bring the two faces of this coin into real juxtaposition and existence—and value. . . . Here is the material of a great book. . . .

WE ARE PRETTY TENSE waiting for three biographies. . . . One is André Maurois' *Byron*, which Appleton's are not publishing for another month, the meanies. . . . Another is Alexander Gardiner's *Canfield: Host to the Nineties*, the first biography to be written about the inventor of our favorite game. It traces his rise from orphan-hotel clerk, to mysterious figure surrounded by priceless paintings, feasting guests from golden dishes. . . . So we hear. . . . The third is H. W. Hanemann's *The Facts of Life*, described by Farrar and Rinehart as a book of brighter biography, a parody of the modern biographical craze. . . . In it, Herb Roth illustrating, are stories under the following titles: "The Fiend in the Vatican: Inspector Edgar Wallace, C. I. D., dockets the Borgias"; "Katherine the Great's Idea; One of Vina Delmar's loose lady friends"; "Elizabeth and Nossex: a Radclyffe Hallegation"; "A Farewell to Josephine's Arms: the Hemingway of All Flesh." . . . And many more, but you get the idea. . . .

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND, going about the drawing-room of Buckingham Palace, snapping off extra electric lights, and the king shaving with cold water in wartime; the court servants placing a wreath at the head of the wine cellar steps," down which no one ever goes," and the Prince of Wales nearly falling out of the carriage on Jubilee Day, trying to see "another boy with a suit like mine." . . . This is the material of Richard C. Dent's *Life Story of King George V.*, just published by Dutton. . . . Mr. Dent has been in the Press Department of Buckingham Palace for many years, and has traveled all over the globe with the royal family. . . . Mussolini once said: "The King of England is two men—one with and one without his smile"—and this is a picture of him in the smiling, or human, aspect. . . . It is

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But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising costs of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of $20,000 a year. That's exactly $17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of $35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do.

When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

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DUTTON HAS ISSUED a brace of slim biographies, both translations—one the *Life of Solomon*, the other of *Michael Angelo*. . . . Edmond Fleg's interpretation of Solomon is a refreshing change in this day of biographies which strive to strip their heroes of all legends and leave only the naked facts. . . . M. Fleg has set out to show the man as great because of the legends—to interpret him as the inspiration of these legends. . . . To this end his prose takes on a measured, poetic, almost biblical tone. . . . M. Fleg's Solomon is not even an actual historical personage, but a man of miraculous judgments and superhuman powers—the hero of an epic poem that has grown through the ages. . . . If you read it for that, you will feel greatly rewarded. . . . Viola Gerard Garvin has prepared a translation which must do fair justice to its subject, for it is very good. . . .

THE BIOGRAPHY of Michael Angelo is a more usual but interesting job by Dmitri Merezhkovsky, author of the *Life of Napoleon*. . . . The great painter rises from the book a little more human: a homely, honest, conscientious person struggling with his unscrupulous employers, dominated by high artistic ideals. . . . The core of the story is his painting of the Sistine Chapel, surrounded by the ignorant, the avaricious and, above all, jealous rivals. . . . There was not place for as many great artists, and there were many of them.

FOR THOSE who fancy a swift and lightsome novel, with an unbelievably attractive heroine, gallant and devil-may-care, loved of course by all the males in the book and loving the only one she cannot have, we commend M. J. Farrell's *Taking Chances* (Lippincott). . . . Three guesses as to whether she gets her man, after just enough soul-tearing and sin to add color. . . . It is an engaging book. . . . Hugh Walpole uses that adjective about it on the book's jacket, and it is supremely right. . . . The scene is Ireland, among the best families, of course, and there's hunting for them as likes it. . . .

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THE MODERNS gallop blithely through another two hundred-odd pages in Margaret Culkin Banning's *Prelude to Love* (Harper). . . . Those who are weary of accompanying youth through its growing pains to the inevitable conclusion that mother was right had better stay away. . . . But if your mind still reacts in lively manner to a heroine that is beautiful, individual, unconventional, and who can round out any situation with a neatly turned phrase, you may mark *Prelude to Love* as your own. . . . Angel Ware is precariously transplanted from the most glittering of Long Island society to the wastes of St. Anthony, Michigan, where one must be the noble wife and helpmeet to win the town's stamp of approval. . . . She isn't and doesn't; and after keeping St. Anthony in a state of tremulous excitement for some years she realizes that the life is not for her. . . . This is, all in all, good entertainment—no brain strain necessary. . . .

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MARY AUSTIN, Dean of Indian Research at the Santa Fé, New Mexico, literary colony, has revised and republished her essay on the poetry of the American Indian (Amerind poetry, we call it who know). . . . *American Rhythm* (Houghton, Mifflin) contains a prose essay and profuse examples of the poetry itself, adapted from the native ugh! by the author. . . . Mrs. Austin listens vainly to white American poets for a voice that is truly in tune with America . . . truly in tune with a "beloved environment." She is gratified by Walt Whitman and a few modern writers, but she finds that the American Indian alone does a perfect job. . . . Her explanations of the Indians' inspiration and their laws of prosody are fascinating, and her adaptations of the verse itself are occasionally beautiful, mostly interesting, but not exciting. . .

"I HAVE TRIED to put down in a systematic fashion the conception I have of the human personality," says Dr. Karl Menninger of his *The Human Mind*. "I have tried to keep it objective and specific and to write it so that it could be understood. I think it represents approximately the views of the younger group in American psychiatry. But I do not claim this. I take all the responsibility, because no other psychiatrist saw a page of it. It is full of my own ideas, my own views, my own prejudices and my own mistakes. . . . The adjuration to be 'normal' seems shockingly repellent to me; I see neither hope nor comfort in sinking to that low level. I think it is ignorance to regard abnormality only with horror and to remain undismayed at the proximity of 'normal' to average or mediocre. I presume most of the people in *Who's Who* would resent being called normal. I wanted to write down my ideas about this curious human mind, the mind as a collection of enormously complex possibilities for variation which determine the personality of a person and differentiate the human being from the robot." . . . Dr. Menninger is one of the leading psychiatrists in the country, founder of the Menninger Psychiatric Hospital and Sanitarium at Topeka, Kansas, the town of his birth. . . . His book, the Literary Guild choice for a month ago, was sufficiently fat and full of case histories to make us put off reading it for a while. . . . We have not yet finished it. . . . But we are struck by the mass of fascinating raw material here, for novels to be written, for better understanding of oneself and one's neighbor. . . . And no less fascinating is the raw material it presents of the personality of Dr. Menninger, his force, his prejudices, his amazing discernment. . . . It is a hard and clumsy book, interesting in spite of itself. . . .

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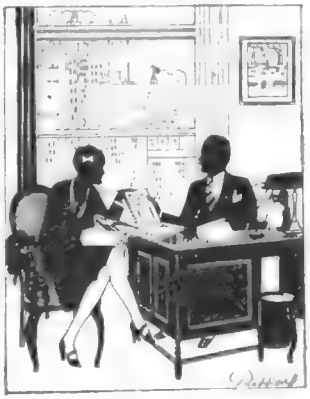

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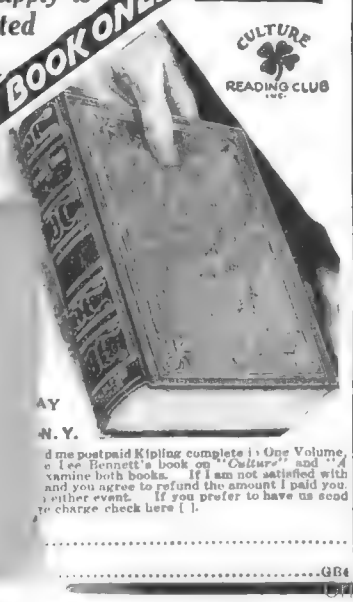

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F. F.

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THE PIG IS FAT, by Lawrence M. Maynard. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.00. The author, himself an inmate of a State Penitentiary, carries his hero through the steps tht make a criminal out of a hapless youth. An unpleasant and excellent book.

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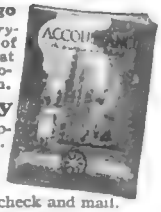

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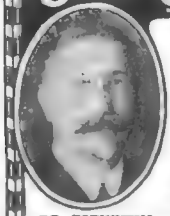

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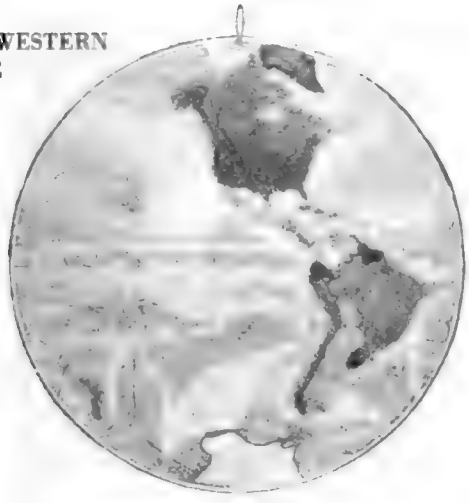

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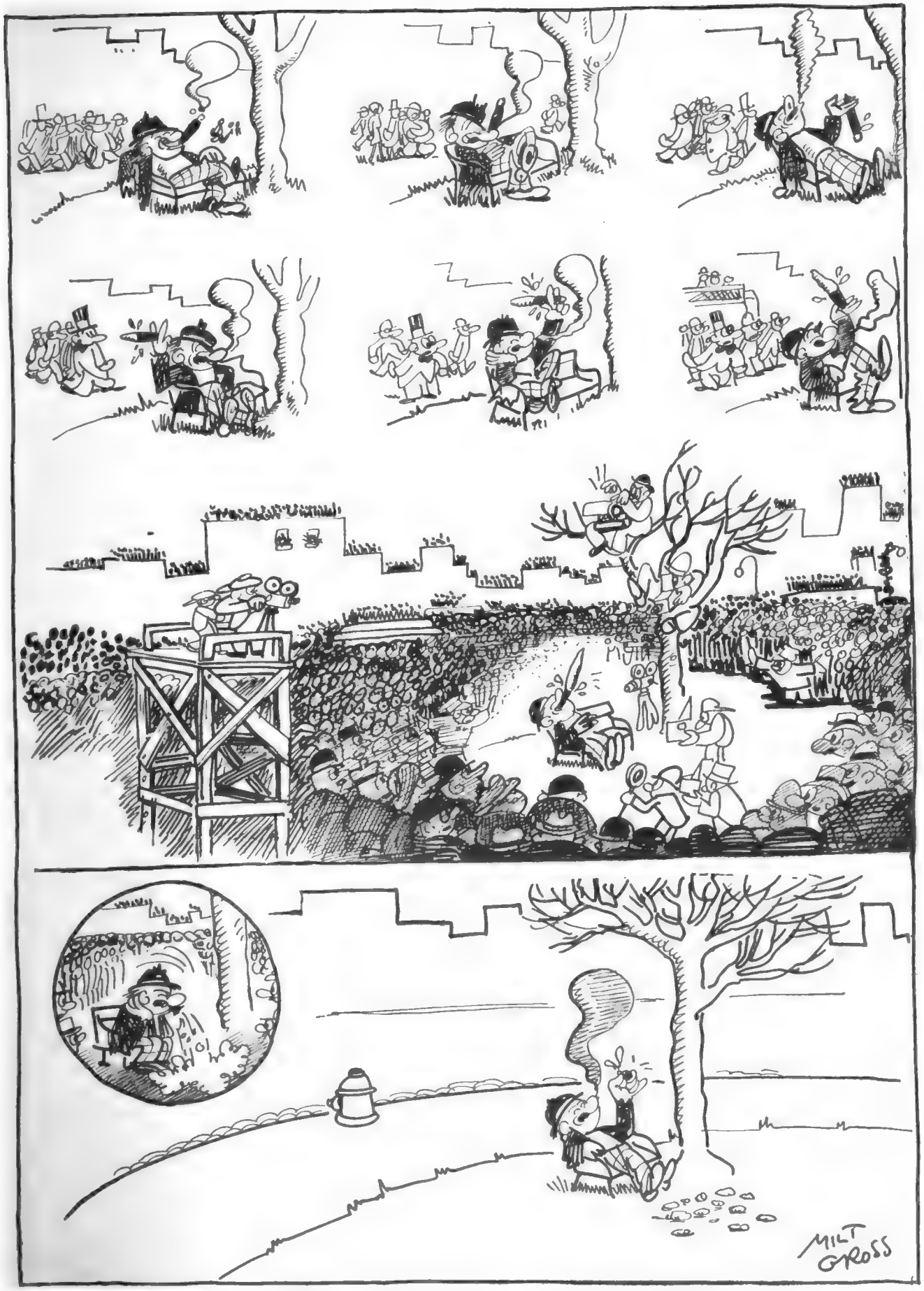

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An April Gossip: On Romance

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THIS, THEN, is the plastic part of literature: to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. This is the highest and hardest thing to do in words; the thing which, once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics. Compared with this, all other purposes in literature, except the purely lyrical or the purely philosophic, are bastard in nature, facile of execution, and feeble in result. It is one thing to write about the inn at Burford, or to describe scenery with the word-painters; it is quite another to seize on the heart of the suggestion and make a country famous with a legend. It is one thing to remark and to dissect, with the most cutting logic, the complications of life, and of the human spirit; it is quite another to give them body and blood in the story of Ajax or of Hamlet. The first is literature, but the second is something besides, for it is likewise art. . . .

In the highest achievements of the art of words, the dramatic and the pictorial, the moral and romantic interest, rise and fall together by a common and organic law. Situation is animated with passion, passion clothed upon with situation. Neither exists for itself, but each inheres indissolubly with the other. This is high art; and not only the highest art possible in words, but the highest art of all, since it combines the greatest mass and diversity of the elements of truth and pleasure. Such are epics, and the few prose tales that have the epic weight. But as from a school of works, aping the creative, incident and romance are ruthlessly discarded, so may character and drama be omitted or subordinated to romance. There is one book, for example, more generally loved than Shakespeare, that captivates in childhood and still delights in age—I mean the *Arabian Nights*—where you shall look in vain for moral or for intellectual interest. No human face or voice greets us among that wooden crowd of kings and genii, sorcerers and beggarmen. Adventure, on the most naked terms, furnishes forth the entertainment and is found enough. Dumas approaches perhaps nearest of any modern to these Arabian authors in the purely material charm of some of his romances. The early part of *Monte Cristo*, down to the finding of the treasure, is a piece of perfect story-telling; the man never breathed who shared these moving incidents without a tremor. Here are stories which powerfully affect the reader, which can be reperused at any age.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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VOLUME XI
NUMBER 64

The Golden Book Magazine

APRIL
1930

An engrossing and unforgettable story of the last days of the world

The End of All

By NYM CRINKLE

Drawings by James Daugherty

THE DIFFICULTY that I experience in complying with your request, dear spirit, springs from the terrestrial limitations of thought and expression, from which, as you may well know, I have not been long enough with you to free myself.

I shall, however, give you a plain narrative of the events attending the extinction of life on our planet, asking you to remember only that I am doing it just as I would have done it were it possible for a fellow human being while on earth, using the phraseology and the terrestrial time divisions with which I am most familiar.

The circumstance which at our last intercourse I was trying to explain to you was simply this: In the early summer of the year 1892 a sudden interruption to navigation occurred on the Pacific Coast, which, curiously enough, attracted very little attention outside of scientific circles. I was living at the house of my wealthy friend, Judge Brisbane, in Gramercy Park. To tell you the truth, I was in love with his beautiful daughter, of whom I shall have to speak more fully to you, for she was intimately associated with me in the appalling scenes which you desire me to describe.

I was sitting in the Judge's library on the night of June 25. His daughter was present, and I had been conversing with her in an undertone while the Judge read the evening paper. He suddenly laid down the paper, took off his spectacles, and, turning round in his chair, said to me: "Did you see the brief dispatch in the morning papers, two days ago, from San Francisco, saying that all the eastern-bound vessels were overdue on that coast?"

I replied at once that I had not noticed it.

"It is astonishing," he said, "that in our present system of journalism the most important events connected with the welfare of mankind receive the slightest attention from the newspapers, and the trivialities of life are most voluminously treated. A movement in the iron trade that affects millions of homes gets a brief paragraph in small type, and the quarrel of a ballet girl with her paramour receives illuminated attention down whole columns. Here is something taking place in the Pacific Ocean of surpassing interest to the race, and nobody pays the slightest attention to it except the consignees and shipping clerks."

"What is it?" we both asked, with the languid interest that young people having an overmastering

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personal affair on hand would be apt to take in matters of national or universal importance.

The Judge got up, and going to a side table, where he kept his papers piled in chronological order, pulled out a recent issue of a morning journal, and after looking it over searchingly a moment said:

"Here. I should think you would notice such a paragraph as this." Then he read, as I recollect, a telegraphic dispatch to this effect:

> "SAN FRANCISCO. June 23.—Considerable anxiety is felt here in commercial circles by the non-arrival of many eastward-bound vessels for a week. The steamship *Cathay* of the Occidental Line is overdue four days. An unusual easterly wind has been blowing for twenty-four hours. Weather mild.

"That dispatch, you will perceive," said the Judge, "was sent two days ago. Now here, on the 25th, I read in the evening paper another dispatch from San Francisco, hidden away at the bottom of a column of commercial news. Listen to this:

> "SAN FRANCISCO. June 25.—The entire suspension of travel from the West continues to excite the gravest apprehensions. Nothing but coastwise vessels have come in during the past eight days. The U. S. cruiser *Mobile* left Honolulu three weeks ago for this coast. There is no official intimation of a storm in the Chinese seas."

The Judge laid the paper down and regarded us both a moment in silence, as if expecting to hear some remark that indicated our suddenly awakened curiosity.

I don't think we responded with any interest adequate to the occasion. Miss Brisbane did, indeed, stare at her father in her dreamy, abstracted way a moment, and then got up and, going to the open window, began to arrange the curtains as if relinquishing whatever problem there was to the superior acumen of the masculine mind.

I think I said that it looked as if there had been a cyclone somewhere, and if there had, we should in all probability get the accounts of it soon enough.

"But, young man," replied the Judge, with his magisterial emphasis, "cyclones do not extend from the fiftieth degree of north latitude to the fortieth degree of south latitude, and vessels are due at San Francisco from Melbourne and Japan."

"What, then, other than a storm at sea could have caused a detention of all these vessels?" I asked, and I must have unwittingly betrayed in the tone of my voice or the expression of my face that considerate superciliousness with which youth regards the serious notions of mature philosophers, for the Judge, putting his gold spectacles upon his nose and regarding me over the top of them a moment, said, rather severely:

"Other than the known and regular phenomena of this planet do not interest young men. If I could answer your question there would be no special interest in the matter."

I mention these trivial incidents because, insignificant as they may seem, they were the first ripples of that disaster which was soon enough to overwhelm us all, and to show you what were the only premonitions the world had of the events which were to follow.

On June 26 the subject did not occur to me. A hundred other things of far more immediate consequence to me occupied my attention. A young man who is preparing to get married is not apt to take somber views of anything. Nor is he very apt to allow the contumacy of age in his prospective father-in-law to aggravate him. It was a pardonable freak, I thought, in a man who had retired in most respects from the active world, to dogmatize a little about that world now that he judged it through his favorite evening paper. When, therefore, on the night of the 26th, while at the tea table, the Judge broke out again about the meteorological wave on the Pacific Coast, his daughter, Kate, and I exchanged a rapid but furtive glance which said, in the perfect understanding of lovers, "There comes the old gentleman's new hobby again, and we can well afford to treat it leniently."

The Judge had the damp evening paper in his hand, and he disregarded the steaming cup of tea which his daughter had poured for him.

"Well," he said, with a tone of self-satisfied import. "Now the newspapers are waking up to the significance of the California news." He then read from the paper, as nearly as I can recollect, something like the following:

> "SAN FRANCISCO, June 26.—There is an intense and growing anxiety on the coast with respect to the non-appearance of any eastward-bound vessels. The breeze from the east continues and is unprecedented.

"Now, I should like to know," said the Judge, as he laid down the paper and took up his teacup, "why a breeze from the east in California should be unprecedented."

"Because," I ventured to remark, "it usually blows from the sea at this season."

"Nonsense," exclaimed the Judge with vigor. "A variation for a few days in wind or weather is a common occurrence everywhere. Fancy a message sent all over the world from the West Indies that the trade winds were six days late, or a telegram from Minnesota that the winter frosts had been interfered with for a week by pleasant sunshine. No, sir. The event of importance to the Californian at this moment is the mysterious something that has happened out at sea, and there is no excuse for his associating a summer breeze from the east with it except that there is something peculiar about that breeze that associates it in the mind with the predominant mystery."

I smiled. "You will pardon me, Judge, but it seems to me," I said, "that you are trying to invest the whole affair with an occult significance that is subjective. I suppose that in a few hours the matter will be explained and forgotten."

In a moment we were in one of those foolish little wrangles in which, so far as argument is concerned, the younger man is at a great disadvantage, when the elder, however unreasonable his claims, enforces them with the advantage of age and position. I remember that the desire to convince Kate, on the one hand that I was free from what I conceived to be her father's unreasonableness, and sustain my independence of views on the other hand, led me to say much more than was polite, for I exasperated the old gentleman, and with a curt and not altogether complimentary remark he got up and left the room.

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The moment he was gone I turned to the daughter and laughingly said: "Well, my dear, I am afraid I have offended your father without intending it, but you at least, understand me and are free from his superstition."

To my surprise she regarded me with a serious air, and replied: "I do not know what you mean by superstition. My father believes that something has happened, and I feel that he is right."

"You do not mean to tell me," I said, "that you believe anything has happened that can concern us?"

She made no reply. I looked at her with some astonishment and wondered if I had offended her by opposing her father's childish views.

"Perhaps," I persisted, "you, too, think I am stupidly unreasonable because I will not consent to be dishonestly chimerical."

I well remember the look of sad reproach with which she silently regarded me, and I well remember, too, the thought that came into my mind. I said to myself: "This is the same obduracy that her father has shown. Odd it is that I never noticed the trait in her before." Then I added, with an equal obduracy that I was not conscious of:

"Perhaps you, too, have discovered some peculiarity of good sense in me that is offensive, and you are afraid that something will happen if we——"

Here she interrupted me in her quiet, resolute and reproachful way.

"Something *has* happened," she said.

I was amazed. If I had suddenly discovered that the woman I loved was unfaithful to me it could not have produced, in my frame of mind at that moment, a greater shock. It seemed to me then that the wooing of months, the confidence and affection of a year, were to be sacrificed in a moment of infatuated stubbornness. The very thought was so unnatural that it produced a revulsion in my own feelings.

"My darling," I said, as I went toward her impulsively, "we are playing the unworthy part of fools. Nothing can ever happen that will make us love each other less, or prevent you from being my wife."

I put my arm around her in the old familiar way. She was passive and irresponsive. She stood there, limply, holding the curtain with one white arm upraised, her beautiful head bent over and her eyes cast down so that I could not look into her face. This stony obduracy was so new and unlike her that I withdrew my arm and stepped back a little to regard her with astonishment, not unmingled with pique. At that moment she lifted her head slowly, and as she looked at me with a dreamy and far-away pathos I saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"It seems to me," she said, with a voice that sounded as if it were addressed to an invisible phantom way beyond me. "It seems to me somehow that I shall never be your wife!"

I must have stared at her several seconds in silence. Then I said:

"You are ill. You are not yourself. When you have recovered your normal condition, I will come back."

I snatched a kiss from her lips that were strangely cold and rushed from the house.

It was not till the next morning, when I woke up after a short and disturbed sleep, that my mind reverted to the cause of all this purely sentimental disagreement, and I felt a strong desire to have events prove that the Judge was slightly monomaniacal and that I was right. I went to Riccadonna's for my breakfast and got all the morning papers, as usual, but this time with a distinct confidence that the news would be the best vindication of my good sense, and that I should yet have a good laugh at the Judge.

I opened the paper as I sipped my coffee, and the first thing my eyes fell on was the headlines of a dispatch from St. Louis. I read them with an inexplicable sense of something sinking in me. As I recall them they ran about as follows:

"Strange news from the West. All communication west of Salt Lake City ceases. Meteorological puzzle. What is the matter with the wires?"

Then followed the dispatch, which I have not forgotten:

> ST. LOUIS, June 26, 8 P. M.—A dispatch received here from Yuma on the Texas Pacific announces that no eastern-bound train has come in since morning, and all attempts to open communication by telegraph with points west of that place have failed. It is the opinion of railroad men that a great storm is raging in California. Weather here pleasant, with a steady, dry wind from the east blowing.

Immediately following this was another news item which I can quote from memory:

> DENVER, June 26, P. M.—Intelligence from Cheyenne is to the effect that railway travel and telegraphic communication west of Pocatello on the Union Pacific & Ogden and on the Central Pacific have been interrupted by a storm. The telegraph wires are believed to be in good condition, but up to 9 o'clock there has been no return current.

I read these paragraphs over three or four times. Ordinarily I should have passed them by and given my attention to other and more congenial news. But now a dull fear that events were conspiring to widen the breach between myself and the Brisbanes focused my interest on them. There was that easterly wind blowing again: was I, too, growing superstitious? I turned over all the papers. The news was the same in all, but there was not an editorial paragraph of comment in any of the sheets, which, indeed, teemed with all the customary details of active commercial, political and social life.

William Lyon Phelps writes us:

"I READ *the* End of All *nearly forty years ago and I have never forgotten it. I am glad you are going to publish it.*"

Here it is, and quite the best end-of-the-world story we know. Nym Crinkle, its author, was also J. P. Mowbray, author of A JOURNEY TO NATURE. *And both Crinkle and Mowbray were in real life Andrew C. Wheeler, a New York newspaper man and one of the most famous dramatic critics of the last century.*

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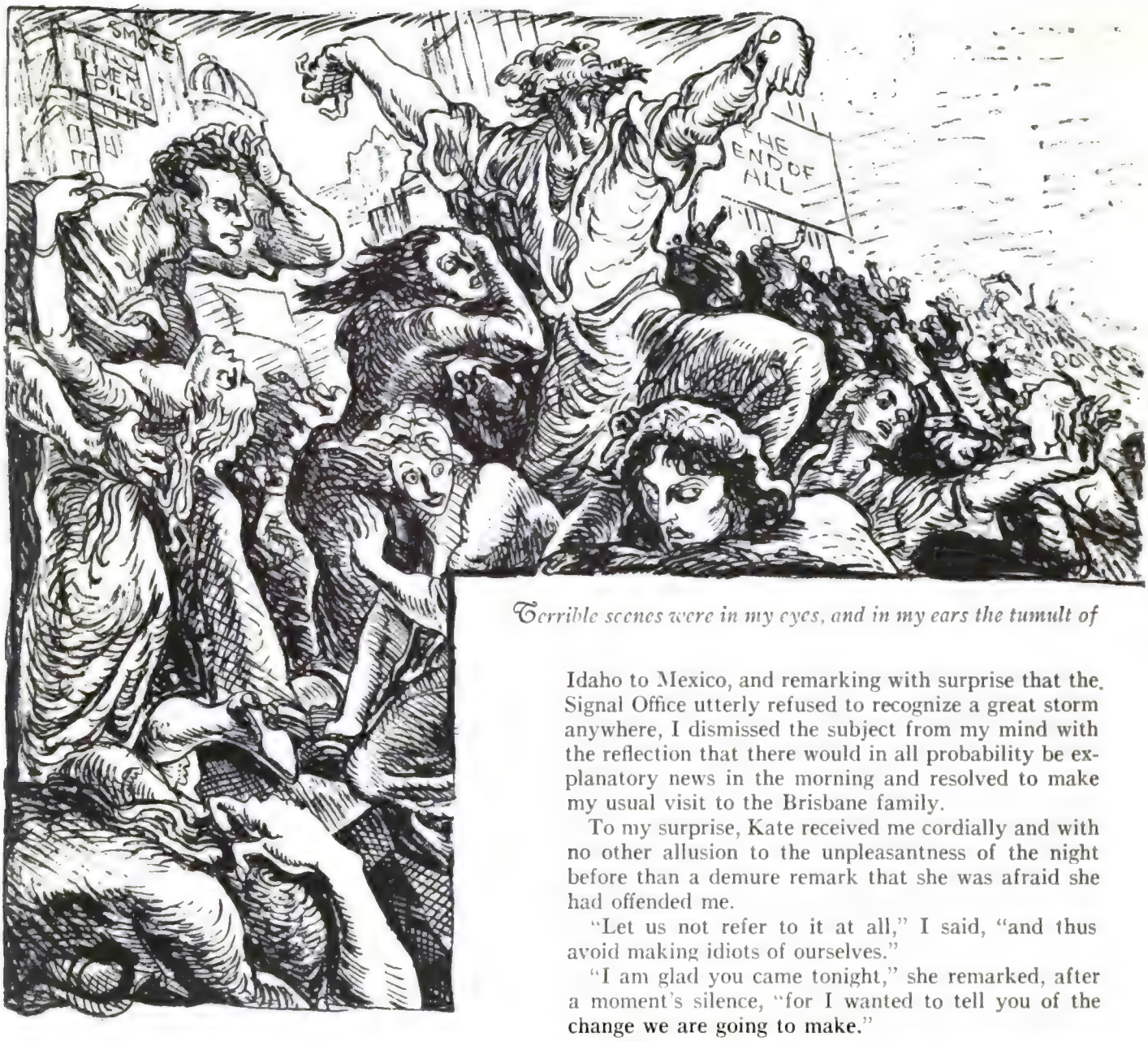

Terrible scenes were in my eyes, and in my ears the tumult of

I went downtown after eating my breakfast and found that the intelligence had not awakened any public attention that was observable. The two or three persons to whom I spoke with regard to it treated it as one of the passing sensations of the hour that would be explained sooner or later. It was not until the evening papers of the 27th came out that the matter began to be discussed. The dispatches in these papers were of a nature to arouse widespread anxiety. It was very obvious from their construction and import that the feeling west of the Mississippi was more intense than had up to this time been suspected. The columns of the papers were filled with brief but rather startling telegrams from various points. Denver, El Paso, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, St. Paul, St. Louis and Chicago sent anxious sentences which had a thrill of trepidation in their broken phrases. And it was easy to see that this feeling of deep concern increased with each dispatch from a point farther west.

As curious as anybody could be to know what kind of a storm it was that had stopped railroad travel from Idaho to Mexico, and remarking with surprise that the Signal Office utterly refused to recognize a great storm anywhere, I dismissed the subject from my mind with the reflection that there would in all probability be explanatory news in the morning and resolved to make my usual visit to the Brisbane family.

To my surprise, Kate received me cordially and with no other allusion to the unpleasantness of the night before than a demure remark that she was afraid she had offended me.

"Let us not refer to it at all," I said, "and thus avoid making idiots of ourselves."

"I am glad you came tonight," she remarked, after a moment's silence, "for I wanted to tell you of the change we are going to make."

A little pang darted through me. It was said so seriously.

"What is it, my dear?" I asked, trying to be as affectionate as if the conditions had not changed.

"My father and I have determined to go to Europe."

"To Europe!" I repeated, aghast. "You surely do not mean it."

"Yes," resolutely. "He wanted to consult you about it, but was afraid you would disagree with his plans."

"And when did he make up his mind to take this sudden move?"

"This morning."

"And you intend to go with him?"

"Yes, and I was going to ask you to go, too."

"When do you propose to go?"

"Immediately."

It was evident to my mind now that this old man was a panic-stricken monomaniac and had infected his daughter with his fears.

"Kate," I said, as I took her by her hands and pulled her to the sofa beside me, "you are running away from something; it is not from me, is it?"

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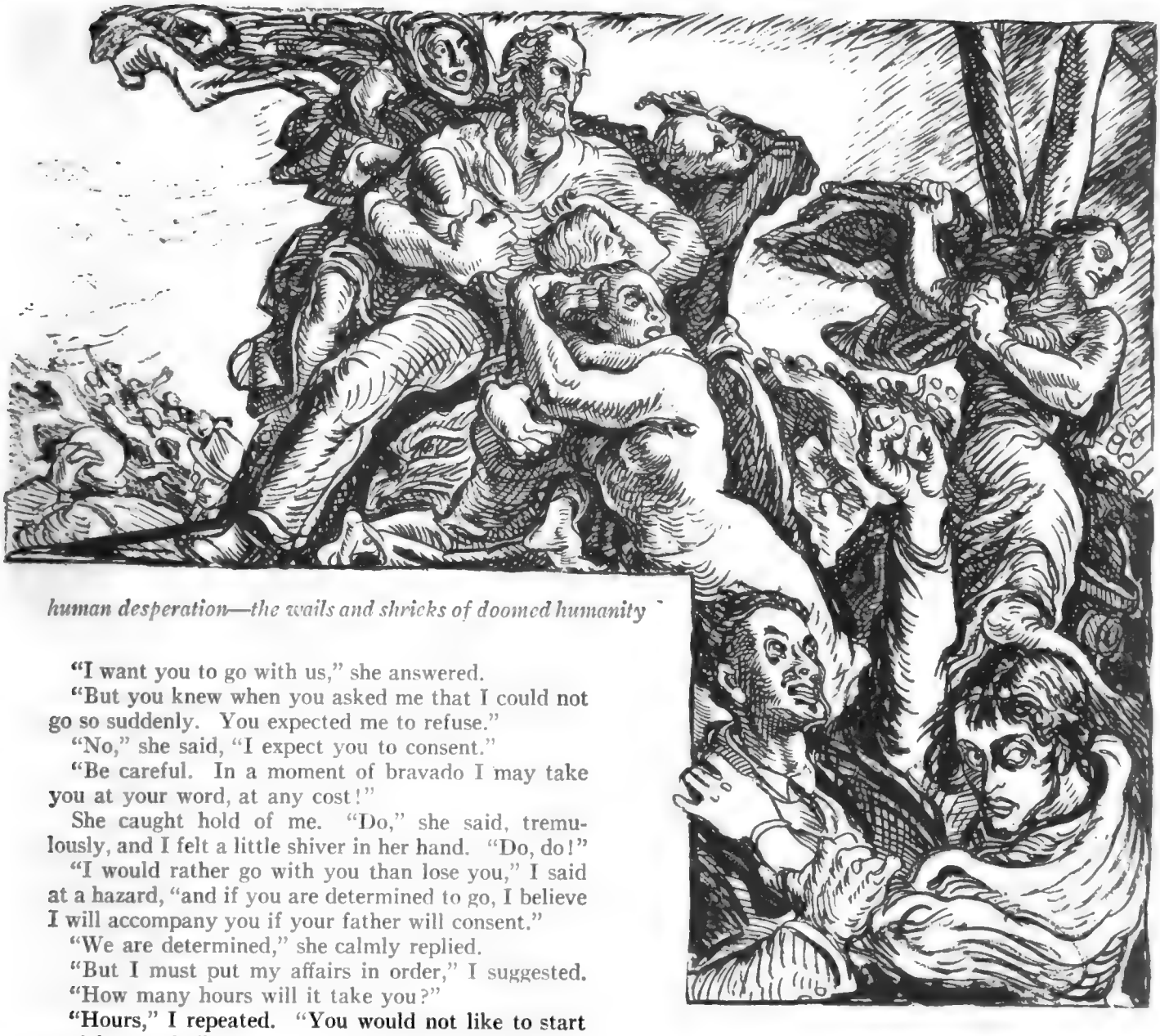

human desperation—the wails and shricks of doomed humanity

"I want you to go with us," she answered.

"But you knew when you asked me that I could not go so suddenly. You expected me to refuse."

"No," she said, "I expect you to consent."

"Be careful. In a moment of bravado I may take you at your word, at any cost!"

She caught hold of me. "Do," she said, tremulously, and I felt a little shiver in her hand. "Do, do!"

"I would rather go with you than lose you," I said at a hazard, "and if you are determined to go, I believe I will accompany you if your father will consent."

"We are determined," she calmly replied.

"But I must put my affairs in order," I suggested.

"How many hours will it take you?"

"Hours," I repeated. "You would not like to start tonight, surely."

"Yes," she answered, "I would gladly start tonight."

My patience was giving way very fast at this imperturbable obduracy. "Perhaps," I said, "you will give me some adequate reason for a haste that I cannot comprehend."

She did not answer. She was listening, with her head averted, and she held up her hand for me to listen also, as if that were her answer. Then there came through the open window the hoarse cry of a distant newsboy who was bellowing an "extra."

There was something weird in her attitude and action, connecting, as they did, her motives with that discordant, ominous cry.

"It's an extra," I said, as unconcernedly as possible. "I'll get a copy. There may be some good news for you," and I made a move toward the window.

"Don't," she said, quietly. "We were talking about going to Europe. Pa is not familiar with the business of securing passages, and you are. You could relieve him of a great deal of worry, and if you would go with us——"

"Kate," I said, "do you want me to go?"

"Yes, I do," she replied. "I do not want to leave you here."

"Then," I said, "I will go. I will see your father in the morning and tell him that I will attend to the whole business of securing passages. I will set about arranging my affairs at once."

She then let me plague her a little about her timidity, and after a half hour of playful badinage on my part I came away with a parting promise on my lips to lose no time in making the arrangements for our departure.

Such, however, was not my intention. I felt sure that the Judge and his daughter would change their minds if I could only manage to delay matters a few days. To go running off to Europe at a moment's notice would be utter folly for me.

As I left the house I heard the voices of the newsboys in various keys still calling the extras. I bought a paper and read it under the gaslight of the church on Twentieth Street. The display headlines announced,

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"As Silent as the Grave; Nothing Heard from the Pacific. Great Excitement in Chicago and St. Louis." I must have stood there ten minutes poring over the strange news. An expedition in a special train had been sent west from Yuma that day with railroad men and doctors. It had left at 3 P. M. The train reached Mesquite in less than an hour, and word was sent back from the station, "All right here; track clear; will reach springs at 9 p. m." A dispatch from Yuma sent at 10 o'clock and received at St. Louis said, "Nothing further heard from the special." News from Chicago, where the excitement appeared to be momentarily growing, reflected intelligence from Denver, St. Paul and Kansas City, and it was vain to ignore the fact that the entire West was in an alarming condition of anxiety. A special train was fitting out at Cheyenne under Government orders to start in the morning with a corps of Signal Service men, army officers and electricians. It was to go provided with every scientific appliance, and to carry an insulated cable to be paid out from the car. The accounts said that the people were all on the streets in Cheyenne, and an enormous mob surrounded the station where the preparations were being made.

THE NEXT MORNING events, or at least the publication of them, had reached that condition which arrested public attention everywhere. The news from the West swamped all else in the morning journals. The editors, by their work, now acknowledged that the mysterious silence on the Pacific slope was by far the most important subject for consideration before the world.

There was a hopeful spirit in most of the accounts, as if it was believed that science would unravel the mystery. But there was nothing from any quarter of the globe that as yet afforded the feeblest gleam of comfort. The Government train was to start on this, the morning of the 28th, and the papers were only able to furnish details of the preparation and reports of the public excitement in Cheyenne and Denver. The officers on the train were to send dispatches from every station west of Pocatello. They were sagacious, experienced men, and the expedition was under the direction of the well-known engineer, General Carrall.

I felt as I read the accounts that these men would probably clear up the mystery, and I resolved to delay engaging the passages on the ocean steamer until the next day. So I wrote a carefully worded note to Judge Brisbane, informing him that I would attend to the matter immediately. Had I then the slightest knowledge of the cumulative rapidity with which a panic moves I would not have taken this risk. But my whole object was to gain time with the hope that something would change the minds of my two friends.

On the night of the 28th I avoided the Brisbane establishment, although my desire drew me in that direction. I resolved to wait until the morrow, and if nothing happened to change the determination of the Judge to go to Europe, to make my arrangements then to go with him and Kate. That night there was a visible change in the metropolis. The theaters were deserted, men and women were congregated at the corners and were walking in the roadways—a sure indication in a great city of some popular disturbance. The bulletins and news centers were crowded, and the mystery of the great silence was being discussed by everybody. The thing that struck everybody with a vague terror was the accounts of the strange wind that was now blowing at Cheyenne and Denver. One special correspondent at Cheyenne said "that it seemed to him that the atmosphere of the earth, influenced by some incomprehensible suction, was all rushing to an unseen vortex. It was not in any sense a disturbance of the atmosphere that we usually call a wind, but a steady, silent draught. And the spectacle of trees bent over and held all day by the pressure, but unfluttered and unrelieved by fluctuant variations, filled them with wonder and dread."

I got up early on the morning of the 29th, for I had slept lightly and fitfully. To my surprise, I found that almost everybody else was up. It made me realize, as I had not done before, the feverish tension of public expectation. The news, if news it can be called, was startling. Let me try and repeat it to you just as it was presented to my sense. The special train, upon which the eyes of the whole country were fixed, had been heard from. It had gone west from Cheyenne and passed through Pocatello without interruption. Then followed the dispatches received from it at Cheyenne as it passed the stations beyond Pocatello. They were in this order and to this effect:

MICHANO, 10 A. M.—All right. Instruments working well. Track clear. Inhabitants appear to be moving east. No intelligence of a definite character obtained. Shoshone 108 miles west. Expect to make it in four hours.

BANNOCK, 2:30 P. M.—Conditions unchanged. Passed moving settlers all the way. They are going east with chattels. Wind from the east has the pressure without the violence of a gale.

SUNSHINE, 3:15.—Vast herds of wild cattle impeding progress. Wind increasing. Road otherwise clear.

AMERICAN FALLS, 4:40.—Signs of the exodus decreasing. Country strewn with household goods. Reports here that all the teams that went out on the roads west have not returned. Expect to hear something definite from Minidoka.

MINIDOKA, 6:10.—Electrical and barometrical indications unchanged. Signs of life disappearing. Party in excellent spirits, and eager to reach the facts.

The next dispatch was from Cheyenne, and was sent at 8 o'clock. It simply said, "Nothing further heard from Government party. Wire in good order."

Then followed two telegrams of gruesome brevity and significance:

POCATELLO, 9. P. M.—Nothing here.

CHEYENNE, 10 P. M.—Nothing has come over the special wire up to this hour. Microphonic tests at Pocatello indicate that the train is still moving. Electrical tests indicate that the current is unbroken.

Finally there was a special message from the New York *Star's* correspondent at Cheyenne, dated 11 P. M. It was about to this effect:

The current on the Government wire was broken at 10:40. Delicate tests show that the wire is now grounded. The dire conclusion of experts here is that

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the train ran from some point west of Minidoka from about 6:15 to 10:40, without human control, and then met with an accident. At the rate at which it was moving the train must have reached Shoshone. Terrible excitement here.

My keen sense detected in the newspaper itself certain infallible little signs that the news had disturbed the precision and routine of the office. Lines of type were in the wrong place, and typographical errors made it difficult to get the exact sense. Dispatch after dispatch, all bearing the same import of panic, was huddled into the column. From St. Louis the announcement was:

"An unprecedented excitement here over the news from Cheyenne. The authorities appear to have lost their heads and are unable to preserve order. Eastbound trains are carrying away people at a mob rate."

From Chicago the intelligence was similarly appalling. "A panic prevails here," said the dispatch. "The Mayor has called upon the best citizens to assist him in preserving order."

Wildly calling on the mob to repent for the day of judgment was at hand.

It required no news expert to see that all the issues of life were temporarily suspended by the tremendous and growing interest in this stupendous mystery. Channels of news worn smooth by the placid streams of everyday platitudes began to show the roll of this new freshet. A dispatch from Washington was unintentionally significant. It read like this: "The only explanation forwarded by Colonel Sanford of the abandonment of the Pike's Peak signal station by himself and party is that of a coward. He says the wind pressure indicated that the place would speedily become untenable."

I turned over the sheet in which these disheartening facts were presented and looked at the editorial page. There was a double-leaded leader, and its conclusions were more gruesome than the facts, for, while the facts could be interpreted in various ways according to the reader's condition of mind, there was no mistaking the official tone of the editor whose business it was to weigh and estimate the public value of news. It seemed to me that this umpire to whom we instinctively looked for opinions had thrown up the sponge, so to speak. Let me recall his words as they were impressed upon me that morning:

> That a grave crisis has arrived in the conditions of life on this planet, it would be folly and is impossible any longer to deny. It is not our province nor is it within our power to offer any solution of the stupendous mystery that is now enveloping a part of our continent. It is only imperative upon us as brave agents in the dispensing of truth to say, with all the candor that we can summon, that the effort of the Government to open communication with the vast region west of what must now be known as the Meridian of Silence has dismally failed, and it is the conviction of the maturest judgment, based upon all the facts of the attempt that are obtainable, that it failed because the explorers themselves ceased to exist when they had passed a certain pretty well-defined line which we now know extends north and south from Helena in Montana to Yuma on the borders of Mexico.

I found myself standing by my breakfast table reading this. An ungovernable impulse to go anywhere seized me. To sit still with this crushing uncertainty was impossible. I found myself in a coupé. Where I got it I do not distinctly remember. But I do remember that it was by means of an extraordinary offer to the driver, who, like all his fellows, was dashing through the streets at a headlong pace. And I also have a very clear recollection of the strange nervous effect produced upon me by seeing the people along the curbs on Broadway watching the flying vehicles with a mute terror, as if the very recklessness of the drivers afforded them a palpable distraction from the unintelligible weight of their own fears. I speedily noticed that the stream of humanity on the streets was tending downtown, and almost immediately I understood that it was heading, like myself, for the news centers. I could get no farther than Chambers Street, owing to the block of people and vehicles, and the driver rudely refused to take the risk of a jam. I looked at the City Hall clock. It was only 8. My heart was beating rapidly, and I knew enough of the effect of emotions on the cardiac system to understand that it was caused by suspense. A thousand new terrors were in the air of which the experience and the sagacity of man were ignorant. I forced my way with the greatest difficulty across the park, which was full of restless but strangely mute people, and got near enough to the newspaper bulletins to read the painted lines. They were feverishly indicative of the cross currents of excitement in the country and were in short, decisive sentences like this: "The President asked to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer immediately. The Governor of Colorado, crazed by the excitement, commits suicide. Mob rule in Chicago. Rioting in Denver. Breakdown of the Alton & Chicago road. Unparalleled scenes at El Paso. Fanaticism in New Orleans. The Christian pastors of this city will meet at Cooper Union at 10 o'clock, irrespective of sect. Panic in Milwaukee."

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Held by a numbing sort of fascination, I read these sentences over and over. Across Printing House Square, on another bulletin in big black letters I saw the line, "It baffles the world. Has annihilation set in?" There was something weird in the use of the pronoun IT. It seemed to be man's last effort in language to express a mystery that was specific and yet incomprehensible, and I found that by the common consent of ignorance, men were referring to the Phenomenon as IT. I looked at the strained, anxious faces of the mob, and a great fear fell upon me. With it came an awful reproach. I would go instantly and redeem my word to Kate by securing passage to Europe. I had to fight my way by inches out of the stolid and frightened crowd to the steamship offices on lower Broadway, and there I found another jam. The street was full of private carriages, and it was impossible to get anywhere near the entrance to the office. I saw a policeman who was on the outside of the press, and who was walking up and down in a restless and unofficial manner. "What is the matter here?" I asked him. He looked me all over, as if he suspected that I had fallen out of the clouds. Then he said: "Tryin' to get tickets for Europe? Where d' you come frum?"; and then, after a restless turn or two he added as he passed me "But it ain't no use, 'cause there ain't steamships enough in the world!"

THEN IT WAS, I think, that the whole terrible truth first lit my consciousness like the sudden unflaring of a bale fire. The inhabitants were fleeing from the country. They were all affected as had been the Brisbanes. I was the only dolt and idiot and liar who had no instincts of danger, and who had failed to rescue the woman I loved when she had appealed to me.

Then I plunged wildly out into the street with a feeling of desperation and that sinking of spirits that comes only in the worst crisis and when one begins to comprehend how helpless man is. I saw that in the brief time that had elapsed a change had taken place in the aspect of the crowds. When I got to Broadway again it was with the utmost difficulty that I could make my way at all against the surging mass of people that seemed momentarily to swell. It was utterly unlike any crowd in numbers and disposition that I had ever encountered. It was made up of all classes. It had lost that American characteristic of good humor, which had been swallowed up in a dire personal and selfish instinct of self-preservation. It was animated by a vague terror and disregarded every consideration but that of personal safety. A horrible conviction seized me that the ordinary restraints of society were breaking down and that speedily panic would mount to chaos. I saw that this dread was adding to the terror of everybody, aside from the fear of IT. Like an assemblage in a burning building the fear of each other was more subtle and operative than the fear of the elements. By indefatigable labor I got off the main thoroughfare and reached Hudson Street, and here in the crowd I learned the latest news and discovered the cause of the rapidly increasing excitement. I had run against an intimate friend and associate by accident. His first words were, as he wiped the perspiration out of his eyes, "Well, this is awful, eh?"

"What's the latest?" I asked fearfully.

"The latest is that The Death Line has moved. The Thurbers have a private wire, and I have just heard that Denver is cut off now! It looks as if it was 'every man for himself.'"

So terrible was this announcement and so engrossed was I with the despairing thoughts that it gave rise to that I took little heed of what was going on about me until I reached Canal Street. The one dull conviction, that it was useless to fight against now, was that annihilation had set in; that some destroying wave had started out to encircle the globe and that the race was doomed. Something, God alone knew what, had happened to our planet, and humanity was to be swept away in one of those cataclysms with which soulless Nature prepares for a new order of existence.

I was rudely awakened from this reverie of wretchedness by the crowd which surged against me with a blind, unvindictive violence. My one desire was to get uptown to the woman I loved and had neglected, and I saw that every minute was adding to the difficulty.

How I reached the Brevoort House I do not know. But there I found a number of citizens who had not utterly lost their heads and who had come together to counsel. There was a private wire in the house, and they were receiving intelligence from several central points in the city. The looks of these men, who were huddled into the parlor, were enough to dismay the most resolute observer. Their pale faces and painfully set mouths indicated the sense of an awful crisis which wisdom did not know how to meet or avoid. A well known citizen read the dispatches to them as they were received, and torn as I was by impatience, my curiosity held me there to hear. It was now about half-past eleven in the morning. The rapidity with which events had moved since I got up was made startlingly apparent by the information here furnished. The authorities, together with a number of influential citizens, had come together as if by a common instinct at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The Mayor, the Police and Fire Commissioners, several wealthy bankers and a number of prominent clergymen were holding some kind of council and sending out appeals for co-operation and addresses to the public, which latter were entirely unheeded. As I forced myself into the room I saw and heard a venerable and majestic gentleman, evidently a clergyman, addressing those present in an impassioned manner. There were tears in his eyes and an awful sadness in his voice. "Men and brethren," he said, "it is appointed unto all men once to die. If it be appointed unto us who remain to die together, let us die like Christians who still retain our faith in eternal justice and eternal mercy, and not like wild beasts that devour each other."

A REPORT CAME that the fatal east wind was blowing. And at this there was a general movement of those present, as if the time were too short to waste in longer listening. I came up Lafayette Place to Astor Place with the intention of reaching Fourth Avenue. Both spaces were choked with people, and on Eighth Street I saw

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"Kate," I said, "we will die together. Look up. Love, at least, is eternal."

a woman on the steps of a private residence, wildly calling on the mob, which paid no attention to her, to repent, for the day of judgment was at hand. Her white hair was blown over her face and her arms were frantically gesticulating. Into the great hall of the Cooper Union a mass of religious people had flocked, and a number of speakers were making addresses and offering up prayers. When I passed the woman who was exhorting the crowd, I had noticed the manner in which her hair, which was of soft, flossy white, streamed out straight in front of her, but it did not occur to me until I reached the square in front of Cooper Union that this was caused by the peculiar and ominous draft of wind from the east of which I had heard so much, for it was there that I saw a crowd pointing up to the roof of the vast building known as the Bible House, which appeared to be covered with people. Some of them were holding flags and drapery, and the material floated out westward without any of the undulating motion which always marks a flag in a disturbed current. These extemporized pennants stood out as if they were starched. I could see that this sign produced a dumb sort of terror in the crowd. It seemed to me then that all emotion of which I was capable was centered on the one desire to get to the woman I loved and die with her. A crushing and at the same time an animating remorse, as if somehow I had been responsible for her death, at least, in disregarding her warnings, and somehow doubly guilty in mistrusting her motives, unmanned me and inflamed me. It was with something of the same disregard of everybody but oneself that I had seen in others that I fought my way to Twenty-first Street. What brutalities I committed need not be recounted. That hour remains with me an acute and jangled memory of frenzy. I reached the steps of Judge Brisbane's house, torn and bleeding. The terrible scenes were in my eyes, and the dreadful, monotonous tumult of human desperation—that vast sigh of doomed humanity, pierced here and there by the wails and shrieks of despair and the cries of innocence for help—was in my ears. The celerity with which it had all come on left no chance for cool reason. An invisible phantom was at the heels of the community, and we were part of a mighty stampede. After fumbling for an instant at the bell and pushing back several ghastly creatures who were on the steps, I must have applied my shoulder to the door and pushed it in. Someone appeared to be resisting me on the other side, but it gave way and I half fell into Judge Brisbane's vestibule. An instant later we were looking into each other's faces, I, bloody and soiled and ragged and wild with the frenzy of fear and impatience; he, pale as death, but resolute and holding an enormous bar over me.

"Quick," he said. "Help me fasten this door!"

That sudden call of duty struck something habitual in me, and, without knowing exactly what I was doing, I found myself assisting him in barricading the door. The endeavor somewhat changed the current of my thoughts from the danger that was unseen to the danger that was storming under our windows. I must have muttered some kind of excuse for my conduct to the Judge, for he said: "No time for apologies or recriminations now. The house is full of my neighbors, who have come here for protection. Go upstairs and look after the women. The best and only thing we can do is to preserve a quiet place to die in and not be trampled to pieces. Are you armed?"

Without heeding his question, I dashed up the broad staircase and found the upper rooms occupied by women, some of whom, in mourning attire hastily thrown on, were sitting around with their heads in

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their hands, while others were huddled at the windows, staring with strained looks of terror at the crowds on the street. Walking up and down the room wringing his hands, a middle-aged man was giving expression to the most terrible irony and cowardice without reference to his listeners.

I ran my eye over the huddled group of frightened women. The one I sought was not there. I flew through the groaning figures on the stairway up to her chamber. I knocked loudly and called her by name passionately. Then I listened. I heard nothing but the dull sounds of the human tumult that came through the open casement and the sighing tones of the telegraph wires as the steady draft from the east swept through them. I shook the door and abjured her to come to me. Then in my madness I burst it in. She was on her knees at the bed, with her hands on her ears and her head buried in the bedclothes. I fell down on my knees beside her and put my arm around her. "Kate," I said, "we will die together. Look up. Love, at least, is eternal." She was cold. I caught her head between my hands and turned her beautiful face toward me. My God, she was dead! Dead, with her staring eyes full of terror and her beautiful mouth set in hard and ghastly lines. Then it was that I felt rise up within me for the first time the rebellious bitterness of the natural man. Need I tell you that at such moments man is little better than an animal save in his free agency that enables him to defy? I passed hours there moaning, cursing, bewailing. When at last the force of paroxysm had expended itself, I shook my fist in the face of heaven, with the obduracy of the pagan Greek, and said, "Come on now, you envious Fates, and do your worst speedily."

Judge Brisbane found me there, raving.

"Do you know?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "and I am grateful. She is spared much that we must endure."

"And so," I said, "life, love and the vaunted future of the race end in mockery."

"It seems so," he replied. "But we cannot be sure. Come with me."

We ascended to the roof. The spectacle that greeted us was indescribable. The tops of all the houses were black with people, who were staring mutely and with childish terror into the West. The steady subdued organ tone of the rushing atmosphere could now be heard above all else. We stood there in silence a few moments, and then I said, "It's terrible. What do you suppose is taking place?"

"I suppose," replied the Judge, "that we are losing our atmosphere. Reeling it off, so to speak, slowly as we revolve. Our planet has entered some portion of the ethereal space where the conditions are sucking us dry of oxygen. As it recedes from the earth the water disappears, and we shall be left to revolve like the moon, without air and without liquid, and consequently without life."

He said this meditatively, less as if he were answering my question than as if he were formulating his own fears.

"Then," I remarked, "if this takes place gradually, the millions have got to struggle and writhe and fight together in suffocation. We can at least blow our brains out and cheat such a fate."

"I should hate," said the Judge, "to think that the man who was to marry Kate had not the bravery to face his destiny."

That was all that was said. We came down, and some ripples of intelligence reached us during the afternoon from one or two persons who made their way into the house. We learned that in the frenzy of fear the populace was committing the most extraordinary excesses. The shore line of the Atlantic was crowded with people, many of whom plunged into the ocean in a vain attempt to get away. The scenes in the city were too revolting to narrate, for a large class of the community, released from all restraint of moral and civil law, was bent on securing all the lawless pleasure that force could command during the few hours that was left to them.

And the line was steadily coming east. Chicago was cut off at 12 o'clock. And at 4 intelligence had ceased coming from Buffalo. At this time the sound of the wind was like the roar of the sea. I had torn myself away from the window, where I had been staring at the now packed and struggling masses of people and had locked myself in the room with the dead body of Kate. There was a vial of opium on her table that had been used for neuralgia. I swallowed it and sat down by the bedside. I know not how long I remained there. But a loud report, as of a discharged cannon, roused me. I remember staggering and panting in the dark, with a semi-consciousness that the end had come, and I know now that report was occasioned by the bursting of the drums of my ears.

I remember nothing more. I have given you a plain statement of my experiences in that crisis, and I dare say they are uneventful enough by the side of the experiences of millions.

I Saw *a* Man

By STEPHEN CRANE

I SAW A MAN pursuing the horizon;
Round and round they sped.
I was disturbed at this;
I accosted the man.
"It is futile," I said,
"You can never"——

"You lie," he cried,
And ran on.

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By Rollin Kirby, from "Men of Destiny"

Phrases *that* Have Moved Men's Minds

"a square deal"
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 1903

T. R.'s phrase, which has become part of the language, was originally used in a speech for war veterans—"If they are good enough to shed blood, they are good enough to get a square deal afterward."

"The public be damned"
W. H. VANDERBILT, 1883

The reply of the Commodore's eldest son when asked whether the customers of his railroad should be consulted about luxury trains.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"
HENRY M. STANLEY, 1871

After a heart-breaking search of eight months through the Tanganyika jungle, Stanley thus greeted David Livingstone, whom an anxious world had believed lost for five years. The great missionary-explorer was a "ruckle of bones" and desperately ill when the American relief expedition under Stanley reached him.

"the almighty dollar"
WASHINGTON IRVING, 1836

This now famous phrase first appeared in Irving's account of the Creole villages of the Southwest: "The almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages."

"Sir, I would rather be right than be president."
HENRY CLAY, 1850

Clay, whose aspirations to the Presidency were famous, used these vehement words in the last great battle of his career—for the Compromise of 1850, which for ten years postponed the Civil War.

"Go to Hell."
MAJ. CHARLES W. WHITTLESEY, October 8, 1918

Whittlesey's "lost" battalion, first to reach its objective in an advance through the Argonne forest, took up its position according to orders on an exposed road. They were surrounded, and without food or shelter. One of his soldiers, captured in an attempt to break through, was sent back with a polite note from the surrounding Germans, suggesting surrender. Whittlesey crumpled the note, and shaking his fist at the enemy troops in plain sight on the bluff above him, gave his reply.

"To the victors belong the spoils."
SENATOR WILLIAM L. MARCY, 1832

With the election of Andrew Jackson in 1828 began the custom of turning out wholesale the office-holders appointed by the late party in power, and substituting the faithful. Senator Marcy, in defending Jackson's Secretary of State, Van Buren, from the attacks of Henry Clay, used this phrase.

"If this be treason, make the most of it."
PATRICK HENRY, 1765

Addressing the Virginia Convention Mr. Henry said: "Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third,"—(Cries of "Treason") "may profit by their example. If *this* be treason, make the most of it."

"Cross of Gold."
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, 1896

"The Boy Orator of the Platte" stampeded the Democratic National Convention in 1896 with his speech on free coinage of silver, then a vital issue. He concluded: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"

"Necessity hath no law."
OLIVER CROMWELL, 1654

Following the execution of Charles I. of England, the stern and Puritanical Cromwell established a Protectorate and ruled with an iron hand. The remark quoted, made when he dissolved an obstinate parliament, is typical of his arbitrary methods.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."
OLIVER H. PERRY, 1813

With this message, the American naval officer announced his victory over the British fleet in the Battle of Lake Erie.

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¶ The service department of the Caterpillar Tractor Company of Peoria, Illinois, did more than employ William Hazlett Upson from 1919 to 1924. It provided him with the material for this uproariously funny story.

¶ He now lives in Vermont, writing more stories about tractors and other things.

I'm *in a* Hurry

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS,
October 1, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: I'm in a hurry I want a new main drive gear for my tractor. This tractor was formerly owned by Joe Banks of Llano, Texas, and bought by me at the auction after he died. The main drive gear in the tractor has busted and I just been over and asked the widow Banks where Joe used to buy parts for his tractors and she said she aint sure but she thinks it was The Farmers Friend Tractor Company, Earthworm City, Illinois. So please let me know if you are the folks, and if so please send the gear at once. As I am in a hurry. It is the main drive gear. It is the big bull gear in the back end of the transmission that goes round and round and drives the tractor excuse this paper as my regular business letter paper has not come yet yours truly,

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
October 3, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 1, in which we note that you request us to send you a gear for your tractor.

In this connection we are pleased to advise that an inspection of our files reveals the fact that Mr. Joseph Banks of Llano, Tex., was the owner of one of our old-style Model 45 Earthworm Tractors. Mr. Banks acquired this tractor on June 3, 1915. We are changing our records to indicate that this tractor has been purchased by yourself, and we are most happy to assure you that all the resources of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company are at your service and that we can supply you promptly with everything you may need in the way of spare parts, service and information.

We regret, however, that your description of the gear which you desire is not sufficient for us to identify same, as there are a number of gears in the transmission to which the description "main drive gear" might conceivably apply. Kindly look up this gear in the parts book and advise us the proper part number and name as given therein. When necessary information is received, immediate shipment will be made.

In the meantime, we wish to extend you a most cordial welcome into the happy family of Earthworm users, to congratulate you upon selecting an Earthworm Tractor —even though it be of such an old model —and to assure you of our constant interest and desire to cooperate with you to the fullest extent.

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

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DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS,
October 6, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: I got your letter I got no parts book. I asked the widow of Joe Banks, who is the man that owned the tractor before I bought it at the auction after he died, I asked her did they have a parts book for the tractor and she said they once had a parts book but it is lost. I would look up the gear in the parts book if I could, but you can understand that I can't look up the gear in the parts book if I got no parts book. What I want is the big bull gear way at the back. The great big cog wheel with 44 cogs on it that goes round and round and drives the tractor.

I'm in a hurry because the tractor is unfortunately broke down right while I'm doing a very important job for Mr. Rogers of this city. The tractor run fine until 3 P. M. October 1, when there came a loud and very funny noise in the back and the tractor would no longer pull. We took the cover off the transmission case, and this big cog wheel was busted. Six cogs was busted off of it, and the tractor will not pull; only make a funny noise.

I am a young man 24 years of age just starting in business and expect to get married soon, so please send the gear at once as I'm in a hurry and oblige,

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

Illustrations by
Tony Sarg

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
October 9, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge your valued letter of October 6, stating that you desire a gear for your tractor, but are unable to give us the parts number of same owing to the fact that you have no parts book. We have carefully gone over your description of the gear, but we regret that we have been unable positively to identify what gear it is that you desire. We note that you state the gear has 44 teeth and we feel sure that some mistake has been made, as there is no 44-tooth gear in the tractor.

We are therefore mailing you under separate cover a parts book for the Model 45 Earthworm Tractor, year 1915, and would suggest that you look up the gear in this book, and let us know the part number so that we can fill your order.

Unfortunately we are not able to supply you a parts book printed in English.

Nearly all of the old-style Model 45 tractors were sold to the French Government in 1915 to be used in pulling artillery on the western front. As only a few of these tractors were sold in America, the edition of English parts books was very limited and has been exhausted. We are, however, sending you one of the French parts books.

We regret exceedingly that we are obliged to give you a parts book printed in a foreign language; and

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we realize, of course, that possibly you may be unable to understand it. However, you should be able to find the desired gear in the pictures, which are very plain.

Kindly give us the part number which is given under the picture of the gear, and we will make immediate shipment. Very truly yours,

FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS,
October 12, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Your letter has come your book has come you was right when you said I might not understand it. I cant understand the Dago printing and I been looking at the pictures all evening and I cant understand the pictures they dont look like nothing I ever seen. So I cant give you no part number, but I'm in a hurry so please send the gear anyway. It is the one way at the back. You cant miss it. Its not the one that lays down its the one that sets up on edge and has 44 teeth and meshes with the little one with 12 teeth. The little one goes round and round and drives the big one. And the big one is keyed on the main shaft and goes round and round and drives the tractor. Or I should say used to go round and round, but now it has six teeth busted out and wont go round—only makes a funny noise when it gets to the place where the teeth are busted out.

I'm in a hurry and to show you that I need this gear quick, I will explain that the tractor is laid up right in the middle of an important job I'm doing for Mr. Rogers of this city. I'm a young man, age 24 years, and new at the house moving business and I want to make a good impression and also expect to get married soon.

When Mr. Rogers of this city decided to move his house from down by the depot up to the north end of town, and give me the job, I thought it was a fine chance to get started in business and make a good impression. I got the house jacked up, and I put heavy timbers underneath, and trucks with solid wheels that I bought from a contractor at Llano. And I bought this second-hand tractor from Joe Banks at Llano at the auction after he died, and all my money is tied up in this equipment and on October 1, at 3 P. M. we had the house moved half way to where they want it, when the tractor made a funny noise and quit. And if I don't get a new gear pretty soon and move the house the rest of the way I'll be a blowed up sucker.

I'm just starting in business and want to make a good impression and I'm expecting to get married so please hurry with the gear. Excuse paper as my regular business paper has not come yet and oblige,

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs, October 14, 1924.
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge your valued favor of October 12, and we regret exceedingly that you have been unable to locate the part which you desire in the parts book, and that consequently you have been subject to annoying delay. As it is always our desire to render the greatest possible service to Earthworm Tractor owners, we have gone into this matter with the greatest of care; and after checking over very thoroughly the descriptions given in your latest letter and also in former letters, we have come to the conclusion that the gear you desire is the 45-tooth intermediate spur gear, symbol number 6843, as illustrated on page 16 of the parts book. We note that you state the gear has 44 teeth, but as there is no such gear in your model tractor, and as No. 6843 gear fits the description in other particulars, we can only assume that you made a mistake in counting the number of teeth in the gear.

Accordingly we are shipping you by express this afternoon one No. 6843 gear, which we trust will prove to be the part desired. Assuring you of our constant desire to render you every possible service, efficiently and promptly, I remain,

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS,
October 18, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Your letter come yesterday your gear come to-day C. O. D. $41.26 and not only that, but it is no good and it wont fit. It is not like the old gear. It looks like a well made gear but there is nothing like it on my tractor so it is no good to me it is too big it won't go on it won't fit on the shaft. And if it did fit on the shaft, it would not work because it is too big and the teeth would not mesh with the teeth on the little gear, and it ought to have 44 teeth like I said, *not* 45.

So will you look this up again more carefully and send me the right gear and send it as quick as possible? I'm in a hurry, and I will explain to you how things stand so you can see I am no liar when I say I got to have this gear right off or I am a blowed up sucker.

I am new in the house moving business and I am moving a house for Mr. Rogers of this city, and Mr. Rogers is a very stubborn old cus and he insisted that the house be moved all together—which includes the main part which is two stories high and built very strong and solid, and also the front porch which sticks out in front and is built pretty weak, and also the one-story kitchen which sticks out behind. The kitchen is very frail.

But Mr. Rogers did not listen to me when I wanted to move the kitchen and front porch separate from the house. So, as I am a young man and new at the house moving business and anxious to make a good impression, I tried to do it like he wanted. I jacked up the whole works all together, and put timbers underneath, and heavy trucks that I bought from a contractor at Llano, and we came up from the depot fine—the tractor pulling good and the little old house rolling along smooth and quiet and beautiful. But at 3 P. M. October 1, just as we was going past Jim Ferguson's

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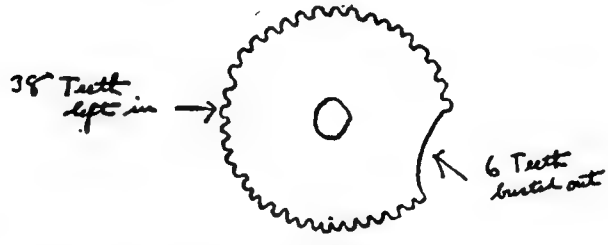
Drug Store on the main street of this city, there come a funny noise in the tractor, and we have been stuck ever since waiting for a new gear because the tractor will not run with six teeth busted out of the old gear.

So you can see that it is no lie that I am in a hurry, and I will explain that for 2 and ½ weeks, no traffic has been able to go past Jim Ferguson's Drug Store. All traffic on the main street of this city has been detoured—turning to the right through the field next to Johnson's Garage, following the back lane past the shed where Harvey Jenkins keeps his cow, and then around Wilson's Hardware Store and back to the main street, and all this owing to the stubbornness of old man Rogers making me take the porch and the kitchen along at the same time.

The porch is now resting two feet from the drug store and the kitchen just three feet from the post office on the other side of the street. If old man Rogers had listened to me and we had taken the kitchen off, there would have been room for traffic to get past, but now we can't take the kitchen off on account of being so jammed up against the post office, but people don't figger on that and everybody in town blames it on me that traffic is held up, which is very wrong as I am doing the best I can.

And now old man Rogers says that I contracted to move his house, and I had better hurry up, and he says why don't I hire some horses but I say horses would be unsafe, because when they get to pulling something very heavy they get to jerking and they would be liable to jerk the house and injure it, owing to the fact that Mr. Rogers was so stubborn as to make me leave the kitchen and the porch on the house, thus weakening it. And besides I got no money to waste hiring horses when I got a tractor already, so you can see why I'm in a hurry being anxious to make a good impression and get married.

Please send at once the right gear which has FORTY-FOUR TEETH (44), because the old gear



has 38 good teeth, and 6 busted off, making 44 like I said, *not* 45. And the right gear is an inch narrower than the one you sent, and the hole through the middle is smaller. I am making a picture so you can see just what gear it is, so please send it at once and oblige,

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
October 21, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 18, from which we note that you are having trouble in installing in your tractor gear No. 6843, which we shipped you on October 14.

We regret exceedingly that you have had this trouble, and to the end that the basis of the difficulty might be discovered, we have carefully checked over your former correspondence and have at length come to the conclusion that gear No. 6843, which we sent you, is the proper gear. We are therefore at a loss to understand why you have been unable to use it, and can only suggest that you may possibly have made some error in installing it.

To obviate this difficulty we are today mailing you, under separate cover, a copy of our latest instruction book on the care, operation and repair of Earthworm Tractors. We regret that this book was prepared for the new-style tractors, but as the method of installing transmission gears is essentially the same in both old and new-style tractors, we feel sure that you will have no trouble in applying the instructions to your old-style tractor. Please study carefully the pictures and full descriptions on page 34, and if you proceed as directed we feel sure you will experience no further difficulty in installing the gear.

In case, however, there still remains some minor trouble to interfere with the perfect operation of the tractor, we shall appreciate it if you will notify us, as we are always anxious to give owners of Earthworm Tractors the fullest possible coöperation.

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS,
October 25, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Your letter come yesterday your book come to-day they are no good to me. It takes more than a book for a new tractor to put onto an entirely different old tractor a gear wheel that don't belong to it. I tell you again—you have sent me the wrong gear.

What I want is the big bull gear on the back that has 44 teeth. FORTY-FOUR. *Not* 45. And it goes round and round and makes the tractor go. It is the great big cog wheel that meshes with the little cog wheel. I bet you have sent me a gear for one of your new-style tractors—how do I know? You told me you had looked it up what model tractor I got, so why don't you send me the gear that will fit?

If you people knew what I was up against, you would get busy, and you would send me that gear in a hurry. The whole town is sore at me. And I will explain that this is a big place with trolley cars and everything.

The trolleys here run on a track, but they are not electric, they are run by gasoline motors inside, and are very modern and up-to-date like everything else in this city. And for over three weeks now the trolley from the depot has been coming up almost as far as Jim Ferguson's Drug Store, and then it has to stop and the conductor will give the people transfers. And they will get out and squeeze past old man Rogers' house, and get on the other trolley and ride on. And it is

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lucky they have two cars. A few years ago they only had one.

And old man Rogers says if I don't get action by the first of the week, he is going to hire horses himself, and pull the house where he wants it. And if I expect to get a cent for it I can just sue him, and he says he is tired of living in a house sitting in the middle of the street with the front porch poking into the drug store window and the people kidding him all the time. But it's all on account of his own foolishness and stubbornness, because I told him he had better go live with his brother in Llano while the house was being moved, but he is a guy that you cant tell him nothing and so he is living there with Mrs. Rogers and daughter Mildred. So you can see I'm in a hurry and everybody is sore because the traffic is detoured and me having to hang red lanterns on the house every night so people won't run into it, and the Police Department has served notice on me that I got until next Thursday to move the house or get pinched. And they had given me a permit to move the house. But they say a permit ain't no 99-year lease. And that just shows how it is—they all try to make mean cracks like that.

And this afternoon, old Mr. Rogers came up to me and he said, "Dave, I hope you ain't still thinking of getting married?"

And I said, "I sure am," because, as I told you in another letter, I'm expecting to get married.

Then Mr. Rogers said, "I may have something to say about that, young man." And I will explain that it is possible that old Mr. Rogers—whose house I am moving with my tractor—may have some influence in the matter, owing to the fact that the girl I expect to marry is named Mildred Rogers, and unfortunately happens to be the daughter of old Mr. Rogers.

So you see, I want that gear, and I want it quick. I am sending back the new gear please credit me with the $41.26 I paid on the C. O. D. I am also sending you the old busted gear. Please look over the old busted gear and send me one just like it, only with the six teeth not busted out. Please hurry and remember FORTY-FOUR TEETH, and oblige yours truly,

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

P. S. *Not* 45 teeth.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
October 29, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge your valued favor of October 26 in reference to the trouble you are having with your tractor. We regret exceedingly that the misunderstanding in regard to the gear which you need has caused you the annoying delay which you mention.

As soon as your old gear arrives, it will be checked up and every possible effort will be made to supply you promptly with a duplicate of it.

Very truly yours,
FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS
CONTRACTOR
HOUSES MOVED SAFELY, SPEEDILY AND SURELY
DRY RIVER JUNCTION, TEXAS,
October 31, 1924.

To The Farmers Friend Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: My new letter paper has come your letter has come please send me the gear as quick as possible. I'm in a hurry more than at any time before and unless I can get this mess straightened out I'll be more of a blowed up sucker than anybody you ever seen, and in order that you may see what a rush I am in and send the gear as quick as possible, I will explain 2 very unfortunate events which has took place since my last letter. The first was last night.

Being Thursday night and my regular night to call, I went around to see Miss Mildred Rogers, who, as I have explained before, I had expected to marry very soon, and who used to live down by the depot, but is now located temporarily on Main Street just in front of Ferguson's Drug Store. It is not as much fun as it used to be to call at the Rogers' house. Formerly it was possible to sit in the hammock on the front porch, and as the house set back from the street and there was trees around and no street lights, a very pleasant evening could be had.

But at present the front porch is located in a most unfortunate way just two feet from the windows of Ferguson's Drug Store, which is all lighted up—you know how drug store windows is—lots of big white lights, and all kinds of jars full of colored water with more lights shining through. And people squeezing past between the porch and the drug store and going in to get ice cream sodas or stopping to crack bum jokes about me, which I will not repeat. So you can see that it would not be any fun for me and Mildred to sit in the hammock in the evening, even if it was possible to sit in the hammock which it is not, owing to the fact that the porch pillar to which the hammock is fastened has become so weakened by the jacking up of the house that it would take very little to pull it over and let the whole porch roof down with a bang.

So we decided that we better sit in the parlor and we had no sooner entered and I was not doing any harm in any way when old Mr. Rogers came in and there was a very painful scene which I won't describe only to say that he used such expressions as "Get to Hell out of here," and "I don't want my daughter keeping company with any moron," which is a word he got out of the Dallas *News*.

So after he had hollered around and Mildred had cried, I left the house in a dignified manner. Being a gentleman and always respectful to old age, I did not talk back to him, the dirty crook. But you can see why it is I am in a hurry for the gear.

The other unfortunate event was just this A. M., when old man Rogers went out and hired twelve horses from all over town and also one small size flivver tractor to move his house up to where he wants it. He tried to get a big tractor, but there is none in town or nearby except mine which is broke down. But there is plenty of horses and this little flivver tractor that would not be big enough to pull the house by itself.

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So this morning they wheeled my poor old tractor out of the way, and they hooked up to the house and there was about a hundred people from the town and from round about that was helping with advice and hollering and yelling and telling Mr. Rogers how to do it. And there was I—the only practical and professional house-mover in the whole city—and none of them asked my advice about anything and so it is not my fault what happened.

When they was all ready, Mr. Rogers he stands up and hollers out, "All ready—Go!" And the six drivers yelled at the twelve horses, and all the people standing around began to cheer and shout. And the feller on the little flivver tractor started up the motor so quick it made a big noise and scared the horses and all the horses began jumping and heaving and they jerked the house sidewise, and some of the timbers slipped, and the kitchen that I told you about—it give a little lurch and fell off the house. Just let go, and fell off.

So that scared them, and they unhooked the horses and the flivver tractor and didn't try no more moving, and the house is still there all except the kitchen which was busted up so bad that they finished the job and knocked it to pieces and took it away in wheel barrows.

One good thing is that now the traffic can get in between the house and the Post Office so they don't have to detour any more. But one very unfortunate thing was that Mrs. Rogers happened to be in the kitchen when it fell off being shaken up considerable but not seriously injured so you can see that I got to have the tractor running again so I can move the house and I hope you will send the gear at once yours truly and oblige,

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
MAKERS OF EARTHWORM TRACTORS
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
November 2, 1924.

Mr. David Crockett Suggs,
Dry River Junction, Tex.

DEAR SIR: This will acknowledge your valued favor of October 31 requesting that we use all possible haste in sending you a gear which you need to repair your tractor. We are also pleased to report the receipt of one No. 6843 gear which we shipped you on October 14 and which you returned unused owing to the fact that it will not fit your tractor. We are crediting your account with $41.26 C. O. D. which you paid on this shipment.

The broken gear which you sent has been carefully checked over by our Engineering Department. We are at a loss to understand how this gear ever came to be in your tractor. We do not make gears similar to the one you have sent in, and it will therefore be impossible for us to supply you with one. We would suggest that the best thing to do in the circumstances would be for one of our service mechanics to inspect your machine.

Mr. Luke Torkle, one of our service men, will be at Dry River Junction in a few days to unload a tractor. If you desire, we will have Mr. Torkle stop off and inspect your machine. Kindly let us know what you wish us to do in this matter. Very truly yours,

FREDERICK R. OVERTON,
Parts Department.

TELEGRAM

DRY RIVER JUNC TEX NOV 4 1924
FARMERS FRIEND TRACTOR CO
EARTHWORM CY ILLS

Have the guy come quick in a hurry.

DAVID CROCKETT SUGGS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SERVICE MAN'S REPORT

WRITTEN AT: Dry River Junction, Tex.
DATE: November 7, 1924.
WRITTEN BY: Luke Torkle, Serviceman.
SUBJECT: Tractor belonging to D. C. Suggs.

Reached here 7 A. M. Unloaded tractor for Canyon Ranch, and will drive it over tomorrow.

Before I had a chance to look up D. C. Suggs, the mayor and prominent citizens urgently requested me to use the new tractor to move a house that was blocking the main street. This looked like good advertising for us, especially as the county commissioner here is expecting to buy a tractor for road work. Accordingly, I spent the morning moving the house to where they wanted it, and then looked up Mr. Suggs.

Found he has left town. It is reported that he was shot at three times yesterday by a man called Rogers, but escaped. Last night he sold his entire property, consisting of a second-hand tractor, an old fliv, one radio set and the good-will in a house-moving business for $450. He then took the train north with a girl called Mildred Rogers of this place.

I inspected the tractor formerly owned by Mr. Suggs. No wonder we couldn't supply him with repairs for it. It is not one of our tractors. It has no name plate, but I was able to identify it as a 1920 Model, Steel Elephant Tractor, made by the S. E. Tractor Company of Indianapolis. I talked on the phone with Mrs. Joseph Banks, whose husband formerly owned the tractor. She says her husband sold the old Earthworm Tractor three years ago to a man in Dallas. Mr. Banks owned four or five different kinds of tractors. Mrs. Banks remembered he had once bought tractor parts from the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company.

In regard to your suggestion that Mr. Suggs might be persuaded to buy a new tractor, I think this is hardly possible. It is reported that before he left, Mr. Suggs stated that he and Miss Rogers would be married and would locate in Chicago. He was uncertain what business he would take up, but said it would be nothing in any way connected with house-moving, or with tractors or any kind of machinery.

When one longs for drink, it seems as though one could drink a whole ocean—that is faith; but when one begins to drink, one can drink altogether only two glasses—that is science.

ANTON CHEKHOV

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By O. HENRY

The Green Door

¶ *O. Henry the man is almost as famous as O. Henry the writer—even though so little is known about him. Bob Davis, newspaper writer and editor, is one of those who knew the elusive Sydney Porter best, and he here describes his first encounter with him.*

I go in search of O. Henry

By ROBERT H. DAVIS

My first experience with O. Henry was when I read his story, "The Ice Machine," after which I devoured everything I could find under the signature of O. Henry or Sydney Porter.

In 1903, F. L. H. Noble went from the New York *American* to the Sunday editorship of the New York *World*. I went with him. In scouting about for features Noble had an excellent idea. He was so concerned about its excellence that he took me out to his home in Flushing, Long Island, for a secret conference. There was an air of mystery about the whole proceeding. Finally, he put the proposition in one paragraph. This was my assignment:

"Go out and locate O. Henry. He has a breezy, brilliant and snappy style. I want him to write introductions to our Sunday stories. Offer $40 a week. If that fails to do the trick, jump to $50. The limit is $60."

After some research I learned that the author was living over a restaurant somewhere on West Twenty-fourth Street.

Accordingly I began a complete survey of every structure that seemed open to the transient world. Through the courtesy of some landlords and the discourtesy of a few waiters, I managed to comb four buildings—without results. The fifth happened to be the Hotel Marty, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway. The proprietor was French. I asked him if he had an O. Henry or a Sydney Porter occupying a room in his hospitable inn. Neither name seemed to mean anything to him. He did, however, suggest that I go through the house and investigate.

I began on the top story. None of the tenants was in. On the next story, that is to say, the fourth from the ground, from hall bedroom number seven, in response to my bombardment, I received a cheerful invitation to enter. It was a very small room opening on the usual air-shaft. In spite of the dim light I was able to make out a rather corpulent figure in shirt sleeves with suspenders down, seated beside a washstand upon which reposed a huge bowl containing perhaps five pounds of cracked ice, in which nestled a half dozen fine Bartlett pears. The fat man rose with considerable dignity, bowed, and spoke: "Come in." I entered and closed the door.

"I am looking for Sydney Porter, otherwise, O. Henry."

"I am both," said he. "Here's a chair. Have some fruit. It is nice and cool. I suffer like hell in New York from the heat." He wiped the perspiration from his brow. "What can I do for you?"

"I have a proposition to make."

He fixed his gray-blue eyes upon me and cupped his left ear with his hand. There was something about his demeanor that suggested the utter absurdity of bargaining.

"In fact, I have three propositions," I continued. "But I shall make the last one first."

I took two bites out of a Bartlett for purposes of concentration and then fired the shot.

"The New York *World* authorizes me to offer you $60 a week to write introductions varying from three hundred to seven hundred words in length, for special features appearing in the Sunday issue."

"If this last proposition is the best," said he, gazing out of the air-shaft much in the same manner as the Prisoner of Chillon catching a glimpse of Lake Geneva, "you needn't make the other two. I accept your proposition. Moreover, Mister, you can have the balance of the pears."

The whole transaction was completed in less than five minutes. To commemorate the operation, Porter hastily got into his coat and vest, and we withdrew to the basement of the Marty where, in spite of the humidity, we had a full-course French dinner including a quart of imported wine. The banquet lasted until 3 P. M.

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Drawings by J. Welch

Rarely did the arch sprite Adventure need to beckon twice to Rudolf Steiner.

The Story:

SUPPOSE YOU SHOULD be walking down Broadway after dinner, with ten minutes allotted to the consummation of your cigar while you are choosing between a diverting tragedy and something serious in the way of vaudeville. Suddenly a hand is laid upon your arm. You turn to look into the thrilling eyes of a beautiful woman, wonderful in diamonds and Russian sables. She thrusts hurriedly into your hand an extremely hot buttered roll, flashes out a tiny pair of scissors, snips off the second button of your overcoat, meaningly ejaculates the one word, "parallelogram!" and swiftly flies down a cross street, looking back fearfully over her shoulder.

That would be pure adventure. Would you accept it? Not you. You would flush with embarrassment; you would sheepishly drop the roll and continue down Broadway, fumbling feebly for the missing button. This you would do unless you are one of the blessed few in whom the pure spirit of adventure is not dead.

True adventurers have never been plentiful. They who are set down in print as such have been mostly business men with newly invented methods. They have been out after the things they wanted—golden fleeces, holy grails, lady loves, treasure, crowns, and fame. The true adventurer goes forth aimless and uncalculating to meet and greet unknown fate. A fine example was the Prodigal Son—when he started back home.

Half-adventurers—brave and splendid figures—have been numerous. From the Crusades to the Palisades they have enriched the arts of history and fiction and the trade of historical fiction. But each of them had a prize to win, a goal to kick, an axe to grind, a race to run, a new thrust in tierce to deliver, a name to carve, a crow to pick—so they were not followers of true adventure.

In the big city the twin spirits Romance and Adventure are always abroad seeking worthy wooers. As we roam the streets, they slyly peep at us and challenge us in twenty different guises. Without knowing

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why, we look up suddenly to see in a window a face that seems to belong to our gallery of intimate portraits; in a sleeping thoroughfare we hear a cry of agony and fear coming from an empty and shuttered house; instead of at our familiar curb, a cab-driver deposits us before a strange door, which one, with a smile, opens for us and bids us enter; a slip of paper, written upon, flutters down to our feet from the high lattices of Chance; we exchange glances of instantaneous hate, affection, and fear with hurrying strangers in the passing crowds; a sudden souse of rain—and our umbrella may be sheltering the daughter of the Full Moon and first cousin of the Sidereal System; at every corner handkerchiefs drop, fingers beckon, eyes besiege, and the lost, the lonely, the rapturous, the mysterious, the perilous, changing clues of adventure are slipped into our fingers. But few of us are willing to hold and follow them. We are grown stiff with the ramrod of convention down our backs. We pass on; and some day we come, at the end of a very dull life, to reflect that our romance has been a pallid thing of a marriage or two, a satin rosette kept in a safe-deposit drawer, and a life-long feud with a steam radiator.

Rudolf Steiner was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings on which he did not go forth from his hall bedchamber in search of the unexpected and the egregious. The most interesting thing in life seemed to him to be what might lie just around the next corner. Sometimes his willingness to tempt fate led him into strange paths. Twice he had spent the night in a station-house; again and again he had found himself the dupe of ingenious and mercenary tricksters; his watch and money had been the price of one flattering allurement. But with undiminished ardor he picked up every glove cast before him into the merry lists of adventure.

One evening Rudolf was strolling along a cross-town street in the older, central part of the city. Two streams of people filled the sidewalks—the home-hurrying and that restless contingent that abandons home for the specious welcome of the thousand-candle-power *table d'hôte*.

THE YOUNG ADVENTURER was of pleasing presence and moved serenely and watchfully. By daylight he was a salesman in a piano store. He wore his tie drawn through a topaz ring instead of fastened with a stick-pin; and once he had written to the editor of a magazine that *Junie's Love Test*, by Miss Libbey, had been the book that had most influenced his life.

During his walk a violent chattering of teeth in a glass case on the sidewalk seemed at first to draw his attention (with a qualm) to a restaurant before which it was set, but a second glance revealed the electric letters of a dentist's sign high above the next door. A giant negro, fantastically dressed in a red embroidered coat, yellow trousers and a military cap, discreetly distributed cards to those of the passing crowd who consented to take them.

This mode of dentistic advertising was a common sight to Rudolf. Usually he passed the dispenser of the dentist's cards without reducing his store; but tonight the African slipped one into his hand so deftly that he retained it, smiling at the successful feat.

When he had traveled a few yards further he glanced at the card indifferently. Surprised, he turned it over and looked again with interest. One side of the card was blank; on the other was written in ink three words, "The Green Door." And then Rudolf saw, three steps in front of him, a man throw down the card the negro had given him as he passed. Rudolf picked it up. It was printed with the dentist's name and address and the usual schedule of "plate work" and "bridge work" and "crowns," and specious promises of "painless" operations.

The adventurous piano salesman halted at the corner and considered. Then he crossed the street, walked down a block, recrossed and joined the upward current of people again. Without seeming to notice the negro as he passed the second time, he carelessly took the card that was handed him. Ten steps away he inspected it. In the same handwriting that appeared on the first card "The Green Door" was inscribed upon it. Three or four cards were tossed to the pavement by pedestrians both following and leading him. These fell blank side up. Rudolf turned them over. Every one bore the printed legend of the dental "parlors."

Rarely did the arch sprite Adventure need to beckon twice to Rudolf Steiner, his true follower. But twice it had been done, and the quest was on.

Rudolf walked slowly back to where the giant negro stood by the case of rattling teeth. This time as he passed he received no card. In spite of his gaudy and ridiculous garb, the Ethiopian displayed a natural barbaric dignity as he stood, offering the cards suavely to some, allowing others to pass unmolested. Every half minute he chanted a harsh, unintelligible phrase akin to the jabber of car conductors and grand opera. And not only did he withhold a card this time, but it seemed to Rudolf that he received from the shining and massive black countenance a look of cold, almost contemptuous disdain.

The look stung the adventurer. He read in it a silent accusation that he had been found wanting. Whatever the mysterious written words on the cards might mean, the black had selected him twice from the throng for their recipient, and now seemed to have condemned him as deficient in the wit and spirit to engage the enigma.

Standing aside from the rush, the young man made a rapid estimate of the building in which he conceived that his adventure must lie. Five stories high it rose. A small restaurant occupied the basement.

The first floor, now closed, seemed to house millinery or furs. The second floor, by the winking electric letters, was the dentist's. Above this a polyglot babel of signs struggled to indicate the abodes of palmists, dressmakers, musicians, and doctors. Still higher up, draped curtains and milk bottles white on the window sills proclaimed the regions of domesticity.

After concluding his survey Rudolf walked briskly up the high flight of stone steps into the house. Up two flights of the carpeted stairway he continued and at its top paused. The hallway there was dimly lighted by two pale jets of gas—one far to his right, the other nearer, to his left. He looked toward the nearer light and saw, within its wan halo, a green

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When he turned again he saw her, with eyes shining rapturously, beginning upon a huge dill pickle that she had rooted out from the paper bags.

door. For one moment he hesitated; then he seemed to see the contumelious sneer of the African juggler of cards; and then he walked straight to the green door and knocked against it.

Moments like those that passed before his knock was answered measure the quick breath of true adventure. What might not be behind those green panels! Gamesters at play; cunning rogues baiting their traps with subtle skill; beauty in love with courage, and thus planning to be sought by it; danger, death, love, disappointment, ridicule—any of these might respond to that temerarious rap.

A faint rustle was heard inside, and the door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there, white-faced and tottering. She loosed the knob and swayed weakly, groping with one hand. Rudolf caught her and laid her on a faded couch that stood against the wall. He closed the door and took a swift glance around the room by the light of a flickering gas jet. Neat but extreme poverty was the story that he read.

The girl lay still, as if in a faint. Rudolf looked around the room excitedly for a barrel. People must be rolled upon a barrel who—no, no; that was for drowned persons. He began to fan her with his hat. That was successful, for he struck her nose with the brim of his derby and she opened her eyes. And then the young man saw that hers, indeed, was the one missing face from his heart's gallery of intimate portraits. The frank, gray eyes, the little nose, turning pertly outward; the chestnut hair, curling like the tendrils of a pea vine, seemed the right end and reward of all his wonderful adventures. But the face was wofully thin and pale.

The girl looked at him calmly and then smiled.

"Fainted, didn't I?" she asked weakly. "Well, who wouldn't? You try going without anything to eat for three days and see!"

"Himmel!" exclaimed Rudolf, jumping up. "Wait till I come back."

He dashed out the green door and down the stairs. In twenty minutes he was back again, kicking at the door with his toe for her to open it. With both arms he hugged an array of wares from the grocery and the restaurant. On the table he laid them—bread and butter, cold meats, cakes, pies, pickles, oysters, a roasted chicken, a bottle of milk and one of red-hot tea.

"This is ridiculous," said Rudolf blusteringly, "to go without eating. You must quit making election

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bets of this kind. Supper is ready." He helped her to a chair at the table and asked, "Is there a cup for the tea?" "On the shelf by the window," she answered. When he turned again with the cup he saw her, with eyes shining rapturously, beginning upon a huge dill pickle that she had rooted out from the paper bags with a woman's unerring instinct. He took it from her, laughingly, and poured the cup full of milk. "Drink that first," he ordered, "and then you shall have some tea, and then a chicken wing. If you are very good, you shall have a pickle tomorrow. Now, if you'll let me be your guest, we'll have supper."

He drew up the other chair. The tea brightened the girl's eyes and brought back some of her color. She began to eat with a sort of dainty ferocity like some starved wild animal. She seemed to regard the young man's presence and the aid he had rendered her as a natural thing—not as though she undervalued the conventions; but as one whose great stress gave her the right to put aside the artificial for the human. But gradually, with the return of strength and comfort, came also a sense of the little conventions that belong; and she began to tell him her little story. It was one of a thousand such as the city yawns at every day—the shopgirl's story of insufficient wages, further reduced by "fines" that go to swell the store's profits; of time lost through illness; and then of lost positions, lost hope, and—the knock of the adventurer upon the green door.

But to Rudolf the history sounded as big as the *Iliad* or the crisis in *Junie's Love Test*.

"To think of you going through all that," he exclaimed.

"It was something fierce," said the girl solemnly.

"And you have no relatives or friends in the city?"

"None whatever."

"I am all alone in the world, too," said Rudolf after a pause.

"I am glad of that," said the girl promptly, and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved of his bereft condition.

Very suddenly her eyelids dropped and she sighed deeply.

"I'm awfully sleepy," she said, "and I feel so good."

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"Then I'll say good night. A long night's sleep will be fine for you."

He held out his hand and she took it and said "good night." But her eyes asked a question so eloquently and pathetically that he answered it with words.

"Oh, I'm coming back tomorrow to see how you are getting along. You can't get rid of me so easily."

Then, at the door, as though the way of his coming had been so much less important than the fact that he had come, she asked: "How did you come to knock at my door?"

He looked at her for a moment, remembering the cards, and felt a sudden jealous pain. What if they had fallen into other hands as adventurous as his? Quickly he decided that she must never know the truth. He would never let her know that he was aware of the strange expedient to which she had been driven by her great distress.

"One of our piano tuners lives in this house," he said. "I knocked at your door by mistake."

The last thing he saw in the room before the green door closed was her smile.

At the head of the stairway he paused and looked curiously about him. And then he went along the hallway to its other end; and, coming back, ascended to the floor above and continued his puzzled explorations. Every door that he found in the house was painted green.

Wondering, he descended to the sidewalk. The fantastic African was still there. Rudolf confronted him with his two cards in his hand.

"Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?" he asked.

In a broad, good-natured grin the negro exhibited a splendid advertisement of his master's profession.

"Dar it is, boss," he said, pointing down the street. "But I 'spect you is a little late for de fust act."

Looking the way he pointed, Rudolf saw above the entrance to a theater the blazing electric sign of its new play, "The Green Door."

"I'm informed dat it's a fust-rate show, sah," said the negro. "De agent what represents it pussented me with a dollar, sah, to distribute a few of his cards along with de doctah's. May I offer you one of de doctah's cards, suh?"

At the corner of the block in which he lived Rudolf stopped for a glass of beer and a cigar. When he had come out with his lighted weed, he buttoned his coat, pushed back his hat and said, stoutly, to the lamp-post on the corner:

"All the same, I believe it was the hand of Fate that doped out the way for me to find her."

Which conclusion, under the circumstances, certainly admits Rudolf Steiner to the ranks of the true followers of Romance and Adventure.

I Shall Not Care

By Sara Teasdale

When I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
I shall not care.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful
When rain bends down the bough;
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
Than you are now.

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So They Say

J. W. Scott

HENRY L. STIMSON:
Secretary of State

"Too little means of defense gives a nation a feeling of insecurity—too much gives its neighbors a feeling of insecurity."

MME. PIERRE CURIE:
co-discoverer of radium, and Nobel Prize winner

"Research work is born out of curiosity, and from curiosity alone."

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK:
eminent Baptist minister of New York

"From the amœba seeking food, to some Saint Augustine crying that his soul is restless until it rests in God, the driving force of all life is desire. Real prayer unifies our desires, harmonizes them, lifts them up, directs them to the noblest aims, and calls God into alliance with them."

"PUNCH":
the British humorous weekly

"According to a weekly paper, the police always stop the traffic to let Mr. George Bernard Shaw cross the road. The idea of stopping Mr. Shaw to let the traffic pass is said to have been abandoned years ago."

DOROTHY DUCAS:
New York "Evening Post" reporter

"The college girl of 1930 takes for granted such privileges as smoking, dinner dates with young men, use of cosmetics, bare legs, and the right not to believe in God."

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE:
after her appendix was removed at Harbor Sanitarium, New York

"That is the first time a man ever took anything from me—and he had to use chloroform to do it!"

WALTER LIPPMAN:
editor of the New York "World"

"What is the evil of armaments? Is it the expense? I think not. They are expensive, to be sure, but not so expensive as chewing gum, cigarettes and cosmetics. The evil of armaments is the fear they inspire in other nations. This fear, which is exploited by propaganda, makes more armaments, and these armaments provoke more fear, and this fear provokes more armaments."

AMBASSADOR DAWES:
representing us in Great Britain

"Diplomacy isn't too hard on the brain, but it's hell on the feet."

KENNETH COLLINS:
merchandiser, in an address before the National Retail Dry Goods Association in New York

"It has been repeatedly demonstrated that many women do not believe in the truthfulness of any advertising. This is not their fault. It is the fault of those of us who are so stupid as to believe that we can fool some of the public all of the time."

ALLISTER G. MACDONALD:
son of the Prime Minister of Great Britain, when asked of his first impressions of New York

"You really don't see the buildings here. You have to go up thirty floors to get a view of them."

SENATOR CALEB BAUMES:
of New York, author of the so-called Baumes Law, still believes in the efficacy of the law which bears his name

"Nothing makes me more provoked than to see judges snapping out sentences of two and three years to youths who have committed their first offense, and then almost shedding tears because they have to sentence to life a hardened old-time criminal after he has been convicted four times."

SACHA GUITRY:
French playwright and actor, invites friends to dine with him at some remote date, then dismisses the matter from his mind

"I want to have the real joy of surprise when my friends arrive. . . . Unfortunately, my cook gets a surprise, too."

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SISLEY HUDDLESTON:
English author and economist

"The keynote to American prosperity is simply this—that prosperity is regarded as prosperity only if it is shared by the whole of the people."

"JACK BLACK":
a criminal for twenty-five years, writes for Harper's Magazine

"There is no more caste in the heart of India than in an American penitentiary; a bank burglar assumes an air with a house burglar; a house burglar sneers at a pickpocket; a pickpocket calls a forger 'a short story writer,' and they all make common cause against the stool pigeon."

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER:
novelist

"No one has ever weighed the pain adult children cause their mothers against the pain mothers cause their adult children. I have a suspicion the weights would balance."

MRS. HARRISON EUSTIS:
of Philadelphia, trainer of dogs here and abroad

"Two men together can only duplicate each other's qualities, but a man and a dog can complement each other. Because, you see, a dog has qualities a man has not. Two men can patrol a frontier all night long, but their ears and nose won't tell them if a man is in hiding."

P. L. BRYANT:
president of the Iowa Associated General Contractors, pictures for a convention what farm life in Iowa will shortly be

"The farmer will drive on an all-weather road to his farm, plow his corn, and return at night—not to an isolated farmhouse, but to the flashing life of dinner with orchestra music."

ALFRED NOYES:
English poet

"Genius is exactly the opposite of what the clever people of today think it is. It arises in great, simple persons, and masters them and urges them on to ends that are beyond any that the conscious mind can aim at or attain."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:
to Lady Astor

"If we had been in Russia, you and I would have been married and divorced long ago."

ANDRÉ MAUROIS:
French biographer

"Biography teaches us that character and will can transform the most ordinary material into a great destiny."

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM:
American publisher, threatened with death by Fascist sympathizers in London, had other things to worry him

"I defy you to get a piece—just one piece—of hot toast in London!"

MISS E. RUTH PYRTLE:
president of the National Education Association

"The long skirts are just fine—they give a teacher dignity in the classroom, and you won't confuse her with the pupils."

IRVING T. BUSH:
president of the Bush Terminal Company, advocates licensing bankers

"We are shaved by licensed barbers, driven by licensed chauffeurs, dine in licensed restaurants, and are buried by licensed undertakers. But when it comes to our financial health and well-being . . . we place our affairs without reservation in the hands of any person who chooses to open an office and call himself a banker."

"DOROTHY DIX":
veteran adviser in affairs of the heart of young people of both sexes

"At twenty a girl's only appeal is to the eye. She has not lived long enough to have the wisdom and experiences that would make her interesting. She has nothing to say that is worth listening to."

REPRESENTATIVE SCHAEFER:
member from Wisconsin of the House of Representatives

"You must choose between Prohibition and the Christian religion. You cannot have both, for they are eternal opposites. An unbridgable gulf separates one from the other, with God and Christ standing on one side, and the 'drys' on the other."

LOUIS BROMFIELD:
American novelist, returns from three and a half years in Europe

"I am fed up with Europe—it rather gives me a stomach-ache. . . . I like New York too much to get any work done in it. . . . I hope to find in California a quiet place to work."

RUSSELL CROUSE:
New York columnist

"Great Britain may be on the level about this parley, but . . . Why is the Prince of Wales learning to knit if he isn't getting ready for another war?"

MRS. HERBERT C. PELL:
(Olive Bigelow)
artist and grandmother

"A lot of sentimental men with the cooky-jar grandmother complex feel that I am about to wreck the old-fashioned American home or something by urging grandmothers to go in for careers."

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Do You Like *the* Talkies?

No

says ALDOUS HUXLEY

One of the most brilliant of contemporary critics and essayists here perfectly expresses, in our opinion, the attitude of the intelligent anti-Talkie-ite. And as usual, he clothes his point of view in supple and flashing prose.

From *Contempo*, by John Vassos (Dutton)

Yes

says ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

An able and witty defender of an art which he believes will became increasingly great, answers Mr. Huxley for the GOLDEN BOOK. *Mr. Sherwood, former editor of* LIFE, *writes dramatic and movie criticisms eagerly followed by thousands.*

Silence Is Golden

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

I HAVE JUST BEEN, for the first time, to see and hear a picture talk. "A little late in the day," my up-to-date readers will remark, with a patronizing and contemptuous smile. "This is 1930; there isn't much news in talkies now. But better late than never."

Better late than never? Ah, no! There, my friends, you're wrong. This is one of those cases where it is most decidedly better never than late, better never than early, better never than on the stroke of time. One of the numerous cases, I may add; and the older I grow, the more numerous I find them. There was a time when I should have felt terribly ashamed of not being up to date. I lived in a chronic apprehension lest I might, so to speak, miss the last bus, and so find myself stranded and benighted in a desert of demodedness, while others, more nimble than myself, had already climbed on board, taken their tickets and set out toward those bright but, alas, ever receding goals of Modernity and Sophistication. Now, however, I have grown shameless, I have lost my fears. I can watch unmoved the departure of the last social-cultural bus—the innumerable last buses, which are starting at every instant in all the world's capitals. I make no effort to board them, and when the noise of each departure has died down, "Thank goodness!" is what I say to myself in the solitude. I find nowadays that I simply don't want to be up to date. I have lost all desire to see and do the things, the seeing and doing of which entitle a man to regard himself as superiorly knowing, sophisticated, unprovincial; I have lost all desire to frequent the places and people that a man simply *must* frequent, if he is not to be regarded as a poor creature hopelessly out of the swim. "Be up to date!" is the categorical imperative of those who scramble for the last bus. But it is an imperative whose cogency I refuse to admit. When it is a question of doing something which I regard as a duty, I am as ready as anyone else to put up with discomfort. But being up to date and in the swim has ceased, so far as I am concerned, to be a duty. Why should I have my feelings outraged, why should I submit to

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being bored and disgusted for the sake of somebody else's categorical imperative? Why? There is no reason. So I simply avoid most of the manifestations of that so-called "life" which my contemporaries seem to be so unaccountably anxious to "see"; I keep out of range of the "art" they think is so vitally necessary to "keep up with"; I flee from those "good times" in the "having" of which they are prepared to spend so lavishly of their energy and cash.

Such, then, are the reasons for my very tardy introduction to the talkies. The explanation of my firm resolve never, if I can help it, to be reintroduced will be found in the following simple narrative of what I saw and heard in that fetid hall on the Boulevard des Italiens, where the latest and most frightful creation-saving device for the production of standardized amusement had been installed.

We entered the hall halfway through the performance of a series of music-hall turns—not substantial ones, of course, but the two-dimensional images of turns with artificial voices. There were no travel films, nothing in the Natural History line, none of those fascinating Events of the Week—lady mayoresses launching battleships, Japanese earthquakes, hundred-to-one outsiders winning races, revolutionaries on the march in Nicaragua—which are always the greatest and often the sole attractions in the programs of our cinema. Nothing but disembodied entertainers, gesticulating flatly on the screen and making gramophone-like noises as they did so. Some sort of comedian was performing as we entered. But he soon vanished to give place to somebody's celebrated jazz band—not merely audible in all its loud vulgarity of brassy guffaw and caterwauling sentiment, but also visible in a series of apocalyptic close-ups of the individual performers. A beneficent Providence has dimmed my powers of sight so that at a distance of more than four or five yards I am blissfully unaware of the full horror of the average human countenance. At the cinema, however, there is no escape. Magnified up to Brobdingnagian proportions, the human countenance smiles its six-foot smiles, opens and shuts its thirty-two-inch eyes, registers soulfulness or grief, libido or whimsicality, with every square centimeter of its several roods of pallid mooniness. Nothing short of total blindness can preserve one from the spectacle. The jazz players were forced upon me; I regarded them with a fascinated horror. It was the first time, I suddenly realized, that I had ever clearly *seen* a jazz band. The spectacle was positively terrifying.

The performers belonged to two contrasted races. There were the dark and polished young Hebrews, whose souls were in those mournfully sagging, seasickishly undulating melodies of mother love and nostalgia and yammering amorousness and clotted sensuality which have been the characteristically Jewish contributions to modern popular music. And there were the chubby young Nordics, with Aryan faces transformed by the strange plastic forces of the North American environment into the likeness of very large uncooked muffins or the unveiled posteriors of babes. (The more sympathetic Red Indian type of Nordic-American face was completely absent from this particular assemblage of jazz players.) Gigantically enlarged, these personages appeared one after another on the screen, each singing or playing his instrument and at the same time registering the emotions appropriate to the musical circumstances. The spectacle, I repeat, was really terrifying. For the first time, I felt grateful for the defect of vision which had preserved me from an earlier acquaintance with such aspects of modern life. And at the same time I wished that I

With all due respect

Yes, says

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY pronounces the talking picture to be "the latest and most frightful creation-saving device for the production of standardized amusement."

I can't very well dispute that statement, nor can I deny that Mr. Huxley's description of his first and last talkie show is excruciatingly realistic. I happened to visit that same "fetid hall on the Boulevard des Italiens," and saw the same "muffin-faced" jazz boys, and heard the same "rancid hogwash" that had so dreadfully offended the senses of the author of *Point Counter Point;* and when I came out of that Paris theater after the performance, I thought bitterly that the talkies were destined to provide Europe with final proof of its pet theory, which is that the United States is the home of a race of loud, vulgar, oversentimental and obscene morons.

So I sha'n't attempt to quarrel with Mr. Huxley's estimate of the awful offering at the Auber Palace, or of the mechanical contrivance that made that offering possible. I shall, however, reiterate my belief that the talking picture is an honest medium through which an artist may express himself intelligibly, eloquently and effectively. If it may be used—and, alas, usually *is* used—for the dissemination of distasteful junk, it may also be used for the dissemination of ideas that are beautiful and important.

When the silent movies were young, I liked them and studied them and even, on occasion, cheered for them—and I suffered social ostracism as a result. I ventured to express publicly the opinion that some of them were "artistic"; and I was told, vehemently, that nothing that came out of a machine could possibly be Art.

Then, after years of effort by Charlie Chaplin, Ernst Lubitsch, Erich von Stroheim, Douglas Fairbanks and a few others, the humble cinema began to assume a certain respectability in the eyes of the intellectually elite. I felt that vindication had come at last. My championship of the movies no longer disqualified me from membership in the better literary clubs. (The admissions committees had to think up other reasons for keeping me out.)

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to Mr. Huxley—

Robert Sherwood

With the arrival of the Vitaphone and Movietone, I had the effrontery to predict that talking pictures would eventually be just as worthy of serious attention as the silent films had been—and I was once more convicted of heresy. I still dwell under a cloud of disapproval, but there are hopeful signs that I will again be vindicated. Even now, many of the more lordly condemners of sound on the screen are unobtrusively eating their words.

For the despised movie producers of Hollywood have made enormous and admirable progress with the new medium in an extremely short space of time. The early atrocities are being forgotten. In a few pictures—such as "Hallelujah," "Seven Days Leave," "Men Without Women," "Disraeli," "Anna Christie" —have been unmistakable intimations of high artistic merit. The talkies have managed to overcome most of their obvious mechanical disadvantages; they have begun to assume a character of their own that is not imitative of the speaking stage; there is no question of doubt that they will improve incalculably.

There will always be plenty of decayed mammy songs, and muffin-faced crooners to interpret them; but there will also be, here and there, manifestations of genius comparable to "The Last Laugh," "Nanook of the North" and the Chaplin comedies. . . .

Perhaps when Johann Gutenberg was experimenting with his wooden blocks, he elected to inscribe on them some stanzas of one of the more bawdy ballads of the time, and this was the first printing. Some of the results of his labor fell into the hands of the local churchmen and one of them, a singularly high-minded and erudite Abbot, protested that Gutenberg's invention "is the latest and most frightful creation-saving device for the production of standardized amusement."

Later, however, the Abbot had a second thought, which was: "If Gutenberg can print bawdy ballads for wholesale distribution, he can also print the Bible." This, accordingly, was done.

I earnestly commend the Abbot's second thought to the attention of Aldous Huxley and other artists who may contribute sage advice, and possibly more tangible benefits, to the young talkies.

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could become, for the occasion, a little hard of hearing. For if good music has charms to soothe the savage breast, bad music has no less powerful spells for filling the mildest breast with rage, the happiest with horror and disgust. Oh, those mammy songs, those love longings, those loud hilarities; How was it possible that human emotions intrinsically decent could be so ignobly parodied? I felt like a man who, having asked for wine, is offered a brimming bowl of hogwash. And not even fresh hogwash. Rancid hogwash, decaying hogwash. For there was a horrible tang of putrefaction in all that music. Those yearnings for "Mammy of Mine" and "My Baby," for "Dixie" and the "Land Where Skies Are Blue" and "Dreams Come True," for "Granny" and "Tennessee and You"—they were all a necrophily. The Mammy after whom the black young Hebrews and the blond young muffin-faces so retchingly yearned was an ancient Gorgonzola cheese; the Baby of their tremulously gargled desire was a leg of mutton after a month in warm storage; Granny had been dead for weeks; and as for Dixie and Tennessee and Dream Land—they were odoriferous with the least artificial of manures.

When, after what seemed hours, the jazz band concluded its dreadful performances, I sighed in thankfulness. But the thankfulness was premature. For the film which followed was hardly less distressing. It was the story of the child of a cantor in a synagogue, afflicted, to his father's justifiable fury, with an itch for jazz. This itch, assisted by the cantor's boot, sends him out into the world, where, in due course and thanks to My Baby, his dreams come tree-ue, and he is employed as a jazz singer on the music-hall stage. Promoted from the provinces to Broadway, the jazz singer takes the opportunity to revisit the home of his childhood. But the cantor will have nothing to do with him, absolutely nothing, in spite of his success, in spite, too, of his moving eloquence. "You yourself always taught me," says the son pathetically, "that the voice of music was the voice of God." *Vox jazzi vox Dei*—the truth is new and beautiful. But stern old Poppa's heart refuses to be melted. Even Mammy of Mine is unable to patch up a reconciliation. The singer is reduced to going out once more into the night —and from the night back to his music hall.

The crisis of the drama arrives when, the cantor being mortally sick and unable to fulfil his functions at the synagogue, Mammy of Mine and the Friends of his Childhood implore the young man to come and sing the atonement service in his father's place. Unhappily, this religious function is booked to take place at the same hour as that other act of worship vulgarly known as the First Night. There ensues a terrific struggle, worthy of the pen of a Racine or a Dryden, between love and honor. Love for Mammy of Mine draws the jazz singer toward the synagogue; but love for My Baby draws the cantor's son toward the theater, where she, as principal Star, is serving the deity no less acceptably with her legs and smile than he with his voice. Honor also calls from either side; for honor demands that he should serve the God of his fathers at the synagogue, but it also demands that he should serve the jazz-voiced god of his adoption at the theater. Some very eloquent captions appear at this point. With the air of a Seventeenth Century hero, the jazz singer protests that he must put his career before even his love. The nature of the dilemma has changed, it will be seen, since Dryden's day. In the old dramas it was love that had to be sacrificed to painful duty. In the modern instance the sacrifice is at the shrine of what William James called "the Bitch Goddess, Success." Love is to be abandoned for the stern pursuit

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of any sort of newspaper notoriety and dollars.

In the end the singer makes the best of both worlds —satisfies Mammy of Mine and even Poor Poppa by singing at the synagogue and, on the following evening, scored a terrific success at the postponed first night of My Baby's revue. The film concludes with a scene in the theater, with Mammy of Mine in the stalls (Poor Poppa is by this time safely under ground), and the son, with My Baby in the background, warbling down at her the most nauseatingly luscious, the most penetratingly vulgar mammy song that it has ever been my lot to hear. My flesh crept as the loud speaker poured out those sodden words, that greasy, sagging melody. I felt ashamed of myself for listening to such things, for even being a member of the species to which such things are addressed. But I derived a little comfort from the reflection that a species which has allowed all its instincts and emotions to degenerate and putrefy in such a way must be pretty near either its violent conclusion or else its radical transformation and reform.

To what length this process of decay has gone was very strikingly demonstrated by the next item on the program, which was the first of that series of music-hall turns of which the dreadful jazz band had been the last. For no sooner had the singer and My Baby and Mammy of Mine disappeared into the limbo of inter-cinematographic darkness than a very large and classically profiled personage, dressed in the uniform of a clown, appeared on the screen, opened his mouth very wide indeed and poured out, in a terrific Italian tenor voice, the famous soliloquy of Pagliacci from Leoncavallo's opera. Rum, tum, ti-tum, tum; Rum-ti-ti, tum, ti-tum, tum—it is the bawling-ground of every Southern virtuoso, and a piece which, at ordinary times, I would go out of my way to avoid hearing. But in comparison with the jazz band's Hebrew melodies and the singer's jovialities and mammy yearnings, Leoncavallo's throaty vulgarity seemed not only refined and sincere, but even beautiful, positively noble. Yes, noble; for after all, the composer, whatever his native second-rateness, had stood in some sort of organic relationship, through a tradition of taste and of feeling, with the men who built Santa Maria del Fiore and the Malatestan temple, who painted the frescoes at Arezzo and Padua, who composed the Mass of Pope Marcellus and wrote the *Divine Comedy* and the *Orlando Furioso*. Whereas the Hebrew melodists and the muffin-faced young Nordics, with their Swanee whistles and their saxophones, the mammy songsters, the vocal yearners for Dixie and My Baby are in no kind of relationship with any of the immemorial decencies of human life, but only with their own inward decay. It is a corruption as novel as the régime under which they and all the rest of us now live—as novel as Protestantism and capitalism; as novel as urbanization and democracy and the apotheosis of the Average Man; as novel as Benjamin Franklinism and the no less repulsive philosophy and ethic of the young Good-Timer; as novel as creation-saving machinery and the thought-saving, time-killing press; as novel as Taylorized work and mechanized amusement. Ours is a spiritual climate in which the immemorial decencies find it hard to flourish. Another generation or so should see them definitely dead. Is there a resurrection?

Aldous Huxley

Definitions

A highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence.—Brander Matthews.

A critic is a legless man who teaches running.—Channing Pollock.

Positive—mistaken at the top of one's voice.—Ambrose Bierce.

Gratitude is said to be the hope of favors to come.—Eliot Gregory.

A reformer is a guy who rides through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat.—James J. Walker.

History is past politics.—Edward A. Freeman.

Genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration.—Thomas A. Edison.

Courage is grace under pressure.—Ernest Hemingway.

Oats—a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.—Dr. Johnson.

A specialist is a man who knows more and more about less and less.—Dr. William J. Mayo.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.—Dr. Johnson.

A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.—Oscar Wilde.

A piccolo is a woodwind that nobody blows good.—Edward Hope.

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The Fable *of*

The Preacher Who Flew His Kite

But Not Because He Wished To Do So

By GEORGE ADE

A CERTAIN PREACHER became wise to the Fact that he was not making a Hit with his Congregation. The Parishioners did not seem inclined to seek him out after Services and tell him he was a Pansy. He suspected that they were Rapping him on the Quiet.

The Preacher knew there must be something wrong with his Talk. He had been trying to Expound in a clear and straightforward Manner, omitting Foreign Quotations, setting up for illustration of his Points such Historical Characters as were familiar to his Hearers, putting the stubby Old English words ahead of the Latin, and rather flying low along the Intellectual Plane of the Aggregation that chipped in to pay his Salary.

But the Pew-Holders were not tickled. They could Understand everything he said, and they began to think he was Common.

So he studied the Situation and decided that if he wanted to Win them and make everybody believe he was a Nobby and Boss Minister he would have to hand out a little Guff. He fixed it up Good and Plenty.

On the following Sunday Morning he got up in the Lookout and read a Text that didn't mean anything, read from either Direction, and then he sized up his Flock with a Dreamy Eye and said: "We cannot more adequately voice the Poetry and Mysticism of our Text than in those familiar Lines of the great Icelandic Poet, Ikon Navrojk:

> To hold is not to have—
> Under the seared Firmament,
> Where Chaos sweeps, and Vast Futurity
> Sneers at these puny Aspirations—
> There is the full Reprisal.

When the Preacher concluded this Extract from the Well-Known Icelandic Poet he paused and looked downward, breathing heavily through his Nose, like Camille in the Third Act.

A Stout Woman in the Front Row put on her Eye-Glasses and leaned forward so as not to miss Anything. A Venerable Harness Dealer over at the Right nodded his Head solemnly. Members of the Congregation glanced at one another as if to say: "This is certainly Hot Stuff!"

The Preacher wiped his Brow and said he had no Doubt that every one within the Sound of his Voice remembered what Quarolius had said, following the same Line of Thought. It was Quarolius who disputed the Contention of the great Persian Theologian Ramtazuk, that the Soul in its reaching out after the Unknowable was guided by the Spiritual Genesis of Motive rather than by mere Impulse of Mentality.

The Parishioners bit their Lower Lips and hungered for more First-Class Language. They had paid their Money for Tall Talk and were prepared to solve any and all Styles of Delivery. They held on to the Cushions and seemed to be having a Nice Time.

The Preacher quoted copiously from the Great Poet Amebius. He recited 18 lines of Greek and then said: "How true this is!" And not a Parishioner batted an Eye.

It was Amebius whose Immortal Lines he recited in order to prove the Error of the Position assumed in the Controversy by the Famous Italian, Polenta.

He had them Going, and there wasn't a Thing to it. When he would get tired of faking Philosophy he would quote from a Celebrated Poet of Ecuador or Tasmania or some other Seaport Town. Compared with this Verse, the most obscure and clouded Passage in Robert Browning was like a Plate-Glass Front in a State Street Candy Store just after the Colored Boy gets through using the Chamois.

After that he became Eloquent, and began to get rid of long Boston Words that hadn't been used before that Season. He grabbed a rhetorical Roman Candle in each Hand and you couldn't see him for the Sparks.

After which he sunk his Voice to a Whisper and talked about the Birds and the Flowers. Then he shed a few real Tears. There wasn't a dry Glove in Church.

After he sat down he could tell by the Scared Look of the People in Front that he had made a Ten-Strike.

Did they give him the Joyous Palm that Day? Sure!

The Stout Lady could not control her Feelings when she told how much the Sermon had helped her. The venerable Harness Dealer said he wished to indorse the Able and Scholarly Criticism of Polenta.

In fact, every one said the Sermon was Superfine and Dandy. The only thing that worried the Congregation was the Fear that if it wished to retain such a Whale it might have to Boost his Salary.

In the Meantime the Preacher waited for some one to come and ask about Polenta, Amebius, Ramtazuk, Quarolius and the great Icelandic Poet, Navrojk. But no one had the Face to step up and confess his Ignorance of these Celebrities. The Pew-Holders didn't even admit among themselves that the Preacher had rung in some New Ones. They stood Pat, and merely said it was an Elegant Sermon.

Perceiving that they would stand for Anything, the Preacher knew what to do after that.

MORAL: *Give the People what they Think they want.*

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The Flight to Varennes

Alexandre Dumas' dramatic story of Louis XVI's and Marie Antoinette's great adventure—now presented for the first time in English—approaches its exciting climax. Here is both true history and true romance.

The Second of Four Parts

The situation is:

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION was brewing, and King Louis XVI found himself practically a prisoner in the palace of Versailles with his Queen, Marie Antoinette, and their two children. Since all hope for their safety seemed to lie outside of France, they planned to escape from Paris to the frontier.

Dumas set about to retrace, step by step, this dramatic flight. He sought to clear up certain historical details by interviewing people on the scene who had been witnesses of the great event and by consulting whatever documents he might find at Châlons and Varennes. From his investigations he reconstructs the exciting days of 1791.

On the evening set for their flight, the party of eight finally slipped out of the palace by twos and safely reached the fiacre which was to take them out of Paris. The Queen and her escort were the last to arrive as they had lost their way in trying to find the carriage.

"MY MOTHER, in entering the fiacre," says Madame Royale in her Mémoires, "stepped on my brother, who had the self-control not to cry out."

M. de Fersen had engaged a fiacre for the three guards. They got into it, telling the driver to follow the other carriage.

M. de Fersen, whose knowledge of Paris was hardly better than that of the garde-du-corps who had looked after the Queen, did not venture to thread the streets. He went as far as the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, keeping along the outer wall of the Tuileries, and from there they came to the Barrière de Clichy. A few paces from Mr. Crawford's house, the three attendants got out of their fiacre, paid the driver and dismissed him. Their places were to be on the box and the dickey of the royal carriage. The great traveling berlin was ready for the party, and the change into it was quickly effected.

M. de Fersen drove his fiacre into a ditch and then climbed to the box of the berlin. One of his men mounted the leading horse and conducted them to La Daumont. They took hardly an hour to reach Bondy. All went smoothly. At Bondy they found the two

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By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Translated by RICHARD S. GARNETT

Illustrations by
John Alan Maxwell

ladies-in-waiting who were to have been picked up at Claye. They had come in a cabriolet, expecting to be able to hire a postchaise at Bondy; but there was not one to be had, and they had given a thousand francs to the post-master for a cabriolet.

The driver of the other cabriolet stopped to breathe his horses before returning to Paris.

Here, M. de Fersen took leave of their Majesties. He kissed the hands of the King, that he might have the right to kiss those of the Queen also. He was to rejoin them in Austria.

He was to return to Paris to find out what had passed there, and then to leave immediately for Brussels.

But, "man proposes, God disposes."

Two years later, the Queen was to have her head struck off on the Place de la Révolution, and M. de Fersen was to perish in a riot at Stockholm, battered to death by drunken women with their umbrellas. Fortunately, a cloud veiled the future from their eyes.

They started full of hope. M. de Valory jumped on a post-horse and rode off in advance to secure horses. Messieurs de Malden and de Moustier took their seats on the box of the berlin, which set off at a gallop, drawn by six strong horses. After them came the cabriolet.

M. de Fersen followed the hurricane of dust and noise with his eyes and ears. Then, when the cloud had disappeared, when the last sound had died away, he, in his turn, entered his carriage which he had sent the evening before to Bondy, and to which he now harnessed the horses which had just brought the Queen. He still was in the garb of a hackney coachman, a circumstance which astonished the driver of the cabriolet who saw him get into the carriage.

It was one more act of folly to add to the list.

CHAPTER THREE

NOW LET US SAY A FEW WORDS on what was passing at Paris, up to the time when the illustrious fugitives took post-horses at Bondy. We will rejoin them at Montmirail, where, on the site of Napoleon's future battlefield, the breaking of the coach-trace forced them to wait an hour.

Here, the journal of Camille Desmoulins will give us the details. Camille came home at eleven o'clock from the Jacobins' Club with Danton, Fréron, and

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other patriots. Never, he says, had he seen Paris so quiet. They did not meet a single patrol the whole of their way. He remarked on it.

"That reminds me," said the man he addressed. "See what they say here," and he gave Camille and Danton a letter which he had just received giving warning that the King would attempt to escape that same evening.

They saw M. de La Fayette's carriage leaving the wicket gate of the Louvre. In all probability, the Queen must have passed within twenty paces of them.

THIS WAS NOT ALL. A wig-maker named Buseby who lived in the Rue de Bourbon-Villeneuve, having been that evening to see one of his friends who was on guard at the Tuileries, had heard the rumors about the intended flight of the King and the royal family. On returning home, he told his wife what he had heard, but she only shrugged her shoulders. They had been saying the same thing every day for the last three months. The perruquier yielded to his wife's scepticism, undressed and went to bed.

But, once he was in bed, he began to be so obsessed with the thought of the King's flight, that, without listening further to his wife, he got up, dressed again, and rushed out to wake a friend of his, a baker named Hucher, who was a sapper in the bataillon des Théatins. He, instead of making light of his alarm, as Mme. Buseby had done, on the contrary, shared his forebodings and began to trace out the consequences. Still more excited than his friend, he jumped out of bed, and putting on nothing but a pair of drawers, he ran into the street; (possibly it was this worthy citizen who gave rise to the epithet "sans-culotte"!) and knocking at the doors, aroused a score of his neighbors. Then, these neighbors who had been awakened, this crowd of patriots with Buseby and Hucher at their head went to the residence of M. de La Fayette. The General had just returned home. In this troublous period, the Mayor of Paris or the General of the National Guard had to expect to be called up at any hour of the night or day. La Fayette, notwithstanding the late hour, had Messieurs Buseby and Hucher admitted. They announced to him that the King was to escape that very night, and urged him to take steps to prevent it. But M. de La Fayette only laughed. He had just left the King and Queen; Messrs. Hucher and Buseby might go to rest in peace; he would answer for everything.

But they were by no means satisfied. They returned to the Tuileries, where they could see nothing stirring. The only thing that struck them was the great number of fiacre drivers who were drinking at the movable booths around the gate of the Carrousel. They made the tour of the palace as far as the gate of the Riding School, where the Assembly sat, but they saw nothing suspicious. So, deciding to follow M. de La Fayette's advice, they returned to their homes.

M. de Fersen reached Paris about six o'clock. He wanted to discover, before he left for Brussels, if anything about the flight of the King had become known. He went first to the Hôtel de Ville, then to the Mairie where Bailly was lodged, and then to M. de La Fayette's house. All was perfectly quiet. So M. de Fersen got into his carriage again and started on the road to Brussels.

At the same hour, the trace of the royal berlin broke, as we have said, at the gates of Montmirail. The party had to stop in the town and were delayed two hours there. Then came a hill which the King *would* ascend on foot; and this lost another half-hour. Half-past four was sounding from the Cathedral when the berlin entered Châlons and stopped at the posting-station, situated at this time, as we have said, at the end of the Rue Saint-Jacques.

M. de Valory went to the carriage window.

"Well, François—all is going smoothly," said the Queen. "If we were going to be stopped, I fancy it would have happened before this."

In order to speak to M. de Valory, the Queen had shown herself at the window. The King in turn looked out.

The posting-master, Oudet, recognized him. One of the spectators whose curiosity had drawn him to the spot recognized him also. The posting-master saw this fellow hurry off, and was filled with alarm for the King. "Sire," he said in a low voice, "don't show yourself like this, or you are lost!" And then to the postillions, "Here, you lazy scamps," he said, "is this how you serve good customers who pay their leaders thirty sous?" And he set to work himself to help the postillions. The horses were harnessed before anything had been discovered. "En route!" cried the post-master.

The leading postillion attempted to start the horses; the first pair fell down. They were soon whipped to their feet, but, whilst efforts were being made to set the carriage in motion, the second pair of horses fell down. The postillion of the near horse got his leg jammed under the fallen animal and had to be pulled out, leaving his jack-boot behind him.

The horses were raised, the postillion put his boot on again and climbed into the saddle. The berlin got under way.

The travelers heaved a sigh of relief. But, as the warning of the post-master indicated danger, M. de Valory rode at the side instead of in front of the carriage.

These horses that fell, one pair after the other, without anything to make them fall—the Queen felt it an evil omen. However, nothing happened; they escaped once again.

The man who had recognized them on their arrival hastened to tell the Mayor; but the Mayor happened to be a royalist. It was in vain that the informer insisted that the King and the whole of the royal family were there, the Mayor denied that it was possible; but being pressed to his last entrenchments he finally did go to the Rue Saint-Jacques, only to find that the carriage had left five minutes before.

The Queen and Madame Elizabeth, seeing the pace to which the postillions had urged the horses as they passed the gates of the town, exclaimed in unison: "We are saved!"

But almost immediately, a man who appeared they could not tell whence, rode past, and called out through the window: "Your plans are badly laid; you will be stopped." It was never discovered who this man was.

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Fortunately they were not more than four leagues from Pont-de-Somme-Vesle, where de Choiseul would be waiting with his forty hussars. Perhaps they should have sent M. de Valory forward at full speed to apprise him and his men of the approach of the party; but this last warning had redoubled the Queen's terrors, and she would not part with one of her defenders. They urged on the postillions, and in an hour the four leagues had been covered.

They arrived at Pont-de-Somme-Vesle, a hamlet consisting of a farm and one or two cottages. They gazed anxiously at the thicket which sheltered the farm on the left, at the trees which marked the course of the river and made a screen of foliage; but neither M. de Choiseul nor M. de Goguelat nor any one of the forty men were there!

What had happened?

We will start with M. de Choiseul, whom we last saw carrying off Léonard at a round pace to the Barrière de la Petite Villette. You will remember Léonard's dismay at this sudden journey. All that consoled him was that M. de Choiseul said he was taking him only two or three leagues. So, when the cabriolet arrived at the post-station of Bondy, Léonard, preparing to leave the vehicle, said, "We have got there, Monsieur, then?"

"Yes, we have got to our first stage," replied M. de Choiseul.

"What? The first stage? We are not at the journey's end?"

"Not yet."

"But, monsieur, where in the world are we going?"

"Bah!" said M. de Choiseul, "what does that matter, my dear Léonard, provided you get back again tomorrow morning?"

"Oh, well, all that matters is that I shall be at the Tuileries at ten o'clock to dress the Queen's hair. That is all I am anxious about."

"Then make yourself easy, my dear Léonard; it will be all right."

They changed horses in an instant; the new team was ready waiting. M. de Choiseul's servant rode before them as courier. All went well as far as Claye, but at Claye, when the unfortunate hairdresser saw them putting fresh horses to the carriage and that there was no sign of stopping, "Oh, Monsieur le Comte!" he cried, "are we going to the world's end?"

"Listen, Léonard," said M. de Choiseul taking a serious tone. "It is time you knew where we are going. We are going to the frontier."

Léonard turned as white as his cravat. He leaned forward, his hands on his knees.

"To the frontier?"

The Queen showed herself at the window.

"Yes. I am to find there, at the station of my regiment, a letter of the highest importance to the Queen. Being unable to take it back myself, I had to find someone trustworthy to convey it to her. I begged Her Majesty to choose such a person, and she named you as the man in whom she had most confidence."

"Oh, M. le Comte, the Queen has certainly done me the highest honor; but how am I to get back again? See, here I am in pumps and white stockings, and silk pantaloons. I have neither a change of linen nor money with me."

"That's all right," said M. de Choiseul. "You forget that you have upon you three or four million francs' worth of diamonds."

"Yes, but they are the Queen's diamonds, M. le Comte, and I could not part with the smallest rose diamond or the tiniest sparkler, even if I were to die of hunger."

"Don't be uneasy, my good friend," said M. de Choiseul, taking pity on the poor man, "I have boots and coats, linen and money in my carriage. You shall want for nothing."

"Oh, doubtless, I shall want for nothing in your company, M. le Comte, but what about my poor brother, whose hat and greatcoat I have taken? And that poor Madame de Laage, whose hair no one can dress but myself! *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu,* what is to be the end of it?"—and Léonard raised his arms to Heaven with a gesture of despair. M. de Choiseul saw that to console Léonard was a task beyond his power. He left him to console himself unaided.

They supped at Montmirail; and M. de Choiseul told Léonard that he had an hour or two in which to stretch himself in his clothes on a bed.

At three o'clock in the morning a carriage drew up at the post-station. M. de Choiseul was at the door in an instant. Two men in the uniform of the National Guard were asking urgently for horses.

The horses were already in M. de Choiseul's carriage.

"Have you horses for these newcomers?" he asked the postillion.

"Yes, Your Excellency," replied the postillion.

"Well, let that carriage get ahead, but follow it without letting it get out of sight for an instant." Then he said to the waiter of the hotel, "Call the gentleman who is traveling with me."

Léonard, stupefied with sleep, appeared.

"Come," said M. de Choiseul, "we must be off!" and pushing Léonard into the carriage, "Postillion!" he said, "don't let those men get more than six paces ahead of us." Then, jumping in, he seated himself by Léonard.

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The cabriolet started at the same pace as the carriage in front of it. As soon as he was inside, M. de Choiseul drew his pistols from his pockets and examined them with the greatest care, scrutinized the lock, renewed the priming and tried the trigger. Léonard watched him with stupefaction mingled with terror. They proceeded thus for a league and a half; then, between Étoges and Chaintris, the cabriolet turned into a crossroad. The two National Guards, whom M. de Choiseul was crediting with regicidal intentions, were merely two good citizens going about their own business.

M. de Choiseul continued on his way. Toward ten in the morning they passed through Châlons. At eleven, they arrived at Pont-de-Somme-Vesle. He made inquiries. The hussars had not yet arrived.

He stopped at the door of the posting-office, got out, asked for a room, and put on his uniform. Léonard, assisting in his preparations, grew tenfold more uneasy. M. de Choiseul took pity on him.

"My dear Léonard," he said, "it is time you knew the truth."

"What? The truth? Don't I know it already, then?" asked Léonard.

"You know part of it; now I am going to tell you the rest. You are entirely devoted to your employers, are you not, my dear Léonard?"

"Through life and death, M. le Comte."

"Well, in a couple of hours they will be here. In a couple of hours they will be safe."

Poor Léonard could not restrain his tears; but they were tears of joy.

"In two hours—here!" he cried. "Are you sure of it?"

"Yes. They were to leave the Tuileries at eleven or half-past; by mid-day they ought to be at Châlons. We will give them an hour or an hour and a half to do the four leagues from Châlons to here; they will be here by one o'clock at the latest. I am expecting a detachment of hussars that M. de Goguelat is to bring here."

M. de Choiseul put his head out of the window.

"Ah, here they are! They are coming from Tilloy." And at that moment the hussars appeared at the end of the village. "Come, all is well," sighed M. de Choiseul, waving his hat from the window.

A HORSEMAN GALLOPED UP. M. de Choiseul went down to the door. The two men met in the middle of the highway.

The horseman, who was M. de Goguelat, handed to M. de Choiseul a packet from M. de Bouillé. This packet contained six blank signatures and a duplicate of the order in form given by the King that every officer of the army, whatever his rank or seniority, was to obey M. de Choiseul.

The hussars arrived. M. de Choiseul ordered the horses to be picketed, and bread and wine to be distributed.

The news brought by M. de Goguelat was bad. Everywhere along the route he had found the greatest excitement. The rumors of the King's flight, which had been in circulation more than a year, had spread from Paris to the provinces; and the detachments of different regiments which people had seen on the way to Dun, to Varennes, to Clermont and Sainte-Menehould had given rise to suspicion. The tocsin had even been rung in one commune on the way.

M. de Choiseul had ordered dinner for himself and M. de Goguelat. The two young men sat down to table, leaving the detachment under the command of M. Boudet. But in half an hour's time M. de Choiseul thought he heard a disturbance. He went out. The peasants of the neighboring villages were beginning to crowd round the hussars. Whence came these peasants in a country which—to a casual glance—appeared almost uninhabited?

They came from Notre-Dame-de-l'Épine, from Tilloy, from Mérimée, Saint-Julien, and Saint-Martin, those three villages which can hardly be seen, but which, hidden under trees that fringe the banks of the Vesle—the sole shade on these wide bare plains—extend for a distance of nearly two leagues. Now by a fatal chance. luck would have it that some days previously the peasants of an estate situated near Pont-de-Somme-Vesle, belonging to Madame d'Elbeuf, had refused payment of non-redeemable dues; and, in consequence, they had been threatened with a military distraint. But the federation of 1790 had made one single family of all French peasants; and the people of the neighboring villages had promised their aid to Madame d'Elbeuf's tenants if a single soldier arrived in the district. And now forty had appeared. Madame d'Elbeuf's tenants concluded they had come with hostile intentions. Messengers were despatched through all the neighboring villages to summon the allies. Those from the nearest districts arrived first; and thus M. de Choiseul, on leaving the table, found a number of peasants already crowding round the hussars.

He supposed they were drawn by curiosity, and, without feeling much uneasiness, went to the highest point of the road, which stretched in an absolutely straight line across the plain from Châlons to Sainte-Menehould.

As far as the eye could see, there lay the road, empty. Neither courier nor vehicle was visible. An hour went by. Two hours, three hours, four hours elapsed.

The fugitives ought to have been at Pont-de-Somme-Vesle by one o'clock, but they had lost so much time on the road that it was only at half-past four that they entered Châlons.

M. de Choiseul was uneasy. Léonard was in despair.

About three o'clock, the crowd of peasants increased; their demonstrations became more hostile; the tocsin began to sound.

The hussars were one of the most detested corps of the army, and had the name of being atrocious thieves. The peasants mocked at them with jeers and even threats, and began to sing to their very faces a song, or rather a chorus, improvised for the occasion.

"The hussar is a beggarly chap
And for him we don't care a rap!"

Soon some people, better informed than the rest, began to whisper that the hussars were there, not to distrain on Madame d'Elbeuf's tenants, but to attend

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the King and Queen. This was a very much graver affair.

About a quarter past four, M. de Choiseul and his hussars were so much involved in the crowd that the three officers, M. de Choiseul, M. de Goguelat and M. Boudet, held a council to discuss what had better be done. The unanimous opinion was that they could not keep their station longer. The assembled peasants were more than three hundred strong. Some of them were armed. If unfortunately the King and Queen should arrive at this moment, forty, fighting to the death from the first to the last man, were not sufficient to protect them.

M. de Choiseul looked again at his orders. "Arrange that the King's carriage continues its course without any obstacle." Under these circumstances his presence and that of his forty men had become an obstacle instead of a protection. The best thing to do therefore was to retire. But a pretext was needed, even for retreat.

M. de Choiseul, jostled by an inquisitive crowd of five or six hundred, spoke with the posting-master.

He fired his pistol in the air and rode off after the royal carriage.

"Monsieur," he said. "We are here to escort treasure, and the treasure has not arrived; do you know if any convoy of money has been sent lately to Metz?"

"This morning," replied the post-master. "The diligence was taking a hundred thousand crowns; there were two gendarmes as an escort."

If the posting-master had been prompted he could not have given a happier answer. "It was Robin and I who were the escort," added a gendarme invisible among the crowd.

So M. de Choiseul turned to M. de Goguelat with the words:

"Monsieur, the minister has preferred the usual mode of convoy. As the hundred thousand crowns have already gone on, our presence here is useless; I think we may as well retire. Trumpeter, sound 'To horse!'"

The trumpeter obeyed, and in an instant the hussars, who asked nothing better than to move off, were in the saddle.

"Form fours! March!" cried M. de Choiseul, and he and his forty men left Pont-de-Somme-Vesle on the very stroke of five o'clock.

Beyond Tilloy, the detachment took a by-road in order to avoid Sainte-Menehould, for M. de Goguelat who had passed through the town that morning, found it in the greatest agitation.

And this is how it was that there was no escort at Pont-de-Somme-Vesle when the King arrived there. However, if there was no escort, there were no peasants either. The road was clear. The King changed horses without difficulty and left for Sainte-Menehould.

But the Queen, on seeing the lonely place, had uttered the prophetic words: "We are lost!"

CHAPTER FOUR

THIS SAME ROAD, followed by the fugitives with such anxious hearts, I retraced sixty-five years later, seeking like a dog pursuing a trail, for any traces they had left behind them. To this end I set out from Châlons in a little vehicle that I had hired from a livery stable at ten francs the day. And as long as I paid for the food of the horse and driver, I could keep the conveyance.

I stopped at Pont-de-Somme-Vesle. The post-station is there still; the same to which M. de Choiseul carried the poor hairdresser. Twenty paces from the stables, to the left of the road, is a group of fine elms, which, at that time, would have been newly planted, or just about to be so. There it was that the Queen, seeing no hussars at their post, exclaimed: "We are lost!"

I have told how the escort was forced to retire, and how, above Tilloy, between Orbeval and Dammartin-la-Planchette, the troop turned into a road on the left, on account of the agitation which M. de Goguelat had noticed in Sainte Menehould. Now I will relate the cause of this agitation.

On June the 20th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the detachment of hussars which M. de Goguelat was bringing and which was commanded by M. Boudet—the same detachment that we have just seen leaving Pont-de-Somme-Vesle—suddenly debouched upon Sainte-Menehould by the Clermont road. The hussars drew up on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville (the square before the Town Hall). Their appearance caused some surprise. At this period, the quartering of the military was in the hands of the Town Councils; and when troops were changing stations the mayor was advised of it two or three days in advance. But the Mayor of Sainte-Menehould had received no instructions. The Town Council sent to ask M. de Goguelat if he was making any stay in the town, and how it was that no intimation had been given of his coming. M. de Goguelat replied that his errand was to go to Pont-de-Somme-Vesle and await there the arrival of

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treasure for which he was to act as escort. As for quarters for himself and his men, they need have no uneasiness; they would put up at the inns and pay for all consumed. He informed them, besides, that a detachment of dragoons would arrive the next day and would await the arrival of the bullion at Châlons, as he was to wait for it at Pont-de-Somme-Vesle. They could lodge this detachment, which would not stay more than twenty-four hours at most, in the guard-house situated in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville.

This information, which at another season would have been amply sufficient to allay all uneasiness, in this period of unrest and agitation only redoubled suspicion. All night long the populace was canvassing the situation; and when in the morning, at seven o'clock, the hussars marched out of the town, they met such threatening faces that M. de Goguelat preferred to make a detour rather than pass through the town again.

Hardly had the hussars left by the Faubourg Fleurion when the dragoons arrived by the Clermont Road. To the questions of the municipality, their commander, M. d'Andouins, made a reply agreeable to what M. de Goguelat had said; and, as the latter had directed, the guard-house, which looked on one side to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville and on the other to the Arquebuse Gardens, was placed at the disposal of the dragoons.

About noon the commander of the dragoons went with his lieutenant to walk on foot along the Châlons road. This road, which, except for the knoll called "La Montée de la Lune," is one long slope from Sainte-Menehould to Châlons, allows the eye to follow, for nearly two leagues, the straight white ribbon stretching between green trees across the sterile fields of Champagne.

Nothing was to be seen upon the road; and M. d'Andouins and his lieutenant returned to the town. Two hours later they took the same route again. To reach the barracks, at the highest part of the Faubourg Fleurion, they had to cross the whole width of the town. This time, as before, they saw nothing.

But these comings and goings had aroused the attention of the already disturbed populace. It was noticed that the two officers were very uneasy; they looked anxious and agitated. They replied to questions by saying that they were waiting for a treasure convoy which was late, and that the delay made them uneasy.

About seven in the evening, there arrived a courier in a chamois vest, who went straight to the posting-station and ordered horses for two carriages.

THE POST-MASTER was Jean-Baptiste Drouet. M. Thiers has erroneously said—and I repeated the error after him (in *La Comtesse de Charney*)—that Jean-Baptiste Drouet was the son of the post-master. But Jean-Baptiste Drouet was not the son; he was the post-master himself. The father had long been dead.

M. d'Andouins approached the courier.

"Monsieur," he said in an undertone, "You are the out-rider of the King's carriage, are you not?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the courier, "but allow me to say that I am astonished to see you and your men all in your forage-caps."

"We were not aware of the precise time of the arrival; and moreover our presence is causing great uneasiness; very threatening demonstrations have been made, and they are attempting to seduce my men."

"Hush, people are listening!" said M. de Valory. "Return to your men, monsieur, and endeavor to keep them in hand."

M. de Valory and M. d'Andouins separated. At the same moment, whips cracked and the two heavy vehicles lumbered into the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. They drew up opposite the posting-station. The building is easily to be recognized. It is situated, as I have said, in the Rue de la Porte des Bois, and at that time had been in existence for only three years, as is proved by the date, 1788, worked into bars of twisted iron on the façade. Above the doorway were sculptured the words: "POSTE ROYALE." The word "Poste" alone remains, the "Royale" has been obliterated.

Hardly had the carriage stopped when the people began to crowd round it. One of them asked M. de Malden, who got down from the box, "Who are these people who travel with so many followers?"

"Madame la Baronne de Korff," replied M. de Malden.

"More of these *émigrés* taking money out of France!" growled the man.

"No, this lady is a Russian and a foreigner."

Meanwhile M. d'Andouins, with his forage-cap in his hand, approached the carriage door and stood respectfully before it.

"Monsieur le Commandant," said the King, looking out of the window, "How is it that there was no one at Pont-de-Somme-Vesle?"

"I have been wondering, sire," replied M. d'Andouins, "how it happened that you arrived without an escort."

A commander of dragoons speaking so deferentially to a serving-man sitting on the front seat of a carriage! Astonishment, now redoubled, began to give place to suspicion. The King, moreover, took no care to keep from view.

M. Mathieu, an aged notary of Sainte-Menehould, who gave me an account of all he had seen—an account as clear as if the events had taken place the previous night—told me that, standing on the threshold of his house, which was situated in the space between the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville and the Rue de la Portes des Bois, together with his parents and the master of the post-office (the post-office for letters not to be confounded with the posting-office for horses), he had exclaimed without hesitation, "Why, it is the King!"

Only, he had taken good care not to spread this recognition abroad.

The King had most imprudently shown himself, while speaking to M. d'Andouins; and then it was that Drouet, a patriot, formerly in the Queen's Dragoons, and an ex-Deputy of the Fédération, who had had opportunities of seeing the King, thought he recognized him, and approached the carriage. At this moment one of the couriers was looking for the posting-master to pay for the horses. Drouet came forward. The payment was made in *assignats*. Amongst them there was one for fifty francs, stamped with the portrait of the King. Drouet took this *assignat*, looked

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from the portrait to the original, and convinced himself that Madame de Korff's steward was no less than the King in person.

A municipal officer, named Farcy, approached. Drouet nudged him with his elbow.

"Do you recognize him?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—the King!" he cried.

"We must go to the Municipal Council!"

Farcy rushed off to the Town Hall, which was not a hundred paces off, and reported. He was still speaking when Drouet arrived.

THE CARRIAGES had set off; but as they went, a strange thing happened. A non-commissioned officer of the dragoons who had been seen to speak to the King, notwithstanding his inferior rank, fired his pistol in the air as he rode off after the royal carriage. And why did he fire his pistol? It was a signal, no doubt; but the populace took it for a mark of hostility. Cries were raised. A man who was threshing in a barn to the left of the road, a little beyond the bridge over the Aisne, ran out of the barn and attempted to bar the way with his flail. But the soldier, drawing his sword, cleared the man out of his way and rode on.

All the population was in a ferment. Drouet, who together with one of his friends called Guillaume, had reported the King's presence, was greatly excited. The Town Council was unanimously decided that they must send after the royal carriages and stop them. The mission was proposed to Drouet, who accepted it. Several young men offered to accompany him; but the only horse left at the station besides his own was a pony, which was allotted to his friend Guillaume. Two other citizens also were determined to be of the party, so they provided themselves with mules. They set off with shouts of encouragement from all the town's folk, but an hour later the two volunteers on the mules returned; they had not been able to keep up.

And here I ought to draw attention to a few new and important details which are to be found only in the local chroniclers: in M. Cl. Buirette's book, *Histoire de Sainte-Menehould* (he was an eye-witness); and M. Gustave Neveu-Lemaire's, *The Arrest of Louis XVI.* These important details are: the non-commissioned officer who rode off after leaning his elbows on the carriage window and speaking, almost familiarly, to the King—M. Mathieu said to me, "I can see him still as clearly as I see you,"—and firing his pistol as he rode away. Another detail: *the Town Council's order to Drouet to pursue and arrest the King.* Thus Drouet was not an individual fanatic prompted by a regicidal impulse, but a citizen invested with a sacred mission by the magistrates of his country.

I wished to verify the fact with my own eyes. I consulted the minute book of the meetings of the Town Council of Sainte-Menehould, and I copied a letter from the functionaries of the district to the President of the National Assembly, dated June 20th, 1791. I read this sentence:

"We have already ordered M. Drouet, posting-master, and another of our townsmen, to pursue the carriages and stop them if they can overtake them."

And now let us return to our story.

The King having gone and Drouet and Guillaume having started in pursuit of him, M. d'Andouins gave his dragoons the order to mount and follow the royal party. But it was easier to give them the order than for them to execute it. The pistol-shot fired by the non-commissioned officer was echoing fatally in the hearts, or rather the fancy, of those who heard it. The National Guard armed themselves; a noisy and excited crowd assembled before the posting-station on the very road the dragoons had to take to follow the King's carriage. In the meantime M. d'Andouins had been requested by the Town Council to appear immediately at the Town Hall. He went, and was asked to give his name and to state under whose orders he was.

He replied: "My name is d'Andouins. I am a Chevalier of St. Louis, Captain of a company of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons; and here is the order I received." He laid on the table the following order:

"In the name of the King: I, Francis Claude Amour de Bouillé, Lieutenant-General of the King's army, Knight of the Royal Orders of Chivalry, and Commandant-General of the armies of the Rhine, the Meurthe, the Moselle, the Meuse and the adjoining country, on the frontiers of the Palatinate and of Luxembourg;

"I direct that a captain of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons shall set out with forty men of the said regiment, on the 19th of this month, from Clermont to Sainte-Menehould, where they will await on the 20th and 21st a convoy of money which will be sent by a detachment of the 6th Regiment of Hussars coming from Pont-de-Somme-Vesle on the Châlons road. The dragoons and horses are to be lodged in the inns of their choice; the expenses for the horses' fodder are to be paid by the commander of the detachment; and every dragoon is to receive fifteen sous above his pay, instead of rations.

Metz, 14th June, 1791.

Bouillé."

It was pointed out to M. d'Andouins that the delay of the hussars in appearing with the treasure which they had to hand over to the dragoons, had given rise to rumors which were causing considerable agitation among the townsfolk. It was therefore requisite that M. d'Andouins should declare on the spot if it were true that he had arrived for no other purpose than to await the treasure. M. d'Andouins replied that, upon his honor, he had no other mission.

At this point the shouts of the crowd penetrated to the council room where M. d'Andouins was being interrogated; they were demanding that the dragoons be disarmed.

"You hear that, Captain," said the Mayor. "It is necessary that your men give up their arms to pacify the people. Be so good as to give the order."

"I will give the order if I have your summons in writing," replied M. d'Andouins. The summons was made out, the order to disarm was given by M. d'Andouins, and the dragoons' arms and the accoutrements of the horses were piled in the Town Hall.

Continued in our May issue

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Trimalchio's Dinner

AT LAST WE WERE SEATED, and boys from Alexandria poured iced water over our heads. Others knelt down at our feet and began, with remarkable skill, to pare our hangnails. Even this unpleasant operation did not silence them, but they sang during their work. I desired to learn whether the whole household was able to sing, so I asked for a drink. A slave repeated my request in a shrill chant. They did all things to the accompaniment of a tune. It was more like a comic opera than a gentleman's dining-room.

But some rich and tasty *hors d'œuvres* were brought on in due course. Everyone had now been seated except Trimalchio, who, being quite modern, had the first place reserved for him. A donkey of Corinthian bronze, on the sideboard, was laden with panniers holding olives, white in one tray, black in the other. Two dishes, engraved with Trimalchio's name and their weight in silver, also encumbered the donkey. There were also dormice steeped in honey and poppy-seed, on iron frames that looked like little bridges. Then, on a silver grill, there were hot sausages and beneath it were plums and sliced pomegranates.

While we were relishing these delicacies, Trimalchio was borne into the hall to the sound of music, propped on tiny cushions. A laugh escaped the surprised guests. His shaven head popped out of a scarlet cloak, and over his well-wrapped neck he had put a napkin with a broad stripe and fringes dangling all round. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a huge gilt ring, and on the last joint of the next finger was a smaller ring which appeared to me to be solid gold, but was really set with star-shaped bits of steel. And to show that this display of wealth was but part of his possession, he bared his right arm, encircled by a golden bracelet and an ivory bangle clasped with a plate of gleaming metal.

Then, picking his teeth with a silver quill, he said, "It is inconvenient for me to appear at dinner so soon, my friends, but I did not like to stay away any longer and keep you from your enjoyment. But you will allow me to finish my game?"

A boy followed him, carrying a table of terebinth wood and crystal pieces, and I noticed a curious thing. Instead of black and white counters, he used gold and silver coins. Trimalchio kept swearing as he played, and we were still occupied with the *hors d'œuvres* when a tray was brought in with a basket on it, in which there was a wooden hen with outspread wings as if in the act of laying an egg. While the music grew loud, two slaves came up to the tray and began to search in the straw. They pulled out peahens' eggs and distributed them to the guests. Trimalchio observed this procedure and said, "I have ordered, my friends, to have peahens' eggs put under this hen. And upon my word, I hope they are not yet hatched. But let us try them and see whether they are still fresh." We took our spoons, weighing at least half a pound, and beat the eggs, which were made of a fine paste. I was on the point of throwing away my share, believing that a chick had already formed. But hearing an experienced diner exclaim, "What dainty have we here?" I broke the shell and found a fat beccafico smothered in yolk spiced with pepper.

Trimalchio had now finished his game and began to partake of all the same dishes. In a loud voice he invited any of us who might so desire to drink a second glass of mead. Suddenly the music crashed forth, and the appetizers were swept away by a host of chanting waiters. A dish happened to fall in the confusion, and a boy gathered it up from the floor. Trimalchio saw him, and had his ears boxed, and directed him to throw down the dish again. A litter-man appeared and swept out the silver with the other wasted contents. Then entered two long-haired Ethiopians with small wineskins, just like those used for scattering sand in an amphitheater, and poured wine on our hands, for no one thought of offering us common water.

We complimented our host on his excellent taste. "Mars loves fair play," said he, "and therefore I ordered that everyone should have a separate table. This will give us room and these filthy slaves will not make us uncomfortable by pressing upon us."

While he was speaking, some glass jars, carefully sealed, were brought on. They were labeled

FALERNIAN,
OPIMIUS' VINTAGE
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

As we were poring over the inscriptions, Trimalchio clapped his hands and cried, "Ah me, wine lives longer than miserable man. So let us be merry, for wine is life. I treat you to real wine of Opimius' year. I provided some inferior stuff yesterday, although there was a more distinguished set of people to dinner." As we drank and appreciated with gusto each luxury, a slave brought in a silver skeleton, so constructed that

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By GAIUS PETRONIUS

How a Wall Street Magnate of Roman Days Entertained

its limbs and spine could be moved at will. He put it down several times on the table so that the flexible joints flopped into various attitudes, and Trimalchio mused appropriately: "Alas for us poor mortals, our life is pretty mean and poor. So shall we be, after the world below takes us away. Let us then enjoy ourselves while we may."

After we had applauded this sentiment, another course was brought in, not quite as sumptuous as we expected; but its novelty attracted every eye. This was a round plate with the signs of the Zodiac circling the edge, and on each one the chef had placed some food in keeping with the symbol; over the Ram, ram's-head peas; a piece of beef on the Bull; kidneys over the Twins; over the Crab, a crown, and African figs over the Lion; a barren sow's udder over Virgo; over Libra, a pair of scales with a tart on one side and a cake on the other; over Scorpio, a small sea-fish; over Sagittarius, a bull's eye; over Capricornus, a lobster; over Aquarius, a goose; over Pisces, two mullets. In the center lay a honeycomb on a bit of grassy turf. An Egyptian boy offered us bread kept hot in a silver chafing-dish. Nor did he fail to amuse us with a song, excruciatingly rendered.

Such a poor course depressed our spirits. "Now," said Trimalchio, "let us begin. This is merely the beginning of the dinner." As he spoke, four slaves ran up, keeping time with the music, and removed the top part of the tray, revealing, in its hollow, fat fowls and sow's bellies, and in the middle a hare prepared with wings to resemble Pegasus. We also perceived figures of Marsyas at the corners of the dish, from which a spiced sauce ran over the fish, swimming about in a kind of canal. We all took up the applause which the slaves started, and heartily assailed these viands. Trimalchio was delighted with this cunning dish and said, "Now, Carver." Whereupon the man approached at once, and flourishing his instruments in time with the music, carved the dainty in pieces, like a gladiator in a chariot fighting to the accompaniment of a barrel-organ. As Trimalchio kept repeating softly, "Oh, Carver, Carver," I pondered on the meaning of this word, believing it to be a jest, and I made bold to ask the man who sat on my left what it meant. (He had seen such performances before.) "Do you see the fellow carving the meat? Well, his name is Carver So whenever Trimalchio says the words, he calls him by name and gives him his orders."

Just then servants appeared and spread over the couches coverlets embroidered with scenes of nets and hunters lying in wait with spears and all the instruments of the chase. We were still wondering what next to expect when a deafening shout arose outside the dining-room and in rushed some Spartan hounds, leaping round the tables. A tray was brought in after them with a wild boar of huge proportions upon it, wearing a cap of freedom; two little baskets woven of palm-twigs were hanging from its tusks, one full of dry dates and the other of fresh. Round it lay sucking-pigs made of pastry with their snouts to the teats, thereby showing that we had a sow before us. These sucking-pigs were for the guests to take away. Carver, who had dealt with the fowls, did not carve the boar, but a tall, bearded man with leggings round his legs and a spangled silken hunting-cape, who drew a hunting-knife and plunged it hard into the boar's side. Whereupon a number of thrushes flew out and were immediately caught by fowlers standing with lime-twigs. Trimalchio ordered each guest to be given one and added: "Now you see what fine acorns our boar has been eating." Then boys came and took the baskets which hung from its tusks and distributed fresh and dry dates to the guests.

MEANTIME I HAD GOT a quiet corner to myself and had begun to ponder why the pig had come in decorated with a cap of freedom. After speculating on the problem without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion, I ventured to put the question which was troubling me to my old informant. "Your humble servant can explain that, too," he said. "There is no mystery, the thing is as clear as daylight. Yesterday when this animal was served as *pièce de résistance* at dinner, the guests turned him down; and so today he comes back to dinner as a freedman."

As we were speaking, a lovely boy crowned with vine leaves and ivy impersonating Bacchus in ecstasy, Bacchus full of wine, Bacchus dreaming, brought round grapes in a little basket, and rendered one of Trimalchio's verses in a piercing voice. Trimalchio turned at the noise and said, "Dionysus, rise and be free." The boy clutched the cap of freedom off the boar and put it on his own head. Then Trimalchio continued: "I am sure you will agree that the god of liberation is my father." We applauded Trimalchio's phrase and kissed the boy heartily as he passed round.

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Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh

Mr. Bisbee's Princess

By JULIAN STREET

¶ THIS *is an almost perfect story—humorous and human—and here is what Mr. Street writes us about it:*

THIS is how I came to write Mr. Bisbee's Princess. *A friend of mine, a well-behaved husband and father, met on his travels a beautiful young woman who was the wife of a prince. She was kind to my friend while he was in the city where she lived, he saw her three or four times under formal circumstances, and she gave him a trifling remembrance when he left for home.*

My friend's wife, a charming woman not in the least jealous, used always to insist that there had been somewhat romantic passages between her husband and the princess.

This situation amused me and, with it as a foundation, I imagined the story. I worked at it three months, and I believe that such merit as it may have is due to the combination in it of comedy and pathos—a combination I wish I could more often attain in my work.

Just as comedy is harder to act in the theater than is tragedy, so it is harder to write, yet humorous stories seldom receive serious, critical consideration. I was therefore much pleased when Mr. Bisbee's Princess *was awarded the O. Henry Memorial Prize for the year in which it was written. I am under the impression that it is the only humorous story ever to have received that or any other important award. This has sometimes made me wonder whether* Mr. Bisbee's Princess *is actually as humorous as I suppose. I know, however, that the movie people thought it humorous, for when they made a motion picture of it they called it* So's Your Old Man.

THE GENIAL young clerk at the mail window of the hotel glanced at the badge on Mr. Bisbee's coat and at the card bearing his forwarding address.

"Then you're leaving us before the end of the convention, Mr. Bisbee?" he remarked, in a tone of polite regret.

"Yes," Mr. Bisbee replied, "we've got through our important business, and I can't hang around till Saturday just for the pleasure of riding back on the special. I'm a busy man." He raised his chest slightly and thrust down his chin, making a little pouch of it between the pointed wings of his stiff collar. "Will you kindly see if there's any mail for me? I've been expecting some important letters."

Over his shoulder the clerk passed the request to an invisible Miss Burns, and, while waiting, they conversed, Mr. Bisbee mentioning the rapid growth of the midwestern city in which he lived and had his business, while the clerk spoke of fortunes lately made in real estate in this part of California.

"But," he suggested, "I guess you're familiar with this section?"

"As a matter of fact," replied Mr. Bisbee, "this is my first trip to the coast, and I'd like to look things over a little, but my rule is business before pleasure. It wasn't by chasing around the country having a good time that I built up the largest retail silverware and jewelry concern in the southeastern part of my state."

"I guess that's right."

"Y-e-es," Mr. Bisbee went on, looking upward and adopting as nearly as he could the drawling, reminiscent tone in which old Mr. Ephraim Rathbone used to tell about early days, "when I founded the William P.

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To be photographed with an Indian seemed to Mr. Bisbee undignified, but the lady's manner was compelling.

Bisbee Company—let's see, it'll be twenty-six years ago this coming September tenth—I laid down certain business policies that I——"

But at this juncture, just as he was planning to show the young man what the *Daily Sentinel* printed about him last year, he was cut short by the arrival of Miss Burns with several letters.

"Ah, here we are!" he exclaimed and, having put the letters in his pocket, shook hands with the clerk and started across the lobby with the bellboy who was carrying his bags.

"Where you going, Bisbee?" The shout came from Phil Kreinig, of Joseph Kreinig's Sons, who was standing near the street door, talking with Mr. Sackett of the Sackett-Thompson Company.

"Home, Mr. Kreinig, home." Kreinig was not only considerably his junior but had inherited his business, and Mr. Bisbee spoke with considerable hauteur.

"What you doing that for? Now that these old birds have taken up three days with blatting about resolutions and amendments, the big bust begins. We're going out to Hollywood this afternoon and look over the bathing beauties. You better stay." He winked broadly.

Mr. Bisbee raised his chest and thrust his chin down between the wings of his stiff collar.

"Thank you, Mr. Kreinig," he returned, coldly, "thank you, sir, but I'm a busy man."

"I know you are," the other answered, unabashed. "That's what's the matter with you; you're busy as a little bee, buzzing and buzzing, but you better wait. I got hold of a case of old Scotch last night and I'm going to have it on the special." Evidently he had been drinking.

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"Let me say to you, sir," returned Mr. Bisbee, with supreme frigidity, "that intoxicating liquors and so-called bathing beauties occupy no place in my life."

Mr. Sackett evidently approved of this rebuke, for he took Mr. Bisbee's arm and walked with him toward the door.

"Sorry to see you go, Bisbee," he said. "Been counting on a talk with you going home."

"My loss, Mr. Sackett, my loss, I'm sure." He liked to be called "Bisbee" by Mr. Sackett, a dignified and responsible merchant whose badge showed him to be vice-president of the National Retail Silverware and Jewelry Association of America.

"When my friends urged me to wait over," he continued, as they stood in the warm sunlight beside the taxicab, "I said I had to go on account of important business, but I don't mind telling you that there isn't any particular business taking me. I'm in position to do pretty much as I please; my right-hand man, Charley Doelger, runs the store 'firs'-straight'; but when I founded the business nearly twenty-six years ago I laid down the policy that I wouldn't ask of any employee what I wouldn't do myself. They get two weeks' vacation every summer, so that's all I take."

"Good sound policy," commented Mr. Sackett.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Bisbee, shaking hands before stepping into the taxi. "The approval of a merchant of your standing and experience is all the more gratifying because, as a matter of fact, there's been some opposition to my policy."

The opposition of which he spoke was not, as his auditor may have supposed, commercial, but domestic; and as he drove toward the station he recalled mournfully his last altercation on the subject with his wife and his daughter, Pauline. For some time they had been nagging at him to take them abroad, contending that in these days it was as disgraceful not to have been abroad as not to own a motor, and his statement that his two-weeks'-vacation policy made such a trip impossible, they contemptuously brushed aside.

"The truth is," his wife told him, scornfully, "you don't want to go anywhere except to your deadly conventions. If you'd go to a place like Paris and look around a little you'd find out why people like the Murchisons and the Rathbones don't trade with you."

I

Her mention of the Murchisons and the Rathbones, the city's most important families, acted as a red rag upon whatever bull-like qualities may have been contained in Mr. Bisbee's nature. For years he had resented increasingly the fact that members of these families never came to his store except for insignificant repair work.

"Let me tell you, Stella," he replied, deeply moved, "if those nabobs had the local pride they'd ought to have, they *would* trade with me. It would pay 'em, too! Take those silver service plates we saw at Mrs. Emory Rathbone's reception for the Governor—they're nothing but a stock pattern. They're Kleebold & Jenks' number two-ought-eight, that's what they are, and I could of sold 'em to her same as any dealer in New York City. Or take Alice Murchison's pearl necklace everybody says cost fifty thousand. All I can say is, if she paid that much she got stuck. She left it to have us look at the clasp, and I swear I could duplicate that strand for around forty-two thousand!"

"Oh, forget it!" Mrs. Bisbee gave a mocking laugh. "You'll never get their trade, my little man. You're always telling folks this town's plenty good enough for you, and you never spoke a truer word. You're a stick-in-the-mud, that's what you are—just a plain stick-in-the-mud!"

At intervals in their twenty-three years of married life Mr. Bisbee had been struck with amazement at his wife's faculty for completely misunderstanding him, but never before had she made a charge so stupefying. Stick-in-the-mud! He, of all people, a stick-in-the-mud! He, whom the *Daily Sentinel* had mentioned among the city's captains of industry, the largest retail silverware and jewelry merchant in the southeastern part of the State!

To the memory of the outrageous term was definitely due the fact that he was now driving to the train; he didn't want to leave California yet; he wanted to wait over and go home with his friends; but he knew that, were he to overstay his self-imposed two-weeks' time, Stella and Pauline would seize upon the fact, using it as a lever for the reopening of the entire European controversy.

His reflections were frequently interrupted by the taxi-driver who had been making money in real estate and, wishing to tell about it, kept turning around to talk, and Mr. Bisbee was relieved when the ride came to an end and he found himself safe at the station.

On boarding the train he suppressed a desire to go immediately to the observation platform and instead, settled himself in his Pullman section and, turning his eyes resolutely away from the window, gave attention to his mail.

The first letter he opened was from Charley Doelger, who was in charge of the store in his absence and who mentioned, among other things, that the invitations for Alice Murchison's wedding had been engraved by a fashionable New York stationer.

This was a disappointment. Soon after the engagement was announced Mr. Bisbee had met the young lady's father at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon and had informed him—without making too much a point of it—that the engraver he employed was a 'firs'-straight' workman who could turn out plates equal in all respects to anything done by the big New York concerns. Evidently, however, Mr. Murchison hadn't caught the idea.

A letter from his daughter Pauline, who seldom wrote to him, also mentioned the forthcoming wedding, informing him that the Murchisons (who had never before invited the Bisbees to anything) had sent them invitations. "Mamma and I are delighted," she went on, "and we want our wedding present to make an impression. She says for you to be looking around for something suitable."

"There's a nice situation for you!" Mr. Bisbee said to himself, indignantly. "Have their engraving done out of town and then practically hold me up for an expensive present. I've got a blame good notion not to

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send them anything at all!" The threat made him feel better, although he well knew he would not execute it. On the contrary he would select from his stock a handsome present equal in quality and workmanship to anything the Murchison's had in their house. He would astonish them, that's what he would do, doggone them!

II

AFTER LUNCH he went to the rear of the train and, finding the observation platform crowded, sat down in a green plush chair inside the car. Other passengers near him were also waiting for places outside, but Mr. Bisbee kept close watch and was first to the door when presently a seat was vacated.

The empty place was between an old gentleman wearing a round felt hat and a lady whose chair stood in the sheltered corner. Her hat and dress were black, but there was something about them, and about the lady herself, that differentiated them from other hats, dresses, and ladies, and Mr. Bisbee, taking his seat beside her, found himself wondering, as might a person more expert than he in matters of style, what that something was. Had he been asked to describe her, he might have likened her to a younger, handsomer edition of Mrs. Emory Rathbone; and Mrs. Emory Rathbone, be it noted, was famous in her youth as one of the beautiful Perry girls of Cleveland.

Such an association would have sufficed to make him faintly fearful of this lady, even if he had not glimpsed, as he approached, a necklace, evidently not intended to be seen but visible beside the collar of her gown. If, as at first glance they appeared to be, the pearls were genuine, the necklace was of fabulous value, and the fact that she concealed it beneath her dress lent color to this theory.

Having settled himself in his chair, pulled up his trousers at the knees, and put on his gray silk gloves, he turned his head slowly, as if following the range of mountains bordering the landscape, until his eyes rested upon the lady. Pearls they certainly were, large, white, perfectly formed, and of rich orient; he would stake his standing in the jewelry trade upon them.

The inspection accomplished, he took from his pocket the patent Protecto spectacles he always carried when traveling, unfolded them, and put them on. Presently the old man in the round felt hat lighted a cigar, and the fragrance of it made Mr. Bisbee wish to smoke. He drew from his pockets one of his favorite panetelas, amputated the end with his flat, gold cigar-cutter, and was about to light it when he observed that a back-draught was causing the smoke of the old man's cigar to eddy in the corner where the lady sat. He hesitated, then reluctantly returned the panetela to his pocket; but at this the lady, who had seemed unaware not only of his existence but of the existence of all other people on the platform and in the world, turned and addressed him.

"If you wish to smoke, it will not in the least trouble me," she said.

"Thank you, madam," he replied, "thank you very much indeed."

After lighting his cigar he sat wondering whether it would seem presumptuous to seek further conversation, but the question was settled for him automatically, for as he pondered, the gap of silence widened beyond bridging.

The other occupants of the platform were for the most part young people who had lost no time in becoming acquainted and seemed now to be proceeding on the theory that shouting and squealing would advance their friendship. A ukulele and a braying tin instrument were produced, and they all began to sing, stopping only to greet section gangs and railway station idlers with whoops and arm-waving.

Once, when the train stopped, the din drew a knot of loafers around the observation platform, and as the wheels began to turn again, one of the youths rose to his feet and leaning over the brass railing addressed the gaping crowd in a manner clearly intended to ridicule the art of political oratory, saying that the name of the great and good man to whom he referred was none other than William Jennings Bryan—although Bryan was not at the time running for any office. At this, the other young people applauded in an exaggerated manner, and the old man in the round felt hat laughed as if he thought it very funny.

Mr. Bisbee, though he always voted the straight Republican ticket and had never favored Bryan, was not amused; no statesman, of whatever party, was, in his opinion, a fit subject for such jesting; this youthful disrespect for serious things was undermining the foundations of the country. With the purpose of indicating disapproval he turned coldly away from the buffoons, and as this brought the lady again within his vision he saw that she was leaning forward, evidently in pain, rubbing her eye with her handkerchief.

"Don't rub it," he admonished, sharply. "Try pulling the upper lid down over the lower one."

"I did. It made it worse."

"If you'll let me look at it, madam, perhaps I can help you."

She turned blindly toward him, and he slipped off his gloves, lifted the lid by the long lashes, and examined the eye.

"Look down toward your nose." And as she did so, "Yes, I see it. Just a minute now—hold still. Give me your handkerchief. No, it's too soft; I'll have to use my own, if you don't mind."

"Please do."

"I always carry a fresh one," he said, brushing at the eyeball with the point of the hem. "There, it's out."

She moved her eyelid up and down, doubtfully.

"The irritation will go away," he assured her. "Wash it with something soothing. Have you any witch-hazel?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I can let you have some. I use it after shaving."

At that she gave him a sudden smile.

"You are very kind and very skilful."

"It's a thing I often have to do," he replied. "I'll go and get you the witch-hazel now." But she stopped him, protesting that the eye was better.

"You are a doctor?" she asked.

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"No, as a matter of fact I'm in the retail silverware and jewelry business; we have an optical department in our store and people come in when things blow into their eyes."

"Fortunately for me," she interjected.

"It's funny how big the tiniest speck of dust feels in your eye, isn't it?" he went on. "It makes me squirm to see people suffering that way." He paused, reflecting upon the curious fact that eyes luminous and dark, like hers, suggested greater capacity for suffering than reddish-brown eyes like his wife's. Then he continued:

"You'd be surprised how many people come in the store for help, especially in spring and fall when it's windy. Not that the town's dirtier than most other places—I wouldn't want you to get that idea—but we're the third fastest-growing city in the State, so we have a good deal of manufacturing and cinders."

"Many of your American cities seem to have manufacturing and cinders," she remarked.

"You're a foreigner?"

"Yes."

He was not surprised. At first it had struck him that she had an accent like the Murchisons and the Rathbones, who were commonly said to affect the English way of speaking, but as he listened he began to detect in her speech something even more foreign than that.

"Well," he said, in the reflective tone of old Mr. Ephraim Rathbone, "we've got a great country here. There's no place under the sun that's a patch on it, I guess. I've never been abroad myself, but that's what my friends tell me." And as the lady did not answer, but only smiled faintly, he went on: "I guess the people over in England kind of wish we hadn't broken away from them in 1776, don't they?"

"I never heard an English person discuss it."

"Oh, you aren't English?"

She shook her head.

"You certainly speak it 'firs'-straight.'"

"I learned it before I learned my native tongue."

As he was about to inquire what her native tongue was, he was distracted by seeing her raise her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Excuse me, madam, but I wouldn't rub it," he said quickly.

"No, I just want to shield it."

"Why," he exclaimed, "I don't know what on earth I could of been thinking of! Here I've got these Protecto spectacles right on my nose and they're the very thing you need!" He hastily removed them and exhibited them to her. "An excellent article for travel. The deep beveled rims protect the eyes from foreign substances and the tinted lenses relieve eye-strain." He folded and unfolded them. "Notice the double-hinged nose-piece and the adjustable telescopic bars, making them compact, suitable for the purse or the vest pocket when not in use. Just try them on, madam."

"But you need them yourself."

"Not at all, I assure you." He pressed them into her hand.

"They are very comforting," she declared, having put them on. "I am most grateful, but I——"

"The pleasure is all mine, madam, all mine." He gave her a ceremonious little bow, and in obedience to a polite instinct which told him that a gentleman who had handled a lady's eye and given her a pair of spectacles ought to introduce himself, he took from his pigskin pocketbook a neatly engraved business card and gave it to her.

"Ah, yes." She glanced at the card, nodded, and tucked it into her black silk handbag, but she did not mention her name or offer him her card in return. Women, he reflected, were shyer, less experienced than men in these little niceties of travel. Never mind, he would learn her name later.

On his westward journey a friendly flagman had told him a good deal about this part of the country, and he was thus equipped with information which enabled him to point out to the lady alfalfa fields, orchards watered by irrigation ditches, and, where the land was unreclaimed, chaparral, lupin, yellow and blue, and tall yucca plants crowned with clusters of white flowers. Prospect holes visible here and there in the warm-colored mountainsides marked spots where gold and silver had been sought, and the mention of precious metals led easily to his favorite topic; he told her of his start in life, of the growth of his business, of his commercial policies, and thus he managed presently, without making too much a point of it, to draw from his pocketbook the two-column article the *Daily Sentinel* had published last year.

"You might be interested in glancing over this," he remarked in a casual tone. And partly as a hint to her he added: "I always think it's pleasanter to know something about the people you meet, don't you?"

She assented, smiling, and as she read the article Mr. Bisbee leaned back in his chair and tried to look modest; but he couldn't help glancing over her shoulder now and then to see what part of the article she had reached, and it thus happened that when she came to the place where the folding of the paper had all but obliterated the print, he was ready to fill in the gap.

"Right there," he said, pointing to the place, "it reads: 'At sixteen William P. Bisbee was a slender but nearly full-grown lad, with a level head and a

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She turned blindly toward him. He lifted the lid by the long lashes. "Look down toward your nose. . . . Yes, I see it."

wholesome interest in many things including'—and from there you can read on again."

She thanked him, turning her head to give him a bright smile, and when she had finished reading, she smiled again as she said:

"We in Europe of course hear of America's captains of industry, and it seems quite wonderful that I should have chanced to meet one in this way."

"Oh," drawled Mr. Bisbee in the Ephraim Rathbone manner, "that's something of an exaggeration, I'm afraid. You know how newspaper men are when they come around for an interview—always trying to make the most out of everything. I guess they think it's good for the town. But"—he dropped the easy-going tone—"what they say about me being the biggest retail silverware and jewelry merchant in the southeastern section of the State—that part's perfectly true."

"I am sure it is." She held out the clipping.

"Keep it if you wish," he said generously. "I can get other copies. My wife and daughter have several around the house." This statement was not quite accurate; the extra copies of the *Sentinel* were not kept by Stella and Pauline but were in the drawer of his desk; he felt, however, that the inaccuracy was justified because it let her know he was a family man. He was not one to sail under false colors when away from home, the way young Kreinig did, and he indicated as much to his companion, telling her at length of the convention.

He had taken from his pocket the blue and silver badge of the N. R. S. J. A. A. and was exhibiting it to her, when a pleasant-faced elderly woman appeared on the platform and handed her a cape, whereupon Mr. Bisbee rose quickly from his chair, expecting to be introduced; but after they had spoken briefly in some foreign language, the elder lady bowed and went in.

His first thought was that this might be the lady's mother, but the matter-of-course manner in which the service was accepted suggested that she was more probably a companion or a maid.

"What language is that you talk?" he asked.

"French."

"I sort of thought so." He was pleased at his astuteness. "You'd certainly enjoy hearing my daughter Pauline speak French. She wants to go over there and polish it up—says her accent isn't right yet, but it sounds Frenchy enough to me. I suppose you live in Paris?"

She shook her head, saying:

"I am not French."

"No?" As she did not avail herself of the opportunity to say where she lived, he asked, but the name she spoke in reply was not familiar to him.

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"Ma'am?"

She repeated it, but still he did not understand, and he was deterred from asking her to spell it by a fear that it was some important place he ought to know about; a woman with pearls like those didn't come from a jay town.

He was thinking about this when she rose and offered him the Protecto spectacles, saying she was going in, but he insisted that she keep them.

"You'll need them," he said, and also rose, adding: "I'll go with you and give you the witch-hazel, Mrs. uh—Mrs. uh——?"

It was a system by which he ascertained the names of the customers in the store, but though he paused significantly upon the note of interrogation she only smiled and thanked him, whereupon he followed her through several Pullmans to his own section, opened his Gladstone bag in such a way as to display the silver fittings, produced the flask of witch-hazel and handed it to her.

"Thank you very much."

"The pleasure is mine, I assure you," he returned, and before he could make up his mind whether or not a gentleman ought to walk on with a lady to her own car, so as to open the doors for her, she was upon her way.

III

At dinner that night, at breakfast next morning, and again when he went to the dining-car for lunch, he watched for her in vain, nor had she appeared in the observation-car when, some hours after the train passed the summit of the great divide, a stop was made at a junction city, a Spanish settlement of long ago, where Indians in brilliant costumes were peddling native baskets, pottery, and trinkets.

As the stop was a long one, the cars quickly emptied, and Mr. Bisbee, who had begun to fear that the lady's disappearance was due to further trouble with the injured eye, was pleased when he caught sight of her walking ahead of him on the wide, brick-paved platform.

"I've been reading," she told him when he overtook her.

They strolled along together, looking at the squatting Indians and their wares and came presently to the stand of a photographer where a Navajo chief was prepared to pose with all comers, the photographer agreeing to deliver three postcard photographs, stamped for mailing, before the departure of the train.

"Come," cried the lady, and taking her place beside the old brave, beckoned Mr. Bisbee.

To be photographed with an Indian seemed to Mr. Bisbee rather undignified, but the lady's manner was compelling and he joined her, raising his chest as he faced the camera, thrusting his chin down between the points of his collar, and assuming the slight frown of the man of affairs. However, his attitude was disrupted by the savage who held out his hand to be clasped. At first Mr. Bisbee pretended not to see the hand, but when the Indian tapped him on the arm, grunted and renewed the offer, he was obliged to take cognizance, and drew back, shaking his head sternly.

The audacity of the Indian must have amused the lady, for she burst out laughing, and her laugh was so merry that Mr. Bisbee was forced to smile.

While waiting for the photographs to be finished, they visited a near-by shop where the lady purchased woven baskets, a pottery urn, and a bracelet consisting of a wide band of silver set with a matrix turquoise, all of which were wrapped in a large bundle which Mr. Bisbee carried for her.

On returning for the photographs he discovered that the shutter had caught him smiling. The effect wasn't bad. He and the lady were looking at each other across the Indian, and her smile was lovely in the picture, showing her nice white teeth and that sparkling look in her eyes.

"You must sign one of them for me," he said as he accompanied her to her stateroom. Evidently the elderly woman was a maid, for she relieved him of the bundle and moved to the compartment next door. It must cost an awful lot, he thought, to occupy all that space.

"Will you stop for a cigarette?" As the lady sat down she offered her open case, and he took a cigarette in order to get a look at the black enamel box with its delicate diamond ornament. Then, having given her a light, he seated himself, reflecting as he did so that in view of what he always said about cigarette-smoking women, it was just as well his wife and daughter couldn't see him. There had been an argument about it just before he came away, and he told Pauline plainly enough that if the women of today thought less about being fashionable and more about being respectable, they'd be a whole lot better off. It was queer how he enjoyed smoking with this lady; her being a foreigner made it seem all right.

He drew out his gold-mounted fountain pen and, with a sense of victory, watched as she signed her name across the bottom of the postcard photograph. Now he would know what to call her. The writing was large and angular and there was a flourish under the signature. He sounded the syllables over to himself before venturing pronunciation.

"As near as I can make out," he said, "it's Gabriella Lescaboura."

"Yes."

"Mrs.?"

She nodded, smiling.

"Well, I'm certainly much obliged, Mrs. Lescaboura," he said and put the photograph carefully in his pocketbook. "I'll keep this as a souvenir of a very pleasant acquaintance." He drew slowly at the cigarette and, after blowing the smoke away, continued reflectively: "It's funny the people you meet traveling, isn't it? People from all over. That's why I always say travel's broadening: there's no place like a train to study human nature."

"Very true," she said, glancing out of the window as the train slipped away from the town.

"Or you can look at it another way," he went on, "and it makes you realize how small the world is, after all. I live here in America, you live away off in Europe, yet here we are."

"Exactly." She gave him a bright look.

This was a mighty interesting talk they were having; he would have enjoyed continuing it; however,

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having finished his cigarette, he felt he ought to go.

Next day, while he was at lunch, she came into the dining-car and on his way out he paused, wished her good afternoon and dropped a remark about hoping to see her later on the observation platform; but though he spent the afternoon there, she did not appear.

It was the last day of the journey and, as evening approached, he pondered the advisability of calling at her drawing-room and inviting her to dine with him, and that night, as he lay in his berth, he found himself regretting that he had not mustered courage to do so. Probably she'd been sort of expecting him to invite her. He could have done it in an offhand way, as if he had just chanced to think of it as he went by. Certainly he could have done it! Now in the dark he could formulate the right words: "I was just heading for dinner and it struck me you might be going in, too. Won't you join me?"

He could imagine her face lighting up with that smile as she rose to accompany him, and could picture himself walking with her into the dining-car, facing her across a softly lighted table for two, giving the waiter a dollar and saying, "George, I want you to do your best tonight." He could have told her about the time they made him chairman of the committee to consider the reorganization of the Chamber of Commerce; that story would have entertained her, but probably he wouldn't ever get to tell her about it now. Well, anyway, he'd see her in the morning. Maybe there was something he could do for her in Chicago; if she wanted him to take her any place he could wait over and catch the one o'clock for home.

Next day he woke early and had dressed and breakfasted before most of his fellow passengers were up, but for fear of disturbing her he did not knock on her drawing-room door until the train was entering the outskirts of the city.

"Ah," she said as her maid opened the door, "I was just going to send you these souvenirs." She indicated the package of Indian curios, adding: "For your daughter."

"Are you going to stop in Chicago?" he asked eagerly, after having thanked her.

"Only a day or two. I am sailing from New York Saturday week."

"New York's a great city," he said, "but I wouldn't live there if they'd give me the whole town with a fence round it." He told her of the N. R. S. J. A. A. convention held in New York three years before, and having catalogued the defects of the metropolis, was speaking highly of the Hippodrome and the Aquarium when the porter came and carried out the baggage.

"It's certainly been a great pleasure to of met you, Mrs. Lescaboura," he said, "and I've been thinking maybe I could make things pleasant for you in Chicago. I know the city pretty well, and I thought if you'd enjoy it, I'd get a taxi and take you to see Lincoln Park or the Stockyards or——"

She thanked him, saying: "I'm sorry, friends are meeting me."

"Well, anyway," he said, disappointed, "I'll come and see you safely to the gate." He took up the package. "I don't know how to thank you for all these lovely things. Pauline'll be taken right off her feet."

The train had hardly stopped in the Chicago terminus when Mr. Bisbee got off and hastened forward to her car. She was among the last to alight, and as he walked with her toward the gate he was sad at the thought of bidding her farewell.

"Mrs. Lescaboura," he began, "I hope you understand how greatly I've enjoyed the pleasure of your acquaintance. I've taken many a railroad journey, but I can truthfully say that I never before had the——"

There, however, he found himself cut short by the arrival of a gentleman with a flower in his buttonhole, who came rushing up to her and, bending over, kissed her hand. There was no mistake about it; Mr. Bisbee was right there beside them and witnessed it with his own eyes. Also he heard distinctly what the gentleman said. He said:

"I hope Your Highness had a pleasant journey."

Dazed as he was, there passed through Mr. Bisbee's mind echoes of fairy tales read in childhood which told him what a "Your Highness" is. From the first he had sensed a mystery about her, a curious fascination, and now, like a man in the dark whose surroundings are suddenly revealed to him by a flash of lightning, he understood the pearls, the little diamond crown on the black enamel cigarette-case, the reluctance to tell her name.

And he had been calling her *Mrs.* Lescaboura!

Concluding that the easiest way out of it would be to slip off and let her think he had lost her in the crowd, he dropped behind, walking slowly and letting the maid and the porters pass him, and he was looking for some means of egress from the train shed other than the gate ahead of him, when he saw her waiting.

She had not forgotten him. As he approached she smiled, holding out her hand.

"Good-by, and thank you again," she said.

Mr. Bisbee took the hand and, like the man who shuts his eyes and jumps from the top of a skyscraper, bent and kissed it.

He swallowed, and the sound of the ingurgitation seemed to reverberate above the station noises. "The pleasure is all mine—Your Highness."

In Our May Issue

The 100 Best Books
Selected by the Editors of the GOLDEN BOOK

Stephen Vincent Benet's "Elementals"
A unique and powerful love story in two parts

A Survey of the Season's Plays

Stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald, Alexandre Dumas, Anton Chekhov, Frank Stockton, Lincoln Colcord

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As he put on his hat and moved away there came from behind him a shrill cackle of negro laughter, but instead of turning to see what caused the mirth of the colored porters he raised his chest, thrust his chin down between the points of his stiff collar and proceeded toward a taxi-stand with the step of a dignified and very busy man.

IV

On the journey from Chicago to his home Mr. Bisbee sat pondering the unbelievable experience, and the more he turned it over in his mind the more romantic it appeared. Why, you could make a movie out of it! He could do it himself if he had the time, and it would be a better picture than nine-tenths of those you saw on the screen. The hero meets a lady in distress, and without knowing who she is, hastens to her assistance. (Surely no knight of old ever aided fairer lady than he did when he picked the cinder out of her eye.) They get acquainted and just at parting he discovers her identity—"Your Highness!" Bowing low, he kisses her hand.

Would their paths ever cross again? Who could say? There came to him a vision in which he saw himself seated in a softly cushioned chair in the lobby of a magnificent hotel. It was in Europe. There was a fountain; an orchestra was playing and aristocratic people strolled to and fro; suddenly one of them, a beautiful, dark woman in a low-neck gown, with a crown of large, high-grade white diamonds on her head, rushed over to him.—"Why, if it isn't Mr. Bisbee!"—"Yes, Your Highness, I've been traveling around some, looking over the stock of the leading European jewelry manufacturers."

He saw himself dining with her, driving with her, the cynosure of all eyes, strolling at her side in spacious gardens, on broad, flag-paved terraces, through vaulted halls with soldiers on guard at the doors—like in that movie of Mary Pickford's.

He was but half aware of realities around him when, having left the train, he took a taxi home. In his earlier fancies he saw himself alone with her, but as he neared his house the imagined scene in the hotel was amended to include his wife and daughter—though as characters distinctly minor. How they would stare when she came over to him! In the dark cab he chuckled silently. They wouldn't have any idea what to do. Usually so uppity with him, they'd find that in a pinch he was the one who knew the ropes.

The princess would be lovely to them.—"Your husband and I are old friends. You must all of you pack your bags and join us at the castle." He guessed Stella wouldn't be calling him a stick-in-the-mud any more—not after that!

The cab stopped; he got out and, with his bags and the precious bundle, started toward the front porch. There were lights in the parlor and the hall; a pleasant-looking house, he thought—nothing ostentatious, but a nice home with two bathrooms on the second floor. You could invite anybody there without apology—anybody at all. In his mind he saw Fairview Avenue filled with the automobiles of the best people. They would invite the Murchisons and the Rathbones to meet her, of course. He guessed that would give them something to think about for a long time!

The front door stood open, but the screen door was hooked, so he rang and was presently admitted by Ella, the negro cook, who waddled down the hall, wiping her hands upon her gingham apron.

"How-de-do, Ella."

" 'Do, Mist' Bisbee."

"Family out?"

"No, suh, Mist' Bisbee, dey upstehs. Miss Pauline, she dressin' foh pahty."

He was glad they were upstairs, for it gave him time to unwrap the Indian souvenirs, and he arranged them on the parlor table as carefully as if he had been dressing a show-window in the store. When Stella and Pauline came down, they would see the presents there and would naturally ask about them, whereupon, by way of reply, he would tell his story.

After a time he heard them on the stairs.

"Oh, here's Papa," said Pauline, as he went to the hall to greet them.

"I wish you'd let me know when to expect you," said his wife in an aggrieved tone. "I thought you'd be home for dinner, and I ordered too many chops."

"East, West, hame's best," he remarked cheerfully, quoting from the works of the manufacturer who had supplied the oak mantelpiece in the dining-room.

"What's all this?" demanded Pauline, catching sight of the trophies.

"Indian things—a present somebody sent you."

Pauline picked up the bracelet and examined it critically.

"You don't expect me to wear a manacle like this, do you?"

"Yes, I do, when you know who it's from."

"I guess the Prince of Wales must of been at the convention," remarked his wife, but the thrust rather pleased him.

"You'll find you're not so far off as you think," he answered, but Mrs. Bisbee wasn't listening.

"I'm not going to have my parlor cluttered up with truck like this," she said.

"We'll see, we'll see," he replied, smiling mysteriously.

"We certainly will!"

"Oh, come out with it, Papa," said Pauline. "What new victim has fallen for my frail blonde loveliness?"

"Well, what would you say, for instance, if I was to tell you it's from a princess?"

"Pooh!" she answered. "I had my palm read by a princess at the street fair last week. She had dirty fingernails and was all covered with this kind of hardware." She put down the bracelet.

"This wasn't any gypsy princess," he told her. "She's a bona fide princess and a thorough lady. She had a string of pearls that would make Alice Murchison's look like fifty cents' worth of glass beads, and she——"

"Your poor father's been seeing too many movies," interrupted Mrs. Bisbee. "Seem's like his mind's giving way."

"Oh, is that so?" he retorted angrily. "Well, I tell you she *was* a princess, and a mighty good-looking one, too! I conversed with her for three days, and we——"

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"I bet you did!" put in his wife drily. "I hope you didn't forget to show her that write-up in the *Sentinel* that cost you fifty dollars?"

"I certainly did show it to her, and I might add she was a lot more interested than certain other people I could name! Her Highness has got some sense!"

"Say, what's this 'Highness' stuff, anyway?" Pauline gazed at him curiously. "You mean to say you seriously think you picked up a real princess on the train?"

"I object to that expression!" he said stiffly. "But she certainly was a real princess."

Pauline turned gravely to her mother.

"Some woman's been kidding him," she observed, speaking quite as if her father were not present; and before he could voice his indignation, she inquired:

"What kind of princess did she claim to be?"

"She didn't claim anything about it! The ambassador met her at Chicago. He told me who she was. If you want to see what she looks like"—he reached for his pocketbook and drew out the postcard photograph—"here's her picture that she gave me. What do you say to that?"

Pauline examined the picture and shook her head, saying:

"She's no princess. She's too good-looking. Princesses look like cows."

"Let's see," said Mrs. Bisbee. She took the photograph from Pauline's hand and scrutinized it. "I don't see how you call that good-looking! Her mouth's big and she smirks."

"What does she claim her name is?" Pauline asked.

"Her Highness' name," he proclaimed, lifting his chest and thrusting his chin down between the points of his collar, "happens to be Princess Gabriella Lescaboura. That's her autograph on the picture."

"Who ever heard of such a name!" commented Mrs. Bisbee with a derisive laugh.

"Wait a minute, Mamma!" Pauline dropped to her knees beside the table and began to search through the magazines on the lower shelf. "I wouldn't be surprised if it's so. I think she's the very one I was reading about!"

"Sure she is," said Mr. Bisbee confidently.

Pauline drew from the pile of magazines a thin one, the cover of which bore the title *Chit-Chat*, rose and rapidly turned the pages.

"Yes, here it is!" She looked at him as if with new eyes. "Well, what do you know about Papa!"

"Read it, read it," he invited nonchalantly, and Pauline obeyed:

"'The beautiful Princess Lescaboura, who has been passing the winter at Santa Barbara, will soon sail for Europe, and those in the know——'"

"She's sailing a week from Saturday," he interjected.

"—And those in the know will be interested to learn whether she rejoins her noble husband at his *château* on the Côte d'Azur or at the Lido, for which spectacular resort he last year exhibited a marked preference.'"

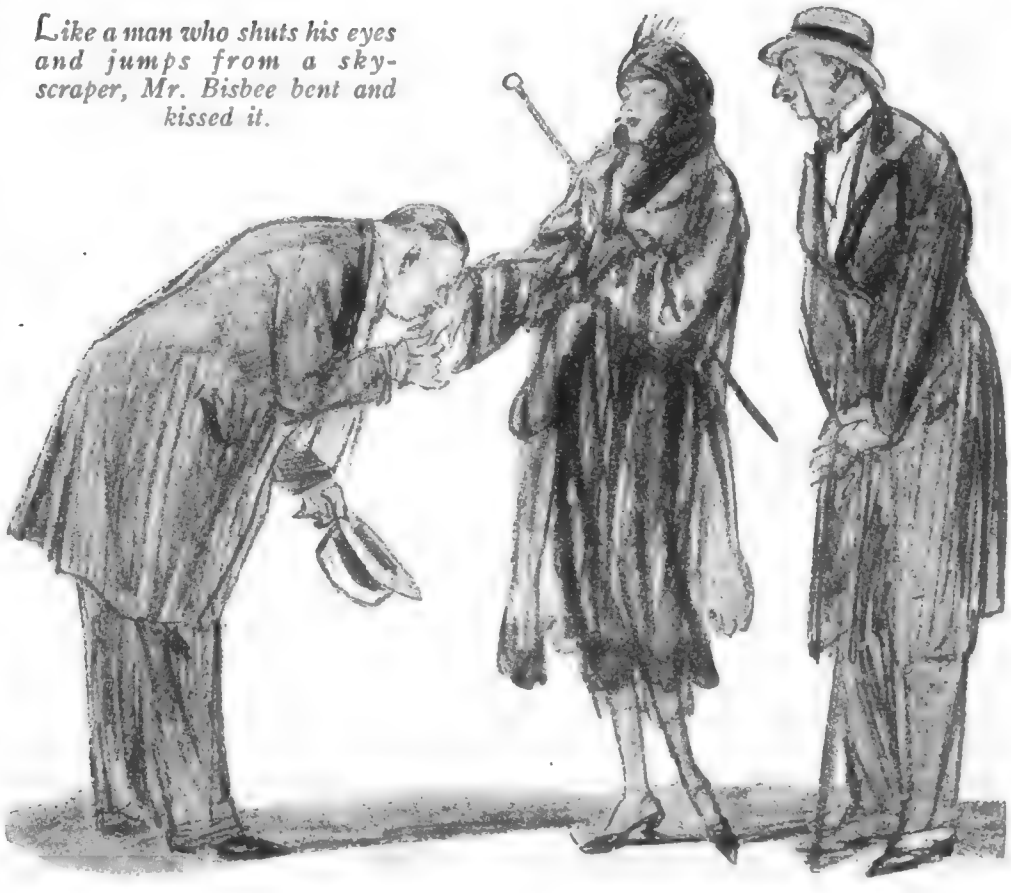
"Perfectly correct, perfectly correct," said Mr. Bisbee, who was strolling up and down.

"'The Prince and Princess,'" Pauline continued, "'are known by those *au courant* with society in the smart resorts of Europe as an emancipated pair. By reason of their vast wealth and their assured position their intimates are the *crême de la crême*, but their interests are wide and their love of amusement is reflected in a distinct penchant for excursions into Bohemia.'"

"That's correct," said Mr. Bisbee, nodding. "They go there, too."

Pauline read on:

"'If, as Dame Rumor has it, the Lido attracted the dashing young nobleman because of the presence there of a svelte *danseuse* not unknown to the Parisian stage, it must not be supposed that his Princess repined. She had, as always, a legion of admirers, and the heterogeneousness of her taste in swains was exhibited in a quartette of ardent devotees who con-



Like a man who shuts his eyes and jumps from a skyscraper, Mr. Bisbee bent and kissed it.

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stantly danced attendance and showed some jealousy of one another. The group was composed of a member of the Spanish royal family, an American cinema comedian, Lord Wapshott, the British rubber magnate, and Mr. T. Percival Beggs of New York and Santa Barbara.

"'It may be only a coincidence that the grounds of *Mon Plaisir*, the delightful villa which the Princess occupied at Santa Barbara, adjoin the Beggs estate, but the fact remains that within a fortnight after her Highness' arrival, the ever-watchful Vida Beggs, who is said to be six years older than her attractive, polo-playing husband, dragged him off to durance vile in Honolulu, where, according to report, he sulked the winter away.'"

Mr. Bisbee stopped walking.

"How did that dirty scandal-sheet get in my house?" he demanded.

"I bought it to read about this Mr. Thresher that Alice Murchison's going to marry," Pauline answered, unabashed. "It seems he was engaged to a——"

But Mr. Bisbee was not interested in the gossip about Mr. Thresher.

"I don't want to hear another word it says!" he broke in.

At that Mrs. Bisbee spoke.

"If there's anything more about this woman your father's taken up with, read it, dearie."

"No, she won't!" he cried. "It's a pack of lies!" He turned to Pauline. "I'm surprised your mother'd let you touch such a paper! Give it here!"

"Don't you do anything of the kind, Pauline," ordered her mother. "He was pleased enough until it showed up this fine lady of his! Give it to me, dearie." She took the paper and huddled over it, by the lamp, arching her back to prevent his reading over her shoulder.

"H-m!" she murmured, as she read to herself. "H-m! She's a nice one! It says that while this Beggs was at Honolulu with his poor wife, your Princess Flibbertigibbet carried on with a lot of other married men. It says a young officer committed suicide on account of her. It says she——"

"Shut up!" he howled. "I tell you it's a pack of doggone lies!"

"You told Pauline to read it. Now, you just listen. It says——"

"Shut up, I tell you!" He made a swift flank movement upon her, snatched the paper, tore it to shreds, and dashed the pieces upon the floor.

Never before had Mrs. Bisbee known him to commit an act even remotely approaching violence; for a moment she stood gazing at him, her reddish-brown eyes shining like a pair of glass marbles; then suddenly she burst into a shriek.

"You're in love with her! You're in love with her!"

"Have you lost your wits, Stella?"

"You're in love with her!" she shrieked again. "You've admitted it! You have no more decency than to come right in your home and *boast* about it in front of an innocent child like Pauline!"

"Don't you call *me* innocent, Mamma!" exclaimed Pauline indignantly.

Mrs. Bisbee's lips were trembling.

"That's right," she howled at him accusingly, "trying to turn my daughter against me, too! Taking the best years of my life and then running off like an old rooster after a woman that flounces around making fools out of married men!" She began to weep loudly and, holding her handkerchief to her eyes, moved tragically toward the door.

Her weeping did not in itself surprise him; she had often wept when she wanted things; but she had never before charged him with philandering, and he followed her, addressing her with soothing words and declaring the charge preposterous, but she thrust him off with a savage backward gesture of the arm, crying:

"Don't you dare speak to me, you libertine!"

He stopped and gazed after her stupefied as she started up the stairs, then, turning to Pauline, he sighed and let his arms fall helplessly.

"Your mamma must be crazy. Nobody on earth's more respectable than me, and the princess was as perfect a lady as I ever hope to meet. The very most I did was to kiss her hand when I——"

"Papa! You *did?*"

"It's the custom," he quickly explained. "They expect it. The ambassador did it, too. I don't want you to misunderstand, Pauline. I wouldn't have you think——"

"Papa," she broke in, taking hold of his lapels and looking gravely into his eyes, "I think it's the most romantic affair I ever heard of!"

She took up the bracelet and put it on.

"It's really handsome in a barbaric way," she said, "and the stone's lovely with this blue dress. Papa, I want you to know I'm glad this woman came into your life."

"Now, lookit, Pauline," he protested, "she didn't! You mustn't say such things! I won't——"

But there he was interrupted by the sound of steps and voices on the porch and the ringing of the doorbell.

"It's the boys to take me to the party," Pauline said in a low voice.

"Lordy, the front door was open!" he whispered back; and as she went to let them in he tip-toed to the dining-room.

V

FINDING THE bedroom door locked against him when he went upstairs, he took his bags to the spare room and passed the night there; nor did he see his wife and daughter in the morning, for they were not up when he left the house.

He couldn't understand even yet how last night's disaster had come about. He had done nothing wrong; not once in their whole married life had he given Stella the slightest cause for jealousy; her own sister had told him he was too good—that being so good didn't pay. It was incomprehensible.

Well, it would be a relief to get back to the store and plunge into the routine of business. Charley Doelger would tell him what had been going on while he was away, and he would tell Charley about his trip. Not about her, though—the subject was no longer a pleasant one.

He was hardly seated at his desk behind the ground-

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glass partition at the back of the store when Charley came in.

"Glad to see you back, W. P." They shook hands. "What kind of a time did you have?"

"Fine, fine."

"I'm sorry you didn't wait over and come back on the special with the crowd," Charley said. "There wasn't any real need for you to hurry home."

"I know," said Mr. Bisbee, and became suddenly silent.

The other picked up the steel letter-opener and tapped with it abstractedly on the desk, and Mr. Bisbee felt a slight awkwardness, as if Charley was expecting something more. That couldn't be it, though; there was no way Charley could have heard anything. It must be his own self-consciousness.

"What's the news around town?" he asked.

"Mainly people are talking about this fellow Thresher that Alice Murchison's going to marry. This society paper printed a story about him and I thought you might like to see it." He handed Mr. Bisbee a copy of ***Chit-Chat***, indicating a passage.

Mr. Bisbee frowned.

"This is a rotten sheet, Charley," he declared, "a dirty, rotten sheet!"

"I don't know," said the other, "they say a lot of the stuff's true." His eyes seemed to be following a motor passing in the street outside.

"Well, I happen to know better!" Mr. Bisbee slapped his hand upon the desk. "I know a case where they printed a pack of doggone lies about somebody!"

Again there fell a silence, and when, presently, Charley departed, Mr. Bisbee felt a curious sense of relief. Reaching over, he closed the door, then he turned quickly to the page on which the princess was mentioned, and with mounting indignation read the remaining paragraphs.

"Skunks!" he muttered savagely, and tearing the periodical in half, flung it into the waste-basket.

It was his habit to lunch daily with a group of his business friends at a large round table in the men's café of the New Mervyn House, and when, a little after noontime, he entered the café he was warmly greeted. There was the usual lull while everyone was ordering; then, as the conversation was resumed, Mr. Bisbee heard the foghorn voice of Gus Markle addressing him across the table.

"Well, W. P.," he said, with a knowing grin, "tell us all about your princess."

Mr. Bisbee was stunned.

"I don't know what you're referring to, Gus, I'm sure," he managed to say.

"Yes, you do. Come on, 'fess up. You're not at home—you're among friends. Quit blushing and tell us."

"As a matter of fact, there's nothing to tell. She just——"

"She just showered you with expensive jewelry, from what I hear," Gus broke in.

"She didn't do anything of the kind. She sent a little silver bracelet to my daughter, that's all."

Gus exhibited an elaborate wink to the entire table, saying:

"That's how *you* tell it, you old sheik!"

A general laugh followed, and Mr. Bisbee was enormously relieved when, as it died down, the subject was changed.

Through the remainder of the meal he tried to talk coherently, and when luncheon was over he managed to leave the hotel at Gus Markle's side.

"Where'd you find out all this stuff?" he asked, in what was intended to be an offhand tone.

"Oh," said Gus, "a little bird told me."

Mr. Bisbee had some thought of asking him not to mention the matter further, but he decided against it; if Gus found out it bothered him he'd keep it up. And after all, he reflected, Gus joshed everybody. Nobody was likely to take him very seriously.

The little bird had apparently been active. That afternoon, Miss Annie Prall who had been a schoolmate of Stella's, called to see Mr. Bisbee.

"If I wasn't such a good friend of yours," she began, when they were closeted in his office, "I wouldn't come to you about it." "It" proved to be a distorted version of the princess story, and the declared purpose of Miss Annie's call was to announce to Mr. Bisbee that he was breaking his wife's heart. "She's the kind that suffers in silence," she told him.

When Mr. Bisbee had recovered somewhat from the stupefaction into which this statement plunged him, he assured her indignantly that the tale, as she had told it, was false.

"If you say so, of course I believe you," said Miss Annie, as she rose to go, but he was by no means sure she left the store convinced.

The GOLDEN BOOK Offers a Monthly Cash Prize of $25.00

for the Best Essay on

"My Favorite Story and Why"

HAVE *you a favorite short story, a story that has meant more to you than any other you've ever read? Do you know a story that is unforgettable—because it is more thrilling, more humanly touching, more horrible, more beautiful, funnier than any you have ever read?*

Each month we will give a cash prize of $25.00 for the best essay of 250 words on "My Favorite Story and Why." Maybe your story is one that the GOLDEN BOOK *editors have overlooked, or perhaps it's a story that has already appeared in this magazine. Each month the prize-winning letter will be printed and, wherever possible, the story mentioned will accompany it.*

The contest rules are simple ones: (1) Your story must not be longer than the average magazine short story. (2) Your 250-word statement of why you like a certain story, or what a particular story has meant to you, must carry your full name and address. (3) You need not send the story, but you must indicate the name of the book or the name and date of the magazine in which it appeared. (4) No manuscripts can be returned. (5) Entries for each month close on the first day of the preceding month.

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Nor was this the only occurrence to disturb him before he reached home that night. As he walked up State Street after having closed the store he caught sight of Mr. Gidding, the pastor of his church, and the latter, instead of stopping as usual to speak to him, passed rapidly on, giving him a hurried bow and—unless Mr. Bisbee's nerves caused him to imagine it—a searching look.

He was apprehensive as he entered the house, but at dinner he perceived to his great relief that Stella's anger of the night before had given place to a fixed air of injured resignation. At least it would be possible to talk to her.

Dinner over, he mustered up his courage and, without rancor, told Stella and Pauline how the story had spread, whereupon they both began to talk rapidly, each declaring that it couldn't be her fault. From his unraveling of what they said he gathered that his wife, in her anguish, had felt the need to confide in someone and had selected Annie Prall because to Annie a confidence was sacred, and that Pauline had merely exhibited her bracelet at the party last night.

"That must be how Mr. Markle found out," she said. "I showed it to his brother."

"Really, Pauline," put in Mrs. Bisbee, self-righteously, "I'm surprised at you gossiping about your papa like that."

"Well, I didn't tell 'em much. I just mentioned about his meeting her and kissing her hand, and I kind of laughed and said Papa was getting to be quite a sheik."

"Kissing her hand?" cried Mrs. Bisbee. "I didn't know about his kissing her hand."

"Oh, gosh!" He bent over, resting his forehead in his palms. "Here I've worked all this time—it'll be twenty-six years the tenth of next September — to build up a name in this city as an honest merchant and a good family man—why, a fellow said there was talk of running me for mayor—and now this kind of a story gets around! Oh, *gosh!*"

"I don't see what's the matter, Papa," said Pauline.

"Why, it's enough to ruin my business! You don't think men want their wives and daughters buying rings and wrist watches from a—a sheik, do you?"

"You ought to of thought of that before you took up with such a woman!" said his wife, in a tone that threatened a renewal of last night's outburst.

"Listen, Stella," he said, quickly, "you understand I'm not criticizing anybody—not a bit—but I wouldn't advise either of you to go around talking any more about this matter. I'm not asking you to do anything I'm not going to do myself. *I'm* not going to talk about it. No, sir, I'm not going to say a *word*."

VI

As MATTERS turned out he did not strictly keep his pledge. Charley Doelger's attitude during the next day or two convinced him that the story had reached his ears, and as he did not broach the subject, Mr. Bisbee decided to speak of it himself.

"Of course I've heard it," Charley admitted, when questioned; "it's all over town."

"Well, you don't believe it, do you?"

"The way I look at such things," the other replied, in what seemed to Mr. Bisbee an evasive manner, "it's none of my concern as long as it doesn't hurt business. I believe in being broadminded. A man's private life's a matter for him to decide. As long as business is good it isn't any of my affairs if you was to start up a harem."

"Harem?" repeated Mr. Bisbee, dazed.

"I tell you, W. P.," Charley repeated, doggedly, "it's only the business I'm thinking about. A scandal can do a lot of harm that way. You take the case of that dentist that was in the papers a while back; he

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"You're in love with her!" she shrieked again. "You have no more decency than to boast about it in front of an innocent child like Pauline."

had a fine practice, but it busted him flat when they found out he was a bigamist."

Mr. Bisbee felt as if he were strangling. "If anybody was to say I'm a bigamist," he exclaimed, "I'd beat his head off!"

In the ensuing days there were times when he wished that someone would come up and face him with a charge. It would be better than this feeling that people were slyly inspecting him, talking him over, stopping their conversations suddenly at his approach. Everyone seemed to be thinking about him, but there was no way of knowing what they were thinking. His distress was intensified by a sense of loneliness. There was no one who understood. Home, the usual refuge of a man in trouble, was the last place to which he could turn for sympathy; there, more than anywhere else, he tried to conceal his wretched state of mind.

His wife, when she remembered, continued in her rôle of martyr, but he never knew when some trifling incident or word would set her off on a tirade. She developed, moreover, a prescience almost supernatural, the first exhibition of which occurred when Pauline, starting for a week-end at a friend's house, borrowed the fitted bag he had taken on his California trip.

"Papa," she remarked, as she carried it downstairs, "did you know there's a bottle missing?"

"Is there?"

"Oh, don't act as if you didn't know!" snapped his wife. "You know as well as I do where that witchhazel went!"

Nor was that her only exhibition of a ghastly power of divination.

Smoking his after-dinner panetela, a few nights later, Mr. Bisbee was dimly aware that details of a party planned by Pauline were under discussion.

"Out at Eleanor's," he heard his daughter say to her mother, "all the girls smoked. It makes me feel like a flat tire not to give them cigarettes when they come here."

"In regard to the conduct of others," said Mrs. Bisbee, "your papa's very particular."

"I've been thinking about your smoking," Mr. Bisbee put in, looking ruminatively at the end of his cigar. "Maybe I've been a little bit narrow-minded about it. I wouldn't want you to make a habit of it, but when you're giving a party I guess it would be all right for you to pass the cigarettes. Don't you think so, Stella?"

But instead of answering the question his wife leaned suddenly forward and, thrusting an accusatory finger under his nose, exclaimed:

"That woman smokes!"

Nevertheless, when three weeks had gone by, he felt somewhat encouraged; things were on the whole improving at home, and his fear that the gossip might hurt his business was apparently unfounded; sales had, upon the contrary, increased owing to the purchase of presents for the Murchison wedding, now ten days off, and even Charley Doelger's pessimism was visibly lifting.

Then there crashed a devastating bolt. Late one afternoon, Charley, white-faced and nervous, appeared in his office.

"They've got you in *Chit-Chat!*" he exclaimed, and flung the paper on the desk.

Dizzily Mr. Bisbee stared at the marked passage:

. . . Her Highness' taste for bizarre associations was amusingly exampled in an intimacy she formed on her railroad journey eastward. This time the man was a jeweler hailing from a midwestern city; gossip has it that expensive gifts changed hands, and, that on reaching home, he had difficulty in explaining his share in the transaction to his wife. It may be safely predicted that the princess will encounter no such embarrassment. Always she returns with new trophies of the chase. The prince is used to it.

Meanwhile, the little jeweler, having been carried through the heavens in the lady's flaming chariot, is said to wear above his heart a photograph bearing a tender inscription, and has become a seven days' wonder to his fellow townsfolk.

"I thought you'd better see it before you go home," Charley said.

"That's right. Much obliged." There was a croak in Mr. Bisbee's throat as he swallowed. "Anyway,"

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he added, with an instinct to snatch at the least straw of comfort, "they don't mention me by name—or the town." He looked up into Charley's face, hoping for encouragement, but received none.

"They mention the town in the next paragraph," he said, gloomily. "It's about this man Thresher. I wouldn't be surprised if she'd break off the engagement and the presents would be dumped back on our hands."

When Mr. Bisbee entered his house that evening, he found Stella waiting for him in the hall, a copy of *Chit-Chat* in her hand.

"I know, I know," he exclaimed, wearily, waving her off and sinking into a chair. "You can go ahead."

She had advanced upon him aggressively, but now she paused, demanding:

"What do you mean—go ahead?"

Leaning over with his elbows on his knees, he gazed at the carpet as he replied:

"Go ahead with anything you like."

"Oh-h-h!" she cried, shrewdly. "So *that's* your game?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes, you do! But you can get it right out of your head! If you think you can get me to divorce you so you can——"

"Oh, rats!" said Mr. Bisbee. Suddenly he sat up and looked at her. "I tell you one thing, though: If there's any such thing as legal justice in this country those *Chit-Chat* people are going to pay! Yes, sir, I'll make 'em pay if it takes my last doggone nickel!"

He heard Pauline come skipping up the steps and the slam of the screen door.

"I guess you've heard the news?" she said, brightly, looking from one parent to the other. "Isn't it great!"

"What you say?" Mr. Bisbee felt as if he were going mad.

"Except the Murchisons," she said, "we're the first people in this town to be mentioned in *Chit-Chat*. Do you realize that? It's not going to be the Murchisons and the Rathbones any more—it's going to be the Murchisons and the Bisbees." She sung a bugle-like "ta-ta!" and, raising her arms, swung grandly around the room, stopping in front of her amazed father.

"Say, Papa, can I borrow the princess' photograph? The girls are dying to see it."

"My gosh!" he cried, "I should say you can't!" And observing his wife's eye fastened upon him he hurriedly added: "Anyhow, I guess I wouldn't hardly know where to look for it."

VII

THE LAST STATEMENT was perhaps excusable as a defensive measure. The photograph, as he well knew, was in the pigskin pocket-book, and the pocket-book was exactly where *Chit-Chat* said it was; and it was in the same place next morning when, after having telephoned Charley Doelger of his purpose, he headed for the law offices of Rathbone, Ewing & Todd. The services of such a lawyer as Mr. Emory Rathbone would be expensive, but what did he care! He was in fighting mood.

Having told his story to Mr. Rathbone he handed him a copy of the society paper. However, the lawyer laid it on his desk, remarking:

"Yes, I've seen it."

"I guess everybody has," said Mr. Bisbee, grimly. "What I want now is to make that editor pay for what he's done to me."

The attorney shook his head.

"You can't get damages," he said, "they didn't mention you by name."

"Everybody knows it means me."

"Yes, but you can't touch them. They libel people right and left but keep within the letter of the law. It is extremely doubtful that you could prove damages. In point of fact, I shouldn't be surprised if this turned out to be rather a good thing for you."

Again Mr. Bisbee felt the proximity of madness. People were continually saying topsy-turvy things to him with an air of talking sense. Last night it was Pauline; now it was Mr. Rathbone.

"Let me illustrate," the lawyer went on. "Though Mrs. Rathbone reads *Chit-Chat*, she is not inclined to wink at lapses from the moral code. This morning at breakfast she read this item to me; then she said: 'That reminds me—I haven't yet bought Alice's wedding present. I must go down to-day and see if I can find something at Bisbee's.'"

"You don't say!" Mr. Bisbee was astounded. "Why, I don't believe Mrs. Rathbone's ever bought as much as a——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the lawyer's secretary.

"Mr. Bisbee's office wants him on the phone," she said, and Mr. Rathbone pushed the desk instrument toward him.

"Hello?"

"You better come right over here, W. P." It was Charley Doelger, speaking in a low, excited voice. "Alice Murchison and her mother are here. They're looking for presents for the bridesmaids."

"Hang on to them, Charley—I'll be right over!"

He rose and shook hands with Mr. Rathbone.

"This talk's done me a world of good," he said, enthusiastically. "I wish I could stay longer, but you know what it is to be a busy man."

He sped to the store and, having entered at the rear, advanced to the counter at which Charley was exhibiting diamond bar pins to the two ladies.

"I'll wait upon Mrs. and Miss Murchison myself, Mr. Doelger." Charley stepped aside. "Have you found what you desire?" As Mr. Bisbee addressed the mother, he was aware of the daughter's keen eyes, taking him in.

Mrs. Murchison with a bar pin in her hand answered him indirectly, saying: "I rather like this one, Alice."

"I don't," said her daughter. "Bar pins are old stuff."

"Mr. Doelger," said Mr. Bisbee, "will you kindly step to the vaults and get our new line of J & G gold mesh bags and vanity-cases? Bring them to the private office, please." And explaining to the ladies, "You can examine them more comfortably there," he led the way to the back of the store.

At the office door he stood aside and bowed them in, and as he followed, began:

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"Unusually fine weather we're——" He stopped abruptly. There on the desk, where he had tossed it when he returned from Mr. Rathbone's office, was the copy of *Chit-Chat*.

"Yes," he exclaimed, waving an arm toward the window, "just look at that sunlight out there!" As he spoke he crossed swiftly to the desk and, sitting on the edge of it, between them and the paper, reached back with one hand and tucked it under the blotting pad. "In fact," he continued, "I don't ever remember to of seen such fine weather at this time of year."

"No cinders," remarked Alice Murchison, and it struck him as curious that she should say such a thing.

Charley came with the trays.

"You might also get those new cigarette-cases, Mr. Doelger," said Mr. Bisbee, as, quickly producing his gold match-case, he gave Alice a light.

To the vanity-cases and mesh bags she paid little attention, but when the cigarette-cases arrived she took one of them up, saying:

"This one's perfect."

"But don't you think," Mrs. Murchison asked him, "that cigarette-cases make a rather strange gift for bridesmaids?"

"In my younger days," returned Mr. Bisbee tactfully, "we might of thought so; but not any longer, madam, not any longer."

"Certainly not," declared Alice. "This'll be just the thing."

"The very one I had in mind," he said. "It happens to be a novelty much in vogue at the present time in the smart resorts of Europe."

"Send me six of them." She rose. "Come along, Mother, I'm late for the hairdresser." But instead of following Mrs. Murchison from the room she crossed, put her cigarette in the ash tray, and leaning on the desk as if in no hurry, asked: "When can you deliver them?"

"Before the end of the week," he assured her. He observed that her hand was resting idly on the edge of the blotting-pad and that her finger-tips were touching the back of the magazine, which protruded slightly.

"That'll do nicely," she said. Now, in an absent-minded manner, she was plucking at the magazine as she gazed thoughtfully out of the window, but even when she turned her eyes again to Mr. Bisbee she did not seem to notice the eager gesture with which he invited her toward the door.

"You'll receive them in good time without fail, Miss Murchison."

She was actually drawing the magazine out now, and he gestured toward the door again.

"You are really satisfied that cigarette-cases aren't in bad taste for a wedding?" she asked. The copy of *Chit-Chat* was now in full view.

"Absolutely." He backed toward the door, hoping she would follow.

"Well," she said, "I'm glad you feel that way. I wouldn't want to make Mother uncomfortable, you know." She stopped pulling at the magazine and began to drum abstractedly upon the cover.

"Naturally not." he said.

"In fact, Mr. Bisbee," she went on, looking at him brightly, "I wouldn't want to make *anybody* uncomfortable—not for the world. It makes one so uncomfortable to be uncomfortable doesn't it?" And with that, never having once glanced at the detested journal, she passed out of the room and walked rapidly to the front of the store where her mother was waiting.

"We must hurry, Mother—I'm late, you know," he heard her say. Now the bewildering young woman was in haste again. She seemed strangely erratic, he thought. Nerves, probably. Lucky she didn't happen to look down when she was fooling with that paper. A narrow squeak, but it had turned out all right. He knew she hadn't seen it, for she was laughing as she drove away.

IT WAS A BUSY DAY at the store of the William P. Bisbee Company; before midday Mrs. Emory Rathbone came in and, under the personal attention of Mr. Bisbee himself, purchased as a wedding gift a handsome set of sterling silver table ornaments; the counters were crowded throughout the afternoon, and before closing time all previous sales-records had been surpassed.

"Gosh, but my feet are tired," Mr. Bisbee said exultantly to Charley as they closed the vault for the night.

"Mine, too," said Charley. "I been looking all day for a breathing-spell to ask you what the lawyers said. Are you going to sue that paper?"

"Well," replied Mr. Bisbee, falling into the drawling mode of old Mr. Ephraim Rathbone, "there's two ways of looking at a proposition like that, Charley." He drew a panetela from his vest pocket and lighted it. "Of course, they'd ought to be punished. A man can face things out, but they dragged the fair name of a perfect lady through the muck and mire, and I'd like to soak them for it. On the other hand, though, a lawsuit takes up lots of time, and I'm a busy man, Charley."

He was in high spirits as he headed for home; even the thought of Stella was not sufficient to depress him; after all, he reflected, she had a grievance, though it wasn't in any way his fault. No wife would want her husband's name bandied about like that. Lately she hadn't been hammering at him quite so much, and she certainly took the *Chit-Chat* story better than he expected. He ought to do something for her, and if business kept on improving, he would. Yes, sir, she had it coming to her. He turned the matter over in his mind as he walked, and before he turned into Fairview Avenue there came to him a happy thought.

He carried his cheerfulness into the house, telling Stella and Pauline the good news from the store, and it was not until they were seated at supper that his wife inquired about his interview with Mr. Rathbone.

"He has the matter under advisement," he replied, evasively, informed by some instinct that it would be best to let her learn gradually that the suit was abandoned. "A lawsuit's an expensive thing. It's not a thing you want to jump into without due consideration. In fact, the great reason why I'd like to sue those lying scoundrels is on your account." He put a

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piece of pie in his mouth and, after a moment of reflective mastication, continued:

"Yes, Stella, I been thinking a lot about the hardship all this gossip's been to you, and I certainly intend to make it up to you."

"It's about time you thought of me," she said.

"Well, that's what I been doing, all right, and I guess you and Pauline'll be suited 'firs'-straight' when you know what I've got in mind. Understand, I don't say positively I'll do it, but the way things are looking at the store I expect I can." He leaned back, beaming at them, and announced: "As a matter of fact, I'm thinking of knocking off work for a while next summer and taking you both to Europe."

"Oh, Papa!" Pauline clapped her hands ecstatically, but from Mrs. Bisbee there came no sign of pleasure.

Bending forward, she fixed him with a shrewd scrutiny, demanding:

"Do I look as if I was born yesterday?"

"Why, what's the matter, Mamma?" Pauline asked, astonished.

Her mother ignored her and, narrowing her lids as she gazed at him, went on:

"Don't imagine you fool me, William Bisbee! I know why you want to go to Europe. It's that woman again!"

VIII

It was not until the following spring that there burst upon the community a piece of news sufficiently sensational to divert from Mr. Bisbee the last remnants of his fame.

Alice Murchison Thresher, who had started with her husband on a leisurely trip around the world, suddenly left him and came home to live, and rumors concerning the reason for the separation ran furiously through the town. According to one report Alice could not endure the thought of returning to a mother-in-law who had chronic hiccoughs, but the prevailing story was that her husband had stolen her pearls and sold them to a Chinaman.

In the succeeding weeks the topic was continually discussed. Would she or would she not divorce him? If she did divorce him would the truth come out? When she had divorced him would she take up again with poor Roger Rathbone who, according to his friends, was not a real drunkard but drank because he loved her so?

Under the torrent of new gossip Mr. Bisbee found himself and his last year's romance submerged and forgotten; people no longer pointed him out or suddenly stopped talking when he approached; Pauline had put away the bracelet, and Stella, if she had not ceased to nag him, had at least ceased to nag on the old theme. Every week he looked through *Chit-Chat* surreptitiously, but he found no further mention of himself or even of the Princess Lescaboura. He wondered how she was, whether she had seen the paragraph linking him with her, whether she sometimes thought of him in far-away America. Probably she had forgotten all about him. Thus, though it was spring, his spirit was autumnal; he was lonely with a sense of something missing out of life.

The saddening consciousness he had of dropping back into dull old ways culminated one evening when he came home and found himself involved in a new argument. Stella and Pauline had decided that the sedan was inadequate to their needs and that, since the new country club would soon be opening, they ought to have a chauffeur and a limousine.

When he mildly protested, Stella became angry.

"It's only that I don't want to throw money around," he said. "I mustn't stop laying it by."

"I should think you'd have enough pride to want your wife and daughter to make a good appearance when they drive up to a fashionable club."

"I've got enough pride," he answered, gently, "to want to leave my wife and daughter well fixed."

"Do you imagine I don't know you?" Stella asked, bitterly. "You've always been the same and you always will be. Here Pauline and I are making a lot of desirable friends, getting away from the rag-tag-and-bobtail crowd we used to go with, and what help do we get from you? None! You're nothing but an old stick-in-the-mud!"

Stick-in-the-mud! She had called him that before—he who at the present rate would soon be the largest retail silverware and jewelry dealer in the entire State! He, of all people, a stick-in-the-mud!

The memory of the outrageous term lingered with him as he made his way down town next morning, giving him a new sense of the complete futility of life.

He entered the store and on his way back to his office took the morning mail from Miss Glick, but instead of opening the letters when he reached his desk he fell into a fit of abstraction and sat staring at the carpet.

What was it all about? What was he struggling for? Why was he always hoping that some day Stella would understand him and treat him decently? Surely by this time he ought to know better than that.

The large clock on the wall, near by, struck nine, reminding him that another business day had begun. He took up his steel letter-opener and ran through the pile of mail, swiftly slitting the successive envelopes until he came to a large oblong one of crisp, light blue paper. Being unlike the envelopes he was accustomed to, it made him mildly curious, and he turned it over. It bore foreign stamps, and the moment he saw the bold, angular handwriting his heart leaped, and he snatched the letter out and, with fingers that trembled, unfolded the single sheet of paper.

At the upper left corner a coronet was stamped in dark blue, and at the right the name of a château.

Rapidly he read:

Dear Mr. Bisbee:

Last year when I was crossing the American continent you were so good as to give me a pair of patent eyeglasses, which have been most useful. Having broken them, and being unable to find any like them over here, I was quite in despair until to-day I found your card.

Will you please send me two pair of the glasses at the above address and let me know the amount due?

Pray accept my best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Gabriella Lescaboura.

P. S.—I do not forget your kindness.

G. L.

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She did not forget! There, in her beautiful brave writing, over the initials that stood for her beautiful name, was the assurance! He laid the letter on the desk before him and without removing his eyes from it, drew out his pocket-book, felt for the postcard photograph, extracted it, and put it down beside the letter. That noble signature! How inexpressible the happiness with which he looked on it again. In his eardrums he could feel the quickened beating of his heart.

"This proves it!" he murmured. "I always said truth is stranger than fiction."

Once more kind Providence vouchsafed a chance to serve her. Ah, could she but know with what tumultuous joy he welcomed the opportunity! So, ever, he would welcome it! She could ask of him nothing that he would not do—nothing! The efficiency, the resourcefulness which had made the William P. Bisbee Company practically the leading firm in the State, would be at her command so long as breath remained in his body. Always he would be ready, waiting, when from across the world should come her call! She alone had never failed to understand him. Without her the world would be empty. A tear trickled down his cheek. Faugh! He brushed it away. Tears were not for men. He must not weaken. He stiffened his spine, sitting erect in his swivel chair, and as he did so his spirit stiffened.

And now, in his imagination, great iron-studded doors swung back against stone walls and brass-throated bugles sang. Snatching the letter-opener he leaped to his feet and raised it with a sweeping gesture.

"Your Highness!"

He was a hussar of the Guards with sword at the salute—a sword which, at need, could flash in her defense. He narrowed his eyes and, with one hand poised behind him, pointed the weapon grimly as if holding off the blade of a determined adversary.

"For a lady's name!"

Let them come! He was more than a match for them all! He would meet steel with cold steel, fighting for her until life itself paid the forfeit.

Second of a Series of Famous Poems of "One-Poem Poets"

There Is No Death

By JOHN LUCKEY McCREERY

THERE IS NO DEATH! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,
Or soul too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there are no dead!

INNUMERABLE *names that have come down as part of our literary tradition have done so only because their possessors wrote one poem. John Luckey McCreery is such a name. McCreery wrote many very poor poems and one—"There Is No Death"—that has found its way into the hearts of thousands of persons, and that each of us has heard a hundred times.*

John Luckey McCreery (1835-1906) fought all his life to establish the authorship of this poem as his. Through a series of confusions, it has been credited to Bulwer Lytton, otherwise Owen Meredith, the overwhelmingly popular author of sophisticated sentiment of a half-century ago. There is no real question however that McCreery wrote the poem sometime between 1859 and 1863 while he was working on the Delaware County Journal, *and that it first appeared in print under his name in* Arthur's Home Magazine *for July, 1863.*

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For the first time—

The Prologue to the

Introducing Mr. Chaucer

By FRANK ERNEST HILL

If I were leaving for that now thickly populated desert island where people go in order to select, in departing, the twelve or fifty books they like best, and if I were permitted to take two English poets only, I would take Shakespeare and Chaucer. If I had but one choice, I might not take Shakespeare.

For if my poets are to be constantly used, I like them to be companionable, and Chaucer is the greatest of all companions. I make no exceptions. Homer, Dante, Milton, Keats—they fly sometimes at a greater height, but Chaucer is the more fully human, the great friend of readers. He has a genial kindliness that is almost as fundamental as earth or air. And though you can find a perfect May morning in his poetry, or a burst of tavern laughter, a clashing combat, a character-drawing full of shrewd satiric thrusts, or the ecstasy of a miracle, you are conscious always of this pervasive friendliness. It is a quality that makes Chaucer, like Homer and Dante and Horace, one of the great world poets.

Chaucer wrote "The Canterbury Tales" five hundred and fifty years ago, and since then few people have been able to read his poetry. Millions have read *at* it, have caught something of its contagious magic. But the poems are in a foreign language, a language called Middle English. For literary purposes it may be said to have come and gone with Chaucer. Many of its words are spelled and a few pronounced like modern English. But as a whole Middle English is almost as difficult to master for modern readers as Swedish or Italian. Consequently only the scholars of successive generations have been able to read Chaucer with full enjoyment: the public has known him by reputation. And though poets like Dryden and Wordsworth, and scholars like Skeat have put some of his poems into more modern English verse, no translation that is really poetry has been made for any great amount of his work, nor for many, many years.

That such a translation is no easy task has been my personal discovery during the last few years. Chaucer is just close enough to us to make a Tantalus of his translator. The lilt and sense of his poetry is just beyond reach—it lures you around numberless corners, tyrannizes you. It insists on getting into a new language and at the same time remaining in the old.

"The Prologue," which, in a shortened form, follows this comment, is a good test specimen. In the original it shows Chaucer in his mood of richest friendliness and deliciously satiric amiability. The famous Canterbury pilgrims are a little world—gentlemen, clerics, doctors, lawyers, craftsmen, servants, housewives. And never was a world painted with greater life, naturalness, and joviality. Other poems show a greater Chaucer; the Prologue shows the Chaucer that readers have loved and enjoyed for five centuries.

Drawings by Hermann Rosse

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Chaucer modernized by an American poet

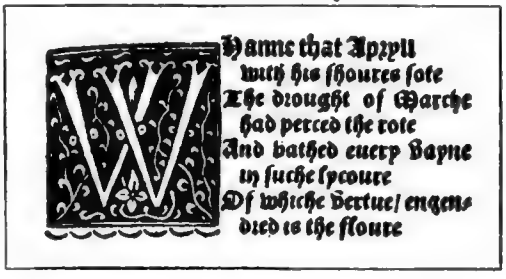
Canterbury Tales

By GEOFFREY CHAUCER

Translated by FRANK ERNEST HILL

¶ Mr. Hill is himself a poet, as well as a scholar, editor of a New York publishing house, and author, with Joseph Auslander, of *The Winged Horse, the Story of the Poets and their Poetry.*

When April with his showers hath pierced the drought
Of March with sweetness to the very root,
And flooded every vein with liquid power
That of its strength engendereth the flower;
When Zephyr also with his fragrant breath
Hath urged to life in every holt and heath
New tender shoots of green, and the young sun
Half of his course within the Ram hath run,
And little birds are making melody
That sleep the whole night through with open eye
(For in their hearts doth Nature stir them so),
Then people long on pilgrimage to go,
And palmers to be seeking foreign strands,
To distant shrines renowned in sundry lands.
And then from every English countryside
Especially to Canterbury they ride,
There to the holy sainted martyr kneeling
That in their sickness sent them help and healing.



Now in that season it befell one day
In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,
Ready upon my pilgrimage to start
Toward Canterbury, reverent of heart,
There came at night into that hostelry
Full nine and twenty in a company,
People of all kinds that had chanced to fall
In fellowship, and they were pilgrims all
Riding to Canterbury. The stables there
Were ample, and the chambers large and fair,
And well was all supplied us of the best,
And by the time the sun had gone to rest
I knew them and had talked with every one,
And so in fellowship had joined them soon,
Agreeing to be up and take our way
Where I have told you, early with the day.
But none the less, while I have space and time,
Before I venture farther with my rime,
It seems to me no more than reasonable
That I should speak of each of them and tell
Their characters, as these appeared to me,
And who they were, and what was their degree,
And something likewise of their costumes write;
And I will start by telling of a knight.

The Knight

A Knight there was, and that a noble man,
Who from the earliest time when he began
To ride forth, loved the way of chivalry,
Honor and faith and generosity.
Nobly he bare himself in his lord's war,
And he had ridden abroad (no man so far),
In many a Christian and heathen land,
Well honored for his worth on every hand.
He was at Alexandria when that town
Was won, and many times had sat him down
Foremost among the knights at feast in Prussia.
In Lithuania had he fought, and Russia,
No Christian more. Well was his worth attested
In Spain when Algeciras was invested,
And at the winning of Lyeys was he, [marie;
And Sataly, and rode in Bel-
And in the Great See he had been at hand
When many a noble host had come to land.
Of mortal battles he had known fifteen,
And jousted for our faith at Tramessene
Thrice in the lists, and always slain his foe.
And this good knight had gone, some time ago,
To lend the prince of Palaty his sword
In Turkey 'gainst another heathen lord;
And everywhere he went his fame was high.
And though renowned, he bore him prudently;
Meek was he in his manner as a maid.
In all his life to no man had he said
A word but what was courteous and right:
He was a perfect, true and noble knight.

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But now to tell you what array he had—
His steeds were good, but he himself was clad
Plainly; in fustian doublet he was dressed,
Discolored where his coat of mail had pressed,
For he was lately come from his voyage,
And went at once to do his pilgrimage.

The Squire

With him there went a Squire, that was his son—
A lover and soldier, full of life and fun,
With hair tight-curled, as if just out of press;
His age in years was twenty, I should guess.
In stature he appeared of middle height,
And great of strength, and wondrous quick and light.
And he had gone campaigning recently
In Flanders, in Artois, and Picardy,
And in this short space bore a gallant part,
Hoping for favor in his lady's heart.
His raiment shone as if he were a mead
Broidered with flowers fresh and white and red.
Singing or fluting was he all the day;
He was as lusty as the month of May.
Short was his gown, with sleeves both long and wide,
Well could he sit a horse and fairly ride;
He could make songs, and prettily indite,
And joust and dance as well, and draw and write.
So fierce by night did love his heart assail
He slept no more than doth a nightingale.
Courteous he was, humble, willing and able,
And carved before his father at the table.

The Yeoman

He had a Yeoman there, and none beside
In service, for it pleased him so to ride;
And he was clad in coat and hood of green.
He bore a sheaf of arrows, bright and keen,
And wings of peacock feathers edged the wood.
He kept his gear the way a yeoman should—
No shafts of his with feathers dragging low!—
And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.
Close-cropped his head was, and his face was brown,
He knew well all the woodcraft that was known.
Gay on his arm an archer's guard he wore;
A buckler at one side and sword he bore;
Upon the other side a dagger swung,
Sharp as a spear's point, richly wrought and hung.
Saint Christopher on his breast made silver sheen.
He bore a horn; his baldric was of green;
In truth, he was a forester, I should guess.

The Prioress

Also there was a nun, a Prioress,
And she went smiling, innocent and coy;
The greatest oath she swore was by Saint Loy;
And she was known as Madame Eglentine.
Full well she sang the services divine,
Intoning through her nose right prettily,
And fair she spoke her French and fluently
After the school of Stratford-on-the-Bow;
(The French that Paris spoke she didn't know).
Well-taught she was at table; she would let
No food fall from her lips; she never wet
Her fingers deeply in the sauce; with care
She raised each morsel; well would she beware
Lest any drop upon her breast should fall;
In manners she delighted above all.
Always she wiped her upper lip so clean
That never a fleck of grease was to be seen
Within her cup when she had drunk. When she
Reached for her food, she did it daintily.
Pleasant she was, and loved a jest as well,
And in demeanor she was amiable.
Ever to use the ways of court she tried,
And sought to keep her manner dignified,
That folk should still be reverent of her,
But, speaking of her heart and character,
Such pity had she, and such charity
That if she saw a trapp'd mouse she would cry—
If it had died, or even if it bled;
And she had little dogs to which she fed
Fine roasted meat, or milk, or dainty bread;
How would she weep if one of them were dead,
Or anyone should strike it viciously:
She was all heart and sensibility!
Her face was fair in pleated wimple draped,
Her eyes were gray as glass, her nose well-shaped,
Her mouth full small and thereto soft and red,
But of a truth she had a fair forehead,
A span in height or I should be surprised,
For certainly she was not undersized.
Handsome her cloak, as I was well aware;
And wrought of coral round her arm she bare
A bracelet strung of beads and gauds of green,
To which there hung a brooch, of golden sheen,
And on this brooch was written a crown'd *A*
Followed by *Amor Vincit Omnia*. . . .

The Monk

A Monk was there, of much authority;
A hunter and a rider-out was he,
A manly man, to be an abbot able.
Full many a dainty horse he had in stable,
And when he rode, ye might his bridle hear
Jingle upon the whistling wind as clear,
And all as loud as sounds the chapel bell
Where this same lord was keeper of the cell.
The rules of Maurice and of Benedict,
These being ancient now, and rather strict,
This monk ignored, and let them go their ways,
And laid a course by rules of newer days.
He held that text worth less than a plucked hen
Which said that hunters were not holy men,
Or that a monk who follows not the rule
Is like a fish when it is out of pool—
That is to say, a monk out of his cloister.
Indeed, he held that text not worth an oyster;
And his opinion here was good, I say.
For why go mad with studying all day,
Poring over a book in some dark cell,
And with one's hands go laboring as well,
As Austin bids? How shall the world be served?
Let Austin's work for Austin be reserved!
Therefore he hunted hard and with delight;

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Greyhounds he had as swift as birds in flight;
To gallop with the hounds and hunt the hare
He made his joy, and no expense would spare.
I saw his sleeves trimmed just above the hand
With soft gray fur, the finest in the land;
And fastening his hood beneath his chin,
Wrought out of gold, he wore a curious pin—
A love-knot at the larger end there was!
His head was wholly bald and shone like glass,
As did his face, as if it were anointed;
He was a lord full fat and well appointed.
His fierce bright eyes that in his head were turning
Like flames beneath a copper cauldron burning,
His supple boots, the trappings of his steed,
Showed him a prelate fine and fair indeed!
He was not pale like some tormented ghost.
He loved a fat swan best of any roast.
His palfrey was as brown as is a berry.

The Friar

THERE WAS A FRIAR, a wanton and a merry,
Licensed to beg—a gay, important fellow.
In all four orders no man was so mellow
With talk and dalliance. He had brought to pass
The marrying of many a buxom lass,
Paying himself the priest and the recorder:
He was a noble pillar to his order!
He was familiar too and well-beloved
By all the franklins everywhere he moved
And by good women of the town withal,
For he had special powers confessional
As he himself would let folk understand:
He had been licensed by the Pope's own hand!
Full sweetly would he listen to confession,
And very pleasantly absolved transgression;
He could give easy penance if he knew
There would be recompense in revenue;
For he that to some humble order hath given—
Is he not by that token all but shriven?
For if he gave, then of a certain, said he,
He knew the man was penitent already!
For many a man may be so hard of heart
He may not weep; though sore may be his smart,
Therefore his case no tears and prayers requires:
Let him give silver to the needy friars!
Always he kept his tippet stuffed with knives
And pins, that he could give to comely wives.
And of a truth he had a merry note,
For he could sing and play upon the rote—
There he would take the prize for certainty.
His neck was white as is the *fleur-de-lys*.
He was as strong as any champion.
As for the inns, he knew them every one,
Their hosts and barmaids too—much better than
He'd know a leper or a beggar-man;
For it was not for such a one as he
To seek acquaintance in the company
Of loathsome lepers—no, not for a minute!
There was no decency or profit in it.
One should avoid such trash and cultivate
Vendors of food and folk of rich estate.
And if a profit was to be expected,
No courtesy or service he neglected.
There was no man so able anywhere—
As beggar he was quite beyond compare.
He paid a fee, to get his hunting ground;
None of his brethren dared to come around;
For though a widow might not own a shoe,
So pleasant was his *In principio*,
That he would have a farthing ere he went;
His profits more than paid him back his rent!
And like a puppy could he romp; yet he
Could work on love days with authority,
For he was not a monk threadbare of collar,
Out of some cloister, like a half-starved scholar,
But rather like a master or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semi-cope,
That rounded upwards like a moulded bell.
He lisped a little, wantonly and well,
To make his words the sweeter on his tongue.
And in his harping, after he had sung,
Deep in his head his eyes would twinkle bright,
As do the stars upon a frosty night.
Hubert this begging friar was called by name.

The Merchant

NEXT, ALL IN motley garbed, a MERCHANT came,
With a forked beard. High on his horse he sat,
Upon his head a Flanders beaver hat;
His boots were buckled fair and modishly.
He spoke his words with great solemnity,
Having in mind his gain in pounds and pence.
He wished the sea, regardless of expense,
Kept safe from Middleburg to Orëwell.
Cunningly could he buy French crowns, or sell,
And great sagacity in all ways showed;
No man could tell of any debt he owed,
So circumspect he was in everything,
His loans, his bargains, and his trafficking.
In truth, a worthy man withal was he,
And yet I know not what his name might be.

The Student

THERE WAS A STUDENT out of Oxford town,
Indentured long to logic and the gown.
Lean as a rake the horse on which he sat,
And he himself was anything but fat,
But rather wore a hollow look and sad.
Threadbare the little outer-coat he had,
For he was still to get a benefice
And thoughts of worldly office were not his.
For he would rather have beside his bed
Twenty books arrayed in black or red
Of Aristotle and his philosophy
Than robes or fiddle or jocund psaltery.
Yet though he was philosopher, his coffer
Indeed but scanty store of gold could offer,
And any he could borrow from a friend
On books and learning straightway would he spend,
And make with prayer a constant offering
For those that helped him with his studying.

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He gave to study all his care and heed,
Nor ever spoke a word beyond his need,
And that was said in form, respectfully,
And brief and quick and charged with meaning high.
Harmonious with virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.

The Wife of Bath

A good wife was there from beside the city
Of Bath—a little deaf, and that was pity.
Such a great skill on making cloth she spent
That she surpassed the folk of Ypres and Ghent.
No parish wife would dream of such a thing
As going before her with an offering,
And if one did, so angry would she be
It put her wholly out of charity.
Her coverchiefs were woven close of ground,
And weighed, I lay an oath, at least ten pound
When of a Sunday they were on her head.
Her stockings were a splendid scarlet red
And tightly laced, with shoes supple and new.
Bold was her face, and fair and red of hue.
She was a worthy woman all her life;
Five times at church door had she been a wife,
Not counting other company in youth—
But this we need not mention here, in truth.
Thrice at Jerusalem this dame had been,
And many a foreign river she had seen,
And she had gone to Rome and to Boulogne,
To Saint James' in Galicia, and Cologne.
Much lore she had from wandering by the way;
Still, she was gap-toothed, I regret to say.
Upon a gentle, ambling nag she sat,
Well-wimpled, and upon her head a hat
As broad as is a buckler or a targe.
A mantle hung about her buttocks large
And on her feet a pair of pointed spurs.
No tongue was readier with a jest than hers.
Perhaps she knew love remedies, for she
Had danced the old game long and cunningly.

The Franklin

A Franklin in the company appeared;
As white as any daisy shown his beard;
Sanguine was his complexion; he loved dearly
To have his sop in wine each morning early.
Always to pleasure would his custom run,
For he was Epicurus's own son,
Who held opinion that in pleasure solely
Can man find perfect bliss and have it wholly.

The Lawyer

A Sergeant of the Law, wise and discreet,
There was as well, who often held his seat
In the church porch; an excellent man was he,
Prudent indeed, and great of dignity—
Or so he seemed, his speeches were so wise,
Ofttimes he had been justice at assize
By patent and by full commission too.
For his renown and for the law he knew
He won good fees, and fine robes many a one.
Conveyancer to match him was there none:
All turned fee simple underneath his hand;
No work of his but what was made to stand.
No busier person could ye find than he,
Yet busier than he was he seemed to be;
He knew the judgments and the cases down
From the first day King William wore his crown;
And he could write, and pen a deed in law
So in his writing none could pick a flaw,
And every statute could he say by rote.
He wore a simple, vari-colored coat,
Girt with a fine-striped sash of silken stuff:
This, as to his array, will be enough.

The Summoner

There was a Summoner with us in that place,
That had a fiery red cherubic face,
With pimples, and his eyes were small and narrow;
As hot he was and lecherous as a sparrow;
Black, scabby brows he had, and scraggly beard,
And of his face the children were a-feared.
No brimstone, borax, mercury, ceruse,
White lead, or cream of tartar was of use,
Or any ointment that would cleanse or bite,
To rid him of his little pimples white,
Or of the knobs that sat upon his cheeks.
Garlic he loved, and onions, too, and leeks,
And wine as red as blood and wondrous strong.
Then like a madman would he shout ere long,
And when the wine within him held its sway,
Then not a word but Latin would he say.
He had some phrases, only two or three,
Such things as he had learned from some decree—
No wonder, for he heard it all the day;
Besides, ye know full well how any jay
Can cry his "Wat!" as well as the pope can.
But in some other matter probe the man,
Then he had spent all his philosophy:
"Questio quid juris" was his constant cry!
He was a decent rascal and a kind;
A better fellow nowhere could ye find.
Let any man give him a quart of wine,
He might a twelve month have his concubine,
And be excused therewith entirely;
And he could pluck a greenhorn on the sly.
And if he made a comrade anywhere,
Then would he teach him not to have a care
In such a case for the archdeacon's curse—
Unless, indeed, his soul were in his purse,
For in his purse his punishment should be.
"Your purse—that's the archdeacon's hell!" said he.
But here I hold it was a lie he said;
Let guilty men of curses be afraid—
They slay the soul as absolutions save it;
Also he should beware a *significavit*.
All the young girls within the diocese
The man could frighten or could leave at peace,
Their secrets knew, and was their counsellor.
A monstrous garland on his head he wore,
That might have hung upon an alehouse stake.
He had made himself a buckler of a cake.

* * *

Now in few words I have rehearsed for you
Number, array, and rank, and told you too
Wherefore they came to make a company
In Southwark, at this noble hostelry,
The Tabard, standing close beside the Bell.

The foregoing translation will appear shortly in a volume, The Canterbury Tales *© 1930, to be published by Longmans, Green & Co.*

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Because Abel wants a party—a woman faces one of the greatest problems of her life in a lonely new suburb

Drawings by
August Henkel

The Need

By ZONA GALE

"NOW LET'S US INVITE in somebody," said Abel, glowing.

He looked about on the new furniture, the new piano, the two shelves of bright books.

Emily Louise clapped her hands.

"Oh," she said, "yes. Let's!"

On the face of Victoria, the mother, the pleased pride gave place to a look of trouble.

"We don't know so very many," she said.

"We!" Abel repeated. "I don't know nobody. How should I? I work all day like a dog since I came to this place. I've no time to know nobody. But you—you stay about here. Have you not made friends?"

"Not well enough to invite them in," she said. "Why, you know yourself, Abel, nobody has invited us yet."

"What difference does that make?" he wanted to know irritably. "Prob'ly they can't afford it. Prob'ly they ain't got nice enough things. Neither did we have. But now, we got them. I get them for you. Now you must invite in different ones. Let us see—we have Tuesday. Saturday is a good day. I am early home Saturday. Have it then."

"Goody, goody," said Emily Louise. "A party, won't it be?"

Her eyes met her mother's serenely, and she went away to school. Abel ran for his train. The new things had come late in the evening, and he had risen early to unpack them before he went to work. Left alone, Victoria faced the new responsibility.

They had lived for six months in the suburb. She rehearsed those to whom in that time she had spoken. There was the woman in the yellow house on the corner to whom Victoria had once bowed, though she could not be sure that her greeting had been returned; in the brick house across the street, Mrs. Stern, who had called upon her; the next-door neighbor, who had not called, but with whom she had sometimes talked across the fence; and Emily Louise's school-teacher, Miss Moody, who had come to see her about the child's throat. With the exception of the tradespeople, these were all. How, then, was it possible that she should give a party?

But how was it that she knew no one, she wondered. It was true, they went to no church; but then, there are people who go to no churches and who still have friends. It could not be Abel's fault—he looked just like any other man; and Emily Louise, she was a neat and pretty child. It must be she, herself, Victoria thought.

She looked in the mirror of the new sideboard. She was worn and untidy. She went to her closet and examined her stock of clothes. Her black, best dress, she decided, would pass very well, but she never wore it; and even her gray second-best she had seldom troubled to put on in the afternoons. It was hard to dress for nobody.

Still, that afternoon she put on the gray dress and sat rocking on the front porch for a long time. The suburb lay naked to the August sun. New sidewalks

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cut treeless stretches of brown grass where insects shrilled. There were few houses, and these, at ragged intervals, exposed narrow, staring fronts or backs which looked taken unaware. To and fro on the highway before her door continually rolled touring cars, filled with people who hardly saw the little town and never knew its name. From the yellow house on the corner the woman—a Mrs. Merriman—came out and crossed the street. For a moment Victoria thought that she was coming to see her, but she went to the next-door neighbor's.

"Well," said Abel that night, "I do everything I can to help you. When I got off the train, I spoke to that fine bakery place there on the corner. I told him he should make us ice-cream and make us cakes for Saturday. He says, 'Sure,' and he wants I should tell him how many."

"Abel," Victoria said, "I don't know what to do about this party. I ain't acquainted with enough folks to make a party—honest."

"You're too particular, maybe," he told her. "Well, that is right," he added complacently, "that is how you should be, particular. But not *too*."

"But, Abel," she persisted, "I tell you that I don't know——"

He turned to her indignantly.

"When I married you," he said, "you knew half the village. In Eland's you know the ladies yet. Here we have been six months already, and you say you cannot give a party. I tell you, you should ask what few you know and make a start. If you don't, how will you get started? Ain't it you don't appreciate what I get for you? Ain't it a party should make you some hard work a'ready? Or *what?*"

She was silent. That night she tried to think it out. In the morning she went to the next-door neighbor.

"My husband and I want your husband and you should come over to our house and spend the evening next Saturday. Could you?" she recited formally.

The woman's vast face, with its unnecessary chins, was genuinely regretful. She was going that day to her mother, who was sick in the city, and her husband was to stay nights at his mother's.

Victoria went resolutely to Mrs. Stern's door, at the brick house. And there the heavens opened. Mrs. Stern would come.

"O, thank you!" Victoria breathed, and hesitated—deploring Mrs. Stern's widowhood. "Would—would you like to bring somebody with you?" she asked.

"I'm going to have things as nice as I can."

Mrs. Stern, a sad little woman with an unexpectant droop, contrived to make her answer all kindness.

"How many can come to the party?" Abel inquired that evening.

"Mrs. Stern can come," Victoria replied.

"Well?" said Abel expectantly.

"I haven't—there isn't anyone else. Abel, I don't think I can do it, truly," she said.

The man's face tightened.

"So," he said, "you cannot do like other men's wives when they get a neat up-to-date little home furnished like this. Is that it?"

"I haven't had time yet, either, Abel," she pleaded weakly. "It takes longer. I—I haven't heard."

She remembered how hard he worked and how few were his pleasures. She thought of his pride in their new furniture. And in her flesh was the sting of his words about other men's wives. Surely he was right—since they had the furniture and the means, there must be people who would come. In the morning, when she told him good-by in the confidence of the sun, "Abel," she said with determination, "the party will be Saturday! But I can't tell yet how many—that is the only thing."

"So," he said, his satisfaction returning. "Of course, when a person wants to give parties, people hang around 'em! You should manage, Victoria."

There was, Victoria knew, a little club of women which met in the parlor of a near-by public hall on Thursdays. She had seen the members pass her house on the way to the meetings. On Thursday she presented herself at the door of the little room and asked for the president. It had come to Victoria that if she could join, she would invite that whole club and their husbands to her house on Saturday evening. She waited in the ante-room through which went women talking as if they had known each other for a long time. At last the president appeared. This woman held her head back, either to focus her glasses or to keep them on, and her hands were filled with loose papers.

"What was it?" she asked.

She was in haste, and it was hard for Victoria to begin.

"Could other folks join your club?" Victoria finally inquired.

"If you get two members of the club to propose the name," the president answered kindly. "Then it is

How I came to write this story:

THE WRITING *of* The Need *was suggested only, I think, by seeing the stretching meadows and hopeful sidewalks of a new sub-division outside Chicago. I remember the scattered houses, the furniture disembarking from a van in the midst of that recent pasture land; I recall the figures seated on doorsteps, the expanse of the sky, the faintly-penciled, striving, little trees, the drone of crickets. . . .*

Do I recall these? Or do I know how these would be, know what it would feel like to be spending first days in such a place, remote from the familiar, and facing days to come to be spent among those who already know one another. I never knew of a like specific experience. Yet one has only to remember such a raw suburban sight, and then one flavors and shares in all that those women must undergo.

There may come a time when too many voices—but that is another story!

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voted on two weeks after it is proposed. Was that all?"

That night Abel came home with a large box. He was gay with mystery. The box was not to be opened until after dinner. Emily Louise was warned away. To please him, Victoria guessed: a rug, a picture, new curtains, a bedspread.

"Yet more magnificent!" cried Abel, and cut the string.

It was a suit of evening clothes. Abel had never worn evening clothes. These had been made for another man and had not been received on delivery.

"Now you should not be ashamed when I am welcoming our company," he said. "Can you tell yet how many are coming?" he demanded.

"Not yet," Victoria said.

"I should let that baker know tomorrow without fail," he declared.

On Friday Victoria took the step over which she had hesitated. She wrote a note and sent it by Emily Louise to Mrs. Merriman in the yellow house on the corner. The note said:

> MRS. MERRIMAN
> MY DEAR NEIGHBOR:
> We are going to have a party Saturday night. Will you and your husband come, and your little girl, if you think she would enjoy it. I would like to have my neighbors come.
> Yours sincerely,
> MRS. ABEL HOPE.

"Then," Victoria thought, "if she hasn't called just because she's been busy, she'll come."

When she was preparing lunch for herself and Emily Louise, the reply was delivered by a maid.

> Mr. and Mrs. William Merriman regret that they are unable to accept the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Hope for Saturday evening.

Victoria dropped these regrets on the coals of the cooking stove. Her heart was heavy in her, and she felt a kind of physical nausea. Abel had bought this fine suit. He would look like any other man giving a party and having a wife who made friends. What should she do now?

While Emily Louise ate her lunch, Victoria ate nothing. She tried to think it out, and she sat staring at the automobiles rolling to and fro on the highway. She was hardly conscious of the child's chatter until at last one sentence leaped from the rest and held her.

"Miss Moody says she's coming to see you again about my throat," said Emily Louise.

Miss Moody! Why had she not invited her?

"I like Miss Moody, but I like Mr. Allen better," Emily Louise continued candidly. "He's——"

Victoria bent toward the child.

"Emily Louise," she said breathlessly, "how many teachers is they in your school-house?"

At once the child became important. She named them all, proud of her knowledge, and Victoria and she counted them. There were seven.

Seven! That number in itself would make a party. People were always doing nice things for teachers. She would have them all. She said nothing to the child, but when Emily Louise returned to school, she took to Miss Moody a note asking her to invite all the other teachers to Emily Louise's house for Saturday evening.

That night the child waited, as she sometimes did, for her father's train, and she came home with him. Victoria took Miss Moody's note secretly and laid it on a shelf in the pantry. She was in the midst of getting dinner, but this was not the real reason for the delay. She dreaded to open the note.

"How," Abel inquired, "is our party *now?* By now you got to know how many come. Not?"

"Ten," said Victoria faintly. "Counting us, ten."

Oh, yes, she said to herself, the teachers would come. They must come. Surely they would be glad to come.

Abel pursed his lips. "You should have got more," he rebuked her. "We could afford more, w'ile we're doing it."

She said nothing. After dinner, while he was on the sofa playing with Emily Louise, she went to the pantry and opened the note. Miss Moody was genuinely sorry and they all were, appreciating as they did this attention from the parents of a pupil, but on Saturday night they must all be at a teachers' conference in town.

Victoria washed the dinner dishes and laid the table for breakfast. When she could make no further excuse for delay, she went in the other room to tell Abel. She was pale and faint, and when she closed the kitchen door she stood leaning against it, trembling.

Only Emily Louise was in the room.

"Daddy's gone to the bakery to tell him how many," she announced. "Just think, mother! Tomorrow night the party'll be being! Ain't it *grand!*"

Victoria took her in her arms and sat waiting for Abel's return. She dared not think what he would do. He had a temper of unreason and of violence, and he would see only what he already saw. Yet when he came back, filled with innocent pride in the brick ice-cream and the little fancy cakes which he had selected, it was not so much her fear that held her silent as her sick unwillingness to quench that almost child-like planning.

"We should change the book-case and the piano," he declared. "It will make the room stand to look wider across."

She even helped him to fold back the rug and to move the furniture.

"We should shake hands here," said he. "Where do they put their coats? Why don't you talk some planning?"

Somehow she evaded everything save assent, and Abel was not one to wonder at any monologue of his own. Quite blithely he arranged it all. He talked of it incessantly.

At last Victoria crept to bed and faced what on the morrow she must do. From the sleep which came to her toward dawn, she was early awakened by Emily Louise jumping in her bare feet at the bedside and calling:

"The party's tonight! The party's tonight!"

The phrase beat at Victoria's ears through the morning. She saw Abel set off for his work, and she said

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to herself that she would never see him just like this again—perhaps she would never see him again at all. He would work all day thinking of the evening. They had never given a party. Then he would come home and find the truth. She confronted the chief misery of every unhappiness: the tracing of avoidable events by which the thing has so incredibly come about.

She made ready and cooked a fowl and a roast and other food, enough to last Abel for several days. She set her house in order and packed her own belongings. She put on the gray dress, and dressed Emily Louise—perhaps, she thought, Abel would follow her for the child, and then she might make him understand. After their lunch she sat down to write two notes. The one to Mrs. Stern was brief and explained that she had been obliged unexpectedly to leave home. The note to Abel was harder to write.

DEAR ABEL: I am so sorry it will hurt you that I couldn't invite a party like the other women. I tried to. I asked the ones I know any, but only Mrs. Stern could, and anyway there wasn't enough. . . .

She was still writing at this when she heard a sharp noise and voices. In the road was standing a large touring car. She watched the men descend and examine the machine, and then one of them came to her door. Victoria had never spoken with a man like him, or heard speech so perfect. When she had told him that she had no telephone and had directed him to Mrs. Stern's house, she could not forbear a sympathetic question.

She stood leaning in the outside kitchen doorway. He came and stood beside her.

"Thank you, yes," he said. "A rear axle. If it had been a front one——"

He smiled, and Victoria smiled too, although to her his words meant nothing.

"We'll be tied up for some time, I'm afraid," he added.

There were in the car three women and three men. Presently Victoria saw them all go into Mrs. Stern's garden. One of the women had to be helped a little. She went into the house, but the others sat under the trees. The men went away and the women laid aside their wraps. Mrs. Stern came running across the street.

"Oh, Mrs. Hope," she said, her dull face quickened, "have you got any lemons in the house? Those folks have got to sit here till they can send out from the city to mend their car—one of the ladies is lame. I thought I'd give 'em something cool to drink."

Victoria was looking at her breathlessly.

"Do you think," she said, "that they'd come over here with you for dinner? I could have it real prompt."

To the Audreys and their friends, sitting somewhat disconsolately in Mrs. Stern's little garden, Victoria appeared in a confusion which unmasked her eagerness. They protested: it was too much; their own dinner hour was late—there was no need. . . .

"I want you should come," Victoria said earnestly, as if there were a need. "I never have any company come out here. I want you to come."

They followed her involuntary glance to the treeless stretches and the sidewalks that led nowhere and that betrayed to how few footsteps they ever echoed. Some hint of Victoria's tragedy was in the bleak open of the blocks.

"Why, thank you," Mrs. Audrey said gently. "Then if you will really let us, we will come."

Victoria could hardly believe. She sped across the street, the past days fallen from her. She made ready the roast and the fowl that she had meant to leave for Abel, the vegetables and salad fresh from the garden. Emily Louise was sent to hurry the baker, and later to strip the vines of their sweet peas. Many tasks were to be done, but Victoria made of them nothing. When Abel came home the savor of the preparation filled the little house.

"It's a dinner!" she triumphantly told him.

"A dinner! So that was what was up your sleeve!" cried Abel, and ran to look over the table. "That is right—that is fine," he approved; "only we should had more here. It was no more trouble—to have more."

At six o'clock all was ready: Victoria in her black best gown, Abel in the new suit of which the sleeves were a bit too long, so that he constantly pushed them up at the armholes. When he saw their guests at the gate, he drew Victoria to the place he had appointed. Emily Louise opened the door.

"Most pleased to welcome you hospitable under my little roof," Abel said, as he had planned to say.

He mastered the names by careful attention and repetition. Victoria slipped away to serve the dinner. When she called them with, "You can come now," from the doorway, Abel genially led the way.

"Take your seats where you like!" he cried.

The six guests were from another world. Of everything that they did they made graces. At Abel's table they were instantly at home, and they were found putting Victoria at her ease.

"You in business around here or in the city?" Abel inquired of Audrey.

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Audrey, a man of fine distinction and a genuine love of men, replied that his work was in town.

"What company you with?" Abel wished to know. "The Badington Electric!" he repeated with a shout. "Why, that's my firm! Sure—I'm for ten years a builder. What's your job with 'em, may I ask? Travel for 'em, maybe?"

"Something of that sort," said Audrey, to whom a majority of the Badington stock belonged. "All three of us here are slaves for that company," he added.

"Well, then," cried Abel, "we are already acquainted, ain't it? We understand each other like a family. We got a kind of a common feeling. Not?"

After that the talk made itself. Abel talked, and to his eyes came the passions of the men with whom he worked, their needs, their bonds, their confusions. The three men listened and said what they could, wondering at this unfamiliar agglomeration which to Abel meant the firm; and then they sought to show him vistas of which he had taken no account. The guests praised the little house, and Victoria told them how, though she herself had lived in a village and had had more experience, Abel had until now always lived in a flat—"Abel's never lived before, what you might say, private," she said.

When the brick ice-cream and the baker's little cakes were set before them, Abel almost kept silence while he ate, as one giving meet observance; and he sent glances of pleased pride to Victoria.

Finally, Abel proposed to the men that they go out to the porch "where they could smoke," and the women who had fallen in talk about Emily Louise, were left lingering at the table. Mrs. Audrey had a little girl at home, the others had children grown. The three women told anecdotes of childish doing.

"Your little girl must be a great deal of company for you," the lame lady said quaintly.

"She has to be," Victoria said—and in the warmth of their presence, she told them the history of her party and of how it had almost failed. The furniture, the club, her other invitations—she told it all, except that Abel's new suit she did not mention. "You see what you done for me," she ended. When Audrey came to tell them that the car was ready, the eyes of the women were filled with tears.

"Well, now," said Abel, when they went with their guests to their car, "you must all drop in on us some evening. We'd like it, wouldn't we, Victoria?"

"We mean to come," the women told Victoria.

"And I'll look you up at the works some time, if you don't mind," Audrey heard himself saying to Abel.

"Sure," said Abel, "we stand to know each other better from now on—not? That is what a man needs. Sure!"

"Come soon again—come soon again!" Emily Louise called after the car.

Mrs. Stern was speaking softly to Victoria.

"That club you told us about," she said, "I belong to that. I'll get your name put up, if you want."

Abel, having carefully changed the new suit, went into the kitchen to help his wife with the dishes and to talk it over. To his surprise, she had done nothing; she stood leaning in the outside kitchen doorway. In the late light the open land had almost the face of the country; and to that which had seemed to be defined, color of twilight was now giving new depths and delicacies. He came and stood beside her.

"Victoria," he said admiringly, "where'd you meet 'em? They're the right kind of friends for anybody!"

Then she told him, melting suddenly to tears in her happiness and her contrition. And she showed him the note that she had meant to leave. For an instant something of her tragedy was clear to Abel. He put out his hand.

"I don't care how you done it," he said loyally, "you done it magnificent."

◆ ◆

David's Library

By CHARLES DICKENS

My father had left a small collection of books in a little room upstairs, to which I had access (for it adjoined my own) and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room, Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, the Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe, came out, a glorious host, to keep me company. . . . It is astonishing to me now, how I found time, in the midst of my porings and blunderings over heavier themes, to read those books as I did. It is curious to me how I could ever have consoled myself under my small troubles (which were great troubles to me), by impersonating my favorite characters in them—as I did—and by putting Mr. and Mrs. Murdstone into all the bad ones—which I did too. I have been Tom Jones (a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature) for a week together. I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe. I had a greedy relish for a few volumes of Voyages and Travels—I forget what, now—that were on those shelves; and for days and days I can remember to have gone about my region of our house, armed with the center-piece out of an old set of boot-trees—the perfect realization of Captain Somebody, of the Royal British Navy, in danger of being beset by savages, and resolved to sell his life at a great price. The Captain never lost dignity, from having his ears boxed with the Latin Grammar. I did; but the Captain was a Captain and a hero, in despite of all the grammars of all the languages in the world, dead or alive.

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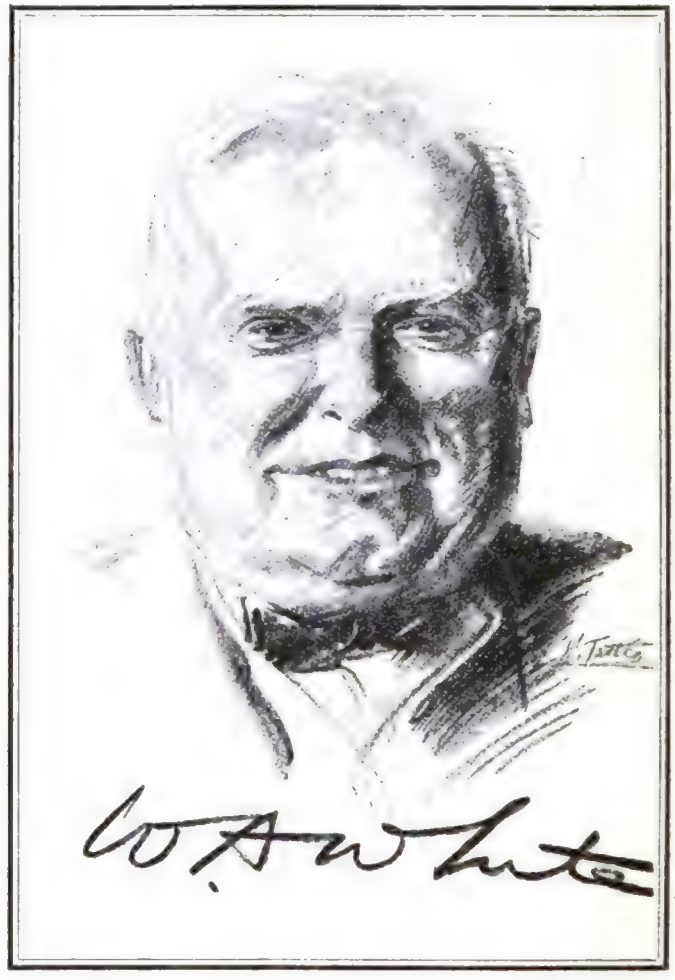
William Allen White

Introduction *by* ALBERT SHAW



Walter Tittle

FOR VERY SMALL PEOPLE, and also for very large people, the natural place to live and work is just where one happens to belong. William Allen White was born in Emporia, Kansas, February 10, 1868, and he is still living in Emporia, Kansas. But, as Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant once said, "He caught a national audience as soon as he began to write." He had a career waiting for him anywhere from New York to San Francisco, or for that matter any other part of the habitable globe. He was bound to know the world, and the world was bound to know him. But he chose to stay in Emporia, to identify himself with his state, and to speak for and to his neighbors. To be free; to be courageous; to be independent; to come and to go as he liked; to say what he pleased—himself no anarchist, but a member of a progressive and orderly society; to fear God in a wholesome, upstanding sense of the word fear; to love children; and to live reverently, with a hopeful outlook for Kansas and the world—all this was comprised in the program that William Allen White laid down for himself in his youth. Like Ben Franklin or Abraham Lincoln, he began early; and he has found his youthful program sufficient for a lifework that has brought him fame, and that has made his name a household word thousands of miles away from Emporia.

Some one in the editorial offices of the Kansas City *Times* is working back in the old files of that paper and gleaning material each day for a column entitled "Forty Years Ago." In that column there appeared, several weeks ago, the following item: "Bill White, a Kansas university grad, poet, paragrapher and hustler, is the new associate editor of the El Dorado *Republican*." Although it was in the little village of El Dorado that William Allen White grew up, he was born and went to college at Emporia.

He worked his way through college, having made the happy choice of a job that was offered by a local newspaper and printing office. With printing ink on his fingers, he knew what to do when college days were over; and he has stuck to his choice of a calling. After some experience in Kansas City and elsewhere—having been married in Kansas City in 1893 to Miss Sally Lindsay—he became the proprietor and editor of the Emporia *Daily and Weekly Gazette*, just thirty-five years ago. He has since that time written a number of successful books, including novels, essays, biography and expository politics.

He is more at home in Washington than the average Congressman; he belongs to leading clubs in New York, where he is decidedly more versed in metropolitan ways than those of us who grub in that city at our daily pursuits; while in London and Paris, and even in Russia, he belongs to the type of cosmopolitan American publicist like Dwight Morrow, or Tom Lamont, or the Herbert Hoover of fifteen years ago. During and after the Great War he was clothed in a Red Cross uniform, and Emporia had to lend him to France and the world. When he first went abroad on a Red Cross mission, he was accompanied by his friend and journalistic contemporary, Henry Allen of Wichita, now a United States Senator.

Journalism is a living force in Kansas, and the Emporia *Gazette* is more respected than many far larger and richer newspapers because of its editor's pertinent way of commenting upon all things for his local readers. But in these paragraphs we are dealing with William Allen White himself. Let him now speak for himself:

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Talks to His Neighbors

¶ FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS *William Allen White has edited the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette. While speaking simply to his neighbors, he has been interpreting changing America to every man and woman in the country.*

¶ HERE ARE *a few of his genial, pertinent comments, full of vigor and sense, on a dozen subjects close to our everyday life.*

THE little item printed forty years ago in the Kansas City Times *provoked some comment on Mr. White's part. This is what he tells his neighbors of his early days on the El Dorado* Republican:

And how proud he was of his job!

He hired and fired the force, wrote the local items and most of the editorials. He had charge of the bank account, bought print paper and job stock—looked after the county printing—worked with the local statesmen—sat in the county conventions—wrote poetry and short stories on dark nights and rowed the girls down the Walnut on moonlight nights—hired a horse and buggy every Sunday afternoon from a livery stable—saved his money for a month—bought him a Prince Albert coat and gray pants, patent leather shoes, white spats and a broad black stetson hat—swanked around Topeka more or less—and was a sort of political editorial understudy for State Senator Bent Murdock, who was the glass of fashion, the mold of form and the clarion voice of the Murdock rebellion in 1890.

At times, being only 22, the youngster twittered a collegiate mandolin or twanged a guitar, sang tenor in a serenading club, took Charlie Curtis over Butler county fighting the Populists, fell desperately in love every six months and added the interest to his note every 90 days.

So, by day he followed "the soul's invincible surmize" and at night listened to his head swell and swell and swell—after the fashion of youth.

DAY by day Mr. White confides in the neighbors. He tells them all his dreams and his visions. He marvels at the process by which the radio makes mankind democratic:

The other day when the Naval Conference opened in London the King of England spoke, and the whole world, through the radio, gathered around his throne. The meanest soap box orator on a street corner is hedged about with as much dignity as encircled the King of England and the Emperor of all the Indies, when he spoke his piece. Hundreds in Emporia heard his voice in their homes. Men and women whose ancestors a hundred years ago could not have come within a mile of any speaking king, sat familiarly in their pajamas in the early morning and listened to George V. babble of Utopia. . . .

Not the ballot box, nor parliaments, nor congresses, nor constitutions have done so much to batter down the barriers of royalty as these modern, mysterious electrical machines. This generation is the first generation of the world to stand hatted and unabashed and listen to the voice of kings.

MR. WHITE does not hesitate to tell his neighbors when to go to the movies and when to stay at home:

No better picture will come to Emporia this year than the talking picture, "Disraeli," in which George Arliss assumes the title rôle, and which will be shown Wednesday and Thursday at the Granada theater. The first Jewish Premier of England, who was Queen Victoria's adoring servant, walks through the talking films, a real figure. George Arliss is a great artist on the stage. His voice is particularly adapted to the talking pictures, and his acting in the movies is superb. "Disraeli" is no picture for the low-brows. But if one would have a glimpse of England in the early Victorian period, of the great days and great times of the British Empire in its prime, and at the same time if one would see good acting and a splendid play, "Disraeli" is the entertainment one is looking for.

IN POLITICAL discussions Mr. White never minces matters. He is always for honesty and always for liberalism:

If the majority is either dumb or greedy, dumb and greedy men will represent the state just as they have always represented constituencies of their kind since the first ballot was cast three thousand years ago. No law will make men moral who need a law. No law will prevent corruption unless the people are vigilant. He that is filthy will be filthy still!

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He tells of the third decade of the present century:

In this third decade, in America, at least, we have found man in two moods, each marked by half decades. Until 1925, man was disillusioned, cynical, hard-boiled, money-greedy—a materialist who organized life largely for egoistic reasons. The forces of life were centripetal—idealism was taboo. With the turn of the half decade in 1925 time began to soften man's memory of the war; hates crumpled—war-time greeds began to be a bit disreputable. Where there had been talk of narrow nationalism, men found themselves taking international views. Where men had been prepared for war, they began to prepare for peace and in the last five years the preparations for peace have been the chief objective of all statesmen in Christendom. In the first decade of the century and also in the second, profits were made largely by low wages and by a wide margin between costs and sale prices. In the third decade profits are made by high wages, increased production and by small profits in mass production, which means more money is made, but made more justly than it ever was made in the world before. This is the soul of the economic revolution in industry based upon the fact that high wages multiply the number of consumers, and widen the manufacturers' profit.

He believes also that literature and art are becoming more idealistic:

We are not returning to the sentimental, optimistic goo of the last century, but to a rather tough fibered phase—a new phase. We are out of the dirt and disillusion that degraded all art in the few years immediately following the war, and are now coming into new vistas—better understanding of life and truth.

Kansas, in Mr. White's view, is still strongly for prohibition:

It has not been an issue in any Kansas election for nearly a quarter of a century, and in fifteen years more it will fade as a national issue. . . . Kansas, of course, was a pioneer in the prohibition movement. Here prohibition has succeeded in doing what men hoped it would do. It has not changed human nature, but it has changed human environment. It is a settled policy in Kansas, no matter what happens to the Volstead Act or the Eighteenth Amendment.

Mr. White tells us that a certain profane broadcast announcer has been accused of "making the air unsafe for innocent young girls."

Our general feeling is that the amount of innocence destroyed by Henderson's danging and gosh-durning is unimportant and probably is better off destroyed. More important still, the fact that Henderson is allowed to broadcast his nonsense is standing proof that the radio is safe for free speech. No one is compelled to listen to Henderson. A twist of the wrist on the dial will make your loud-speaker safe for purity.

Probably the majority of William Allen White's daily readers are farmers. There are three thousand families in Lyon County, of which Emporia is the metropolis. A typical editorial of recent date is one on "Farmers and Blizzards." A paragraph or two will suffice to show how Mr. White interprets the life of his farm readers to the dwellers on the pleasant streets of the county-seat:

City dwellers, who crowd the drug stores these snowy mornings telling tales of heroism about the depth of the big snowdrift in front of the garage door when they started down to work, should pause in the midst of these epic tales of hardship to consider what a big storm means to the farmers of Lyon county.

The farmer rolls out at the unearthly hour of five, sticks his toes into frozen boots, and lumbers down stairs to fire up the kitchen stove. Then he gets on his sheepskin coat and cap with the fur-lined earflaps and starts to work. The cold barn latch grabs for his glove as he enters the barn, and the next hour or so he spends in rolling hay down into mangers, filling feed boxes with corn, cleaning out the stalls with a pitchfork. Then, milking, as the cows crunch the yellow grains off the cobs and stamp their feet to keep warm, while the frost nips his bare hands as the yellow stream sputters into the steaming foam of the pails.

Breakfast over, he dons sheepskin jacket again and goes out to the feedlot with the axe, to break the ice on the watering trough, while a couple of pails of hot water from the wash boiler are probably enough to get the pump started.

By this time it is 10 or 11 o'clock, and there is nothing to do until dinner, except to saw and split a few light logs for the woodbox, chop kindling, and gather up from the feed boxes enough cobs to start the fire next morning.

When the city man crabs about farm relief and maintains that the farmer has nothing to do in winter, let him remember these things. Congress can't warm the barn latch or thaw out the pump, but it can insure the farmer a fair monetary return.

Mr. White believes that in religion and education also, the times have changed:

Religion is becoming less and less a way to get into heaven and more and more a way to get hell out of the earth. In education we are striving not to teach youth to make a living, but to teach youth to make a life, in the sense that a life is useful happiness, and well-spent leisure.

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Woodcuts by
Lucina Smith Wakefield

A Letter *and a* Paragraph

By H. C. BUNNER

The Letter

NEW YORK, *Nov. 16, 1883.*

MY DEAR WILL:

You cannot be expected to remember it, but this is the fifth anniversary of my wedding-day, and tomorrow—it will be tomorrow before this letter is closed—is my birthday—my fortieth. My head is full of those thoughts which the habit of my life moves me to put on paper, where I can best express them; and yet which must be written for only the friendliest of eyes. It is not the least of my happiness in this life that I have one friend to whom I can unlock my heart as I can to you.

The wife has just been putting your namesake to sleep. Don't infer that, even on the occasion of this family feast, he has been allowed to sit up until half-past eleven. He went to bed properly enough, with a tear or two, at eight; but when his mother stole into his room just now, after her custom, I heard his small voice raised in drowsy inquiry; and I followed her, and slipped the curtain of the doorway aside, and looked. But I did not go into the room.

The shaded lamp was making a yellow glory in one spot—the head of the little brass crib where my wife knelt by my boy. I saw the little face, so like hers, turned up to her. There was a smile on it that I knew was a reflection of hers. He was winking in a merry half-attempt to keep awake; but wakefulness was slipping away from him under the charm of that smile I could not see. His brown eyes closed and opened for an instant and closed again as the tender, happy hush of a child's sleep settled down upon him, and he was gone where we in our heavier slumbers shall hardly follow him. Then, before I could see my wife's face as she bent and kissed him, I let the curtain fall and crept back here, to sit by the last of the fire, and see that sacred sight again with the spiritual eyes, and to dream wonderingly over the unspeakable happiness that has in some mysterious way come to me, undeserving.

I tell you, Will, that moment was to me like one of those moments of waking that we know in childhood, when we catch the going of a dream too subtly sweet to belong to this earth—a glad vision, gone before our eyes can open wide; not to be figured into any earthly idea, leaving in its passage a joy so high and fine that the poets tell us it is a memory of some heaven from which our young souls are yet fresh.

You can understand how it is that I find it hard to realize that there can be such things in my life; for you know what that life was up to a few years ago. I am like a man who has spent his first thirty years in a cave. It takes more than a decade above ground to make him quite believe in the sun and the blue of the sky.

I was sitting just now before the hearth, with my feet in the bearskin rug you sent us two Christmases ago. The light of the low wood fire was chasing the shadows around the room, over my books and my pictures and all the fine and gracious luxuries with which I may now make my eyes and my heart glad and pamper the tastes that grow with feeding. I was taking count, so to speak, of my prosperity—the material treasures, the better treasure that I find in such portion of fame as the world has allotted me, and the treasure of treasures across the threshold of the next room—in the next room? No—there, here, in every room, in every corner of the house, filling it with peace, is the gentle and holy spirit of love.

As I sat and thought, my mind went back to the day that you and I first met, twenty-two years ago—twenty-two in February next. In twenty-two years more I could not forget that hideous first day in the city room of the *Morning Record*. I can see the great, gloomy room, with its meager gas-jets lighting up, here and there, a pale face at a desk, and bringing out in ghastly spots the ugliness of the ink-smeared walls. A winter rain was pouring down outside. I could feel its chill and damp in the room, though little of it was to be seen through the grimy window-panes. The composing-room in the rear sent a smell of ink and benzine to permeate the moist atmosphere. The rumble and shiver of the great presses printing the weekly came up from below. I sat there in my wet clothes and waited for my first assignment. I was eighteen, poor as a church mouse, green, desperately hopeful after a boy's

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fashion, and with nothing in my head but the Latin and Greek of my one single year at college. My spirit had sunk down far out of sight. My heart beat nervously at every sound of that awful city editor's voice as he called up his soldiers one by one and assigned them to duty. I could only silently pray that he would "give me an easy one," and that I should not disgrace myself in the doing of it. By Jove, Will, what an old martinet Baldwin was, for all his good heart! Do you remember that sharp, crackling voice of his and the awful "Be brief! be brief!" that always drove all capacity for condensation out of a man's head and set him to stammering out his story with wordy incoherence? Baldwin is on the *Record* still. I wonder what poor devil is trembling at this hour under that disconcerting adjuration.

A wretched day that was! The hours went slow as grief. Smeary little bare-armed fiends trotted in from the composing-room and out again, bearing fluttering galley-proofs. Bedraggled, hollow-eyed men came in from the streets and set their soaked umbrellas to steam against the heater and passed into the lion's den to feed him with news, and were sent out again to take up their half-cooked umbrellas and go forth to forage for more. Everyone, I thought, gave me one brief glance of contempt and curiosity and put me out of his thoughts. Everyone had some business—everyone but me. The men who had been waiting with me were called up one by one and detailed to work. I was left alone.

Then a new horror came to torture my nervously active imagination. Had my superior officer forgotten his new recruit? Or could he find no task mean enough for my powers? This filled me at first with a sinking shame and then with a hot rage and sense of wrong. Why should he thus slight me? Had I not a right to be tried, at least? Was there any duty he could find that I would not perform or die? I would go to him and tell him that I had come there to work; and would make him give me the work. No, I should simply be snubbed and sent to my seat like a schoolboy or perhaps discharged on the spot. I must bear my humiliation in silence.

I looked up and saw you entering, with your bright, ruddy boy's face shining with wet, beaming a greeting to all the room. In my soul I cursed you, at a venture, for your light-heartedness and your look of cheery self-confidence. What a vast stretch of struggle and success set you above me—you, the reporter, above me, the novice! And just then came the awful summons—"Barclay! Barclay!"—I shall hear that strident note at the judgment day. I went in and got my orders and came out with them, all in a sort of daze that must have made Baldwin think me an idiot. And then you came up to me and scraped acquaintance in a desultory way, to hide your kind intent; and gave me a hint or two as to how to obtain a full account of the biennial meeting of the Post-Pliocene Mineralogical Society, or whatever it was, without diving too deeply into the Post-Pliocene period. I would have fought for you to the death at that moment.

'Twas a small matter, but the friendship begun in manly and helpful kindness has gone on for twenty-two years in mutual faith and loyalty; and the growth dignifies the seed.

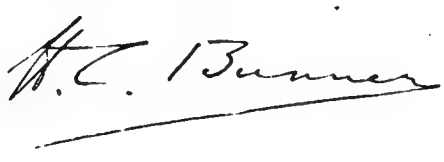
A sturdy growth it was in its sapling days. It was in the late spring that we decided to take the room together in St. Mark's Place. A big room and a poor room, indeed, on the third story of that "battered caravanserai," and for twelve long years it held us and our hopes and our despairs and our troubles and our joys.

I don't think I have forgotten one detail of that room. There is the generous old fireplace, insultingly bricked up by modern poverty, all save the meager niche that holds our fire—when we can have a fire. There is the great second-hand table—our first purchase—where we sit and work for immortality in the scant intervals of working for life. Your drawer, with the manuscript of your *Concordance of Political Economy* is to the right. Mine is to the left; it holds the unfinished play and the poems that might better have been unfinished. There are the two narrow cots—yours to the left of the door as you enter, mine to the right.

How strange that I can see it all so clearly, now that all is different!

Yet I can remember myself coming home at one o'clock at night, dragging my tired feet up those dark, still, tortuous stairs, gripping the shaky baluster for aid. I open the door—I can feel the little old-fashioned brass knob in my palm even now—and I look to the left. Ah, you are already at home and in bed. I need not look toward the table. There is money—a little—in the common treasury; and, in accordance with our regular compact, I know there stand on that table twin bottles of beer, half a loaf of rye bread, and a double palm's-breadth of Swiss cheese. You are staying your hunger in sleep; for one may not eat until the other comes. I will wake you up, and we shall feast together and talk over the day that is dead and the day that is begun.

Strange, is it not, that I should have some trouble to realize that this is only a memory—I, with my feet in the bearskin rug that it would have beggared the two of us, or a dozen like us, to purchase in those days.



H. C. BUNNER *was one of the great editors of the nineties. His humorous weekly,* PUCK, *wielded tremendous influence in politics and literature with its good-natured satire.*

"Sympathy was the key-note of Bunner's character," according to his life-long friend Brander Matthews.

Maupassant, whom Bunner translated into English, became his pattern for short stories, and there is a distinct Maupassant twist to the ending of this tender, moving sketch.

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Strange that my mind should be wandering on the crude work of my boyhood and my early manhood. I who have won name and fame, as the world would say. I, to whom young men come for advice and encouragement as to a tried veteran! Strange that I should be thinking of a time when even your true and tireless friendship could not quench a subtle hunger at my heart, a hunger for a more dear and intimate comradeship. I, with the tenderest of wives scarce out of my sight; even in her sleep she is no farther from me than my own soul.

Strangest of all this, that the mad agony of grief, the passion of desolation that came upon me when our long partnership was dissolved forever, should now be nothing but a memory, like other memories, to be summoned up out of the resting-places of the mind, toyed with, idly questioned and dismissed with a sigh and a smile! What a real thing it was just ten years ago; what a very present pain! Believe me, Will—yes, I want you to believe this—that in those first hours of loneliness I could have welcomed death; death would have fallen upon me as calmly as sleep has fallen upon my boy in the room beyond there.

You knew nothing of this then; I suppose you but half believe it now; for our parting was manly enough. I kept as stiff an upper lip as you did, for all there was less hair on it. Perhaps it seems extravagant to you. But there was a deal of difference between our cases. You had turned your pen to money-making, at the call of love; you were going to Stillwater to marry the judge's daughter and to become a great landowner and mayor of Stillwater and millionaire—or what is it now? And much of this you foresaw or hoped for, at least. Hope is something. But for me? I was left in the third story of a poor lodging-house in St. Mark's Place, my best friend gone from me; with neither remembrance nor hope of Love to live on, and with my last story back from *all* the magazines.

We will not talk about it. Let me get back to my pleasant library with the books and the pictures and the glancing fire-light, and me with my feet in your bearskin rug, listening to my wife's step in the next room.

To your ear—for our communion has been so long and so close that to either one of us the faintest inflection of the other's voice speaks clearer than formulated words; to your ear there must be something akin to a tone of regret—regret for the old days—in what I have just said. And would it be strange if there were? A poor soldier of fortune who had been set to a man's work before he had done with his meager boyhood, who had passed from recruit to a place of a young veteran in that great, hard-fighting, unresting pioneer army of journalism; was he the man, all of a sudden, to stretch his toughened sinews out and let them relax in the glow of the home hearth? Would not his legs begin to twitch for the road; would he not be wild to feel again the rain in his weather-beaten face? Would you think it strange if at night he should toss in his white, soft bed, longing to change it for a blanket on the turf, with the broad procession of sunlit worlds sweeping over his head, beyond the blue spaces of the night? And even if the dear face on the pillow next him were to wake and look at him with reproachful surprise; and even if warm arms drew him back to his new allegiance; would not his heart in dreams go throbbing to the rhythm of the drum or the music of song sung by the camp-fire?

It was so at the beginning, in the incredible happiness of the first year, and even after the boy's birth. Do you know, it was months before I could accept that boy as a *fact?* If, at any moment, he had vanished from my sight, crib and all, I should not have been surprised. I was not sure of him until he began to show his mother's eyes.

Yes, even in those days some of the old leaven worked in me. I had moments of that old barbaric freedom which we used to rejoice in—that feeling of being answerable to nothing in the world save my own will—the sense of untrammeled, careless power.

Do you remember the night that we walked till sunrise? You remember how hot it was at midnight, when we left the office, and how the moonlight on the statue above the City Hall seemed to invite us fieldward, where no gaslight glared, no torches flickered. So we walked idly northward, through the black, silence-stricken downtown streets; through that feverish, unresting central region that lies between the vileness of Houston Street and the calm and spacious dignity of the brownstone ways, where the closed and darkened dwellings looked like huge tombs in the pallid light of the moon. We passed the suburban belt of shanties; we passed the garden-girt villas beyond them, and it was from the hill above Spuyten Duyvil that we saw the first color of the morning upon the face of the Palisades.

It would have taken very little in that moment to set us off to tramping the broad earth, for the pure joy of free wayfaring. What was there to hold us back? No tie of home or kin. All we had in the world to leave behind us was some futile scribbling on various sheets of paper. And of that sort of thing both our heads were full enough. I think it was but the veriest chance that, having begun that walk, we did not go on and get our fill of wandering and ruin our lives.

Well, that same wild, adventurous spirit came upon me now and then. There were times when, for the moment, I forgot that I had a wife and a child. There were times when I remembered them as a burden.

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Why should I not say this? It is the history of every married man—at least of every manly man—though he be married to the best woman in the world. It means no lack of love. It is as unavoidable as the leap of the blood in you that answers a trumpet-call.

At first I was frightened and fought against it as against something that might grow upon me. I reproached myself for disloyalty in thought. Ah! what need had *I* to fight? What need had I to choke down rebellious fancies, while my wife's love was working that miracle that makes two spirits one?

What is it, this union that comes to us as a surprise and remains for all outside an incommunicable mystery? What is this that makes our unmarried love seem so slight and childish a thing? You and I, who know it, know that it is no mere fruit of intimacy and usage, although in its growth it keeps pace with these. We know that in some subtle way it has been given to a man to see a woman's soul as he sees his own, and to a woman to look into a man's heart as if it were, indeed, hers. But the friend who sits at my table, seeing that my wife and I understand each other at a simple meeting of the eyes, makes no more of it than he does of the glance of intelligence which, with close friends, often takes the place of speech. He never dreams of the sweet delight with which we commune together in a language that he cannot understand—that he cannot hear—a language that has no formulated words, feeling answering feeling.

It is not wonderful that I should wish to give expression to the gratitude with which I have seen my life made to blossom thus; my thankfulness for the love which has made me not only a happier, but, I humbly believe, a wiser and a better-minded man. But I know too well the hopelessness of trying to find words to describe what, were I a poet, my best song might but faintly, faintly echo.

I thought I heard a rustle behind me just now. In a little while my wife will come softly into the room and softly up to where I am sitting, stepping silently across your bearskin rug, and will lay one hand softly on my left shoulder, while the other slips down this arm with which I write, until it falls and closes tightly, yet with loving firmness, on my hand that holds the pen. And I shall say, "Only the last words to Will and his wife, dear." And she will release my hand and will lift her own, I think, to caress the patch of gray hair on my temple; it is a way she has, as though it were some pitiful scar, and she will say, "Give them my love, and tell them they must not fail us this Christmas. I want them to see how our Willy has grown." And when she says "Our Willy," the hand on my shoulder will instinctively close a little, clingingly; and she will bend her head and put her face close to mine, and I shall turn to look into her eyes.

* * *

Bear with me, my dear Will, until I have told you why I have written this letter and what it means. I have concealed one thing from you for the last six months. I have disease of the heart, and the doctor has told me that I may die at any moment. Somehow, I think—I know the moment is close at hand; I shall soon go to that narrow cot on the right of the door, and I do not believe I shall wake up in the morning with the sun in my eyes, to look across the room and see that its companion is gone.

For I am in the old room, Will, as you know, and it is not ten years since you went away, but two days. The picture that has seemed real to me as I wrote these pages is fading, and the thin gas-jet flickers and sinks as it always did in these first morning hours. I can hear the roar of the last Harlem train swell and sink, and the sharp clink of car-bells break the silence that follows. The wind is gasping and struggling in the chimney and blowing a white powdery ash down on the hearth. I have just burned my poems and the play. Both the table drawers are empty now; and soon enough the two empty chairs will stare at each other across the bare table. What a wild dream have I dreamt in all this emptiness! Just now I thought indeed that it was true. I thought I heard a woman's step behind me and I turned—

Peace be with you, Will, in the fulness of your love. I am going to sleep. Perhaps I shall dream it all again, and shall hear that soft footfall when the turn of the night comes, and the pale light through the ragged blind, and the end of a long loneliness.

After I am dead, I wish you to think of me not as I was, but as I wanted to be. I have tried to show you that I have led by your side a happier and dearer life of hope and aspiration than the one you saw. I have tried to leave your memory a picture of me that you will not shrink from calling up when you have a quiet hour and time for thought of the friend whom you knew well; but whom you may, perhaps, know better now that he is dead.

Reginald Barclay.

The Paragraph

(From the New York *Herald* of Nov. 18, 1883.)

Reginald Barclay, a journalist, was found dead in his bed at 15 St. Mark's Place, yesterday morning. No inquest was held, as Mr. Barclay had been known to be suffering from disease of the heart, and his death was not unexpected. The deceased came originally from Oneida County, and was regarded as a young journalist of considerable promise. He had been for some years on the city staff of the *Record*, and was the correspondent of several out-of-town papers. He had also contributed to the monthly magazines occasional poems and short stories which showed the possession, in some measure, of the imaginative faculty. Mr. Barclay was about thirty years of age and unmarried.

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The most talked about book of the moment

Thornton Wilder's New Novel

Thornton Wilder From *The Bookman*

¶ Thornton Wilder's spectacular leap to literary fame with his *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* made both public and critics eager for his next book. They were ready with the question: "Has he done it again?"

¶ After two years, an unusually long time for a successful novelist to keep his public waiting, Wilder's third book, *The Woman of Andros* appears. We have asked Harry Hansen, brilliant and scholarly critic of the New York *World*, to weigh Thornton Wilder in the evidence of this new book.

By HARRY HANSEN

INTO THE NARRATIVE of his new book, *The Woman of Andros,* Thornton Wilder has dropped an episode which, in its delicately wrought simplicity, helps explain the theme. It is the story that Chrysis, the wise courtesan of Brynos, tells the youths at her table to impress on them that life is often unheroic and yet precious to those who endure both its golden moments and somber hours. She relates that a hero, wandering in the gray marshes of hell, asked to return to earth for one day, so that he might relive what seemed, in retrospect, a glorious event. When Zeus granted the desired permission, it was with the condition that the hero return both as participant and onlooker, and as such he experienced once again a day in his fifteenth year. But when he met again the parents, long since dust, his mother greeted him and then went on with her work at the loom, and his father passed through the courtyard unseeing. "Suddenly the hero saw that the living, too, are dead, and that we can be said only to be alive in those moments when our hearts are conscious of our treasure; for our hearts are not strong enough for every moment." And recognizing this, the hero called on Zeus to release him from so terrible a dream—"but before he left he fell upon the ground and kissed the soil of the world that is too dear to be realized."

When Thornton Wilder and Hugh Walpole met in debate in a New York theater early in February, I heard Mr. Wilder tell this story to bring home a similar point in the debate. In his book he has elaborated more fully the blight that routine life places upon our spirit, and pointed out that the way of life lies in drawing sustenance from those golden moments when love is communicated and the truths of life are

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realized, so that this may sustain human beings in days of darkness and suffering. Chrysis, the courtesan, who has come from Andros, sees with wisdom gained from her strange experience; Pamphilus, the youth, is clay in her hands. But her own philosophy of resignation meets its test when she learns that Pamphilus has fallen in love with her sister Glycerium. Pamphilus, who has found love, also finds suffering. He must live on; despite his desolate heart, he must affirm, as did the hero in the fable, that life can be endured in the light of glorious memories. "I praise all living, the light and the dark," is his philosophy.

Mr. Wilder has told this story with that eloquent use of language which distinguishes his writing. His third novel, *The Woman of Andros,* bears only superficial resemblance to the two preceding books, *The Cabala,* and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey.* It has a philosophical theme—and it is short. But *The Cabala* dealt with a group of twentieth century men and women. These characters seemed to have carried their attitudes toward life over from an age already dead. Their problem was one of adjustment to change, an adjustment that they could not make, that tore their emotions. Mr. Wilder has said of it: "*The Cabala* was about three extremities, three nervous breakdowns." *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* demonstrated the resources of the new author. It dealt much more concretely with love; its communicability; its need so that one might go on living in the face of a difficult situation. Here Mr. Wilder drew upon his knowledge of French literature of the eighteenth century, notably the letters of Madame de Sévigné, to which those who enjoy the play of a brilliant mind over the surface of events may turn with the elation of a discoverer (the two-volume edition by Richard Aldington, published by Brentano's, is especially recommended). The immense popularity of *The Bridge* caused some readers to declare that it bore only slight resemblance to its locale in Peru—which, after all, might have been expected from a nation influenced by a decade of realistic photography in novels.

What made America take *The Bridge* to its heart no one knows—certainly not its author, the modest schoolmaster who penned most of it while a member of the MacDowell colony at Peterborough, N. H. My belief is that it answered the call of the heart for something more than the iconoclastic and naturalistic writing of our age. The novel was philosophical, but the philosophy was given a coating that made it seem a romantic tale. No doubt the critics welcomed its easy familiarity with scholarship, the colorful play of incident and character, and Brother Juniper's naïve attempt to interpret the works of Providence. The latter episode proved confusing to many (I recall letters from my readers asking for the "hidden plot" and the "secret key" to the novel). Moreover exacting critics who had welcomed *The Cabala* found *The Bridge* of a lower order of workmanship, the idea less clearly sustained. Again we wait two years—a most unusual proceeding, for American authors are expected by publisher and public alike to take advantage of their popularity and grind out duplicates of their most widely read books. We cannot include Mr. Wilder's play experimenting, *The Angel That Troubled the Waters.* His third novel is *The Woman of Andros.*

Its quality lies in the writing; the theme is not new, even the plot is derivative; but for English prose of today it stands apart from other books. We have had so much experiment, so much sloppy writing; emphasis has been placed on impression, recording, observation of minute detail, attempts to transfer the incoherence of life to the printed page. We also have had a distrust of fine writing, because in the past it has said so little. Mr. Wilder's choice of words betrays his respect for the tools he uses. His sentences are newly molded, as witness this comment on the friendship between Glycerium and Simo, the father of Pamphilus: "This flowering of goodness, however, was not to be put to the trial of routine perseverance, nor to know the alterations of self-reproach and renewed courage."

Intensely interested in what life means to us, what we bring to it, how we are to live it, how men have lived it in other ages, Mr. Wilder continues the tradition of the ancients, who made such questions the subjects of their plays. In *The Woman of Andros* he has even improved upon the past; the story comes from Terence, who took it from two plays by Menander. But Terence was content to tell the story of a youth who loves a girl against the wishes of his parents, and who wins her when it is discovered that she is really the daughter of a neighbor—the happy ending in ancient Greece. Upon this framework Mr. Wilder has constructed his philosophical questioning. I doubt very much that it will have the wide appeal, as we say, of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey.* It is more subdued, less colorful, there is less of the suggestion that we are probing the depths of a *cause scandaleuse.* It seems to place Mr. Wilder as an author of delicate cameos that will be loved by a loyal following, but viewed only through the shopwindows by the mob. It also suggests that he is an author who may be looked to for continued writing of a high order; that he will not burn out. His reticence, his calm, and his fine use of words are qualities much needed in American writing of today. At a time when case histories are flung at us recklessly in the guise of novels, a philosophical novelist should be a welcome intruder.

It was Chrysis' reiterated theory of life that all human beings—save a few mysterious exceptions who seemed to be in possession of some secret from the gods—merely endured the slow misery of existence, hiding as best they could their consternation that life had no wonderful surprises after all and that its most difficult burden was the incommunicability of love. . . . He (Pamphilus) would soon be old. Time would have flowed by him like a sigh, with no plan made, no rules set, no strategy devised that would have taught him how to save these others and himself from the creeping gray, from the too-easily accepted frustration.

The Woman of Andros. THORNTON WILDER.

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France's great 17th Century dramatist pokes excellent fun at over-elegant females

The Romantic Ladies

By J. B. POQUELIN MOLIÈRE

J.B.P Moliere

CHARACTERS

LA GRANGE.
DU CROISY.
GORGIBUS, *a good citizen.*
MAGDALEN, *daughter of Gorgibus.*
CATHOS, *niece of Gorgibus.*
} *The Romantic Ladies.*
MAROT, *maid to The Romantic Ladies.*
ALMANZOR, *footman to The Romantic Ladies.*
MARQUIS DE MASCARILLE, *La Grange's valet.*
VISCOUNT JODELET, *Du Croisy's valet.*
LUCILIA,
CELIMENA,
} *Neighbors to Gorgibus.*
TWO CHAIRMEN.
FIDDLERS.

SCENE: *Paris, in Gorgibus' house.*

SCENE I: La Grange, Du Croisy.

DU CROISY—Mr. La Grange.

LA GRANGE—What?

DU CROISY—Look at me a little without laughing.

LA GRANGE—Well.

DU CROISY—What say you of our visit? Are you highly pleased with it?

LA GRANGE—Have we both reason to be so, in your opinion?

DU CROISY—Not at all, to say the truth.

LA GRANGE—For my part, I assure you that I am quite shocked at it. Pray now, did ever anybody behold a couple of foolish country wenches give themselves such airs as these, or two men treated with more contempt than we? They could hardly bring themselves to order chairs for us. I never saw such whispering as there was between them; such yawning, such rubbing of the eyes, and asking so often what o'clock it was. Did they answer anything more than "yes" or "no" to all that we could say to them? And don't you, in short, agree with me, that if we had been the greatest scoundrels in the world, they could not use us worse than they have done?

DU CROISY—Methinks you take the matter much to heart.

LA GRANGE—I do take it so, undoubtedly, and in such a manner, that I'll revenge myself for this impertinence. I know well enough the reason of their slighting us. The conceited air has not infected Paris only, but is likewise spread into the countries, and our ridiculous nymphs have sucked in their share of it. In a word, they're a strange medley of coquetry and affectation. I see what a man must be, to be well received by 'em, and if you'll trust to me, we'll play them a trick shall make them see their folly, and teach them to distinguish people a little better.

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Du Croisy—How can this be done?

La Grange—I have a certain valet named Mascarille, who passes for a sort of a wit, in the opinion of many people; for nothing nowadays is cheaper than wit. He's an unaccountable fellow, that takes it in his head to appear as a man of quality. He usually values himself for intrigues and poetry, and despises other valets so far as to call them brutes.

Du Croisy—Well, what mean you to do with him?

La Grange—What mean I to do with him!—he must—but, let's be gone from hence, before——

Scene II: Gorgibus, Du Croisy, La Grange.

Gorgibus—Well, gentlemen, you have seen my niece and my daughter; do matters go well? What is the result of this visit?

La Grange—That's a thing you may better learn from them than us. All we can say to you is that we return you thanks for the favor you have done us, and remain your most humble servants.

Du Croisy—Your most humble servants.

Gorgibus (*alone*)—Hoity-toity! Methinks they go away dissatisfied. What could occasion their discontent? I must learn a little how it is. Soho there.

Scene III: Gorgibus, Marot.

Marot—What would you please to have, sir?

Gorgibus—Where are your mistresses?

Marot—In their closet.

Gorgibus—What are they doing?

Marot—Making pomatum for their lips.

Gorgibus—They make too much pomatum. Bid 'em come down. (*Alone.*) These hussies, with their pomatum, have, I think, a mind to ruin me. I see nothing all about but whites of eggs, nun's cream, and a thousand other fooleries. They have used, since we came hither, the lard of a dozen hogs at least; and four servants, might, every day, be maintained with the sheep's trotters that they employ.

Scene IV: Magdalen, Cathos, Gorgibus.

Gorgibus—Truly, there's great occasion to be at such an expense to grease your faces. Inform me, pray, a little, what you have done to these gentlemen, that I saw them go away with so much coldness. Did not I charge you to receive them as persons that I intended for your husbands?

Magdalen—Dear father, what regard would you have us pay to the irregular proceedings of these people?

Cathos—What way, uncle, can a woman that has ever so little understanding be able to reconcile herself to their persons?

Gorgibus—What see you in them to find fault with?

Magdalen—Fine gallantry of theirs, indeed!—What! to begin immediately with matrimony!

Gorgibus—With what would you have 'em begin? with whoring? Is not this a way of acting which both of you have reason to approve of as well as I? Can anything be more obliging than this; and that holy tie they desire, is it not a proof of the fairness of their designs?

Magdalen—O father! what you say is extremely like a citizen. It makes me ashamed to hear you talk in this manner: you should acquaint yourself a little with the fine air of things.

Gorgibus—I've nothing to do with the air nor the song. I tell you, that matrimony is an holy and a sacred thing, and to begin with that is to act like honest people.

Magdalen—Lard! were the whole world like you, a romance would be ended presently! What a fine thing it would have been if Cyrus had immediately espoused Mandana, and if Aronce had been married in all haste to Clelia!

Gorgibus—What is this she talks of?

Magdalen—Here's my cousin, father, will tell you as well as I, that matrimony ought never to be brought about till after other adventures. A lover, to be agreeable, must understand how to utter fine sentiments, to sigh forth the soft, the tender, and the passionate; and his addresses must be according to the rules. In the first place, he should behold, either at church, or in the park, or at some public ceremony, the person of whom he becomes enamoured: or, else, he should be fatally introduced to her by a relation or a friend, and go from her melancholy and pensive. He conceals his passion, for some time, from the beloved object, but, however, pays her several visits, at which some discourse about gallantry never fails to be brought upon the carpet to exercise the wits of all the company. The day comes for him to declare himself, which usually should be done in the walk of some garden, while the company is at a distance. This declaration is followed by an immediate resentment, which appears by our coloring, and which, for a while, banishes the lover from our presence. He finds afterwards the way to pacify us, to accustom us insensibly to hear his passion, and to draw from us that confession which causes so much trouble. Then follow the adventures; the rivals that thwart an established inclination, the persecutions of fathers, the jealousies arising from false appearances, the complainings, the despair, the running off with, and its consequences. Thus are things carried on in a handsome manner, and these are the rules that cannot be dispensed with in a genteel piece of gallantry. But to come point blank to the conjugal union! to make no love but by making the marriage contract, and take a romance just by the tail! Once more, dear father, nothing can be more mechanic than such a proceeding, and I'm sick at heart with the idea that it gives me.

Gorgibus—What the devil of nonsense is this I hear? This is a towering style, indeed!

Cathos—In short, uncle, my cousin tells you the truth of the matter. How can one receive people well whose courtship is all an impropriety? I'll lay a wager they have never seen the Map of Tenderness, and that Fond Epistles, Little Disquietudes, Polite Letters, and Sprightly Verses are regions to them unknown. Don't you observe their whole person shows it, and that they have nothing of the air which gives one at first sight a good opinion of people? To come upon a love visit with a leg entirely unadorned; a hat destitute of feathers; a head with the locks irregular;

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and a habit that endures an indigence of ribbons: Heavens! what lovers are these! what a stinginess in dress! what a barrenness of conversation! It's over with them presently, they keep it not up at all. I took notice likewise, that their neckcloths were not made by a good workwoman, and that their breeches were not big enough by more than half a foot.

GORGIBUS—I think they are both mad, nor can I understand anything of this gibberish—Cathos, and you Magdalen.

MAGDALEN—Ah! pray, father, leave off those strange names, and call us by some other.

GORGIBUS—What d'ye mean by those strange names! Are they not your Christian names?

MAGDALEN—Lard! how vulgar you are! For my own part, one thing I wonder at, is how you could possibly get such a sprightly girl as I. Did ever anybody in a beautiful style talk of Cathos or of Magdalen? And must you not acknowledge, that either of these names would be enough to disgrace the finest romance in the world.

CATHOS—Really, uncle, an ear that's a little delicate suffers extremely at hearing these words pronounced; and the name of Polixena, which my cousin has chosen, and that of Amintha, which I give myself, have an agreeableness which you must acknowledge.

GORGIBUS—Harkee—there needs but one word. I don't know that you have other names than what were given you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as for those gentlemen of whom we speak, I am acquainted both with their families and their fortunes, and positively resolve that they shall be your husbands. I'm tired of keeping you upon my hands, and the care of a couple of girls is somewhat too weighty a charge for a man of my years.

CATHOS—For myself, uncle, all I can say is, that I think matrimony a mighty shocking thing. How can one endure the thought of lying by a man that's really naked?

MAGDALEN—Give us leave to take breath a little amongst the beau-monde of Paris, where we are but just arrived. Permit us to form the contexture of our romance at leisure, and don't hasten on the conclusion so much.

GORGIBUS (*aside*)—There's no question of it; they're quite distracted. (*Aloud.*) Once more, I tell you, I comprehend nothing of all this nonsense, but I'll be master absolutely; and to cut short all kind of dispute, either you shall both be married very speedily, or faith you shall be nuns;—that I swear solemnly.

SCENE V: Cathos, Magdalen.

CATHOS—Lard! my dear, how is thy father immersed in matter! How gross is his understanding! And what a gloominess overcasts his soul!

MAGDALEN—What would you have, my dear? I'm in confusion for him. I can hardly persuade myself that I am indeed his daughter, but believe some adventure one time or other will happen to discover a more illustrious descent.

CATHOS—I believe so, truly; there is all the likelihood in the world of it; and for my part, when I consider myself also——

SCENE VI: Cathos, Magdalen, Marot.

MAROT—Here's a footman asks if you're at home, and says his master would come to see you.

MAGDALEN—Learn, you fool, to express yourself a little less vulgarly. Say, here's an attendant inquires if it is commodious for you to become visible.

MAROT—I don't understand Latin, mistress, and ha'n't learned flossophy out of *Cyrus*, as you ha' done.

MAGDALEN—Impertinent creature! how can this be endured. And who is the master of this footman.

MAROT—He told me 'twas the Marquis de Mascarille.

MAGDALEN—Ah! my dear! a marquis! a marquis! Well, go tell him we are visible. This is certainly some wit, who has heard us talked of.

CATHOS—Undoubtedly, my dear.

MAGDALEN—He must be received below in the parlor rather than in our chamber; let's adjust our hair a little and maintain our character. Come in hither, quickly, and hold to us the counsellor of the graces.

MAROT—O' my faith, I can't tell what sort of beast that is; you must talk like a Christian if you'd have me know your meaning.

CATHOS—Bring us the looking-glass, you ignorant wretch! and take care not to sully its beauty by the communication of your image. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII: Mascarille and Two Chairmen.

MASCARILLE—Hold, chairmen, hold. La, la, la, la, la, la. I think these varlets intend to beat me to pieces by jumbling me against the walls and pavement.

FIRST CHAIRMAN—Ay, marry: because the gate is narrow, and you'd make us come quite in with you.

MASCARILLE—I think so truly. Would you have me expose the delicacy of my feathers to the inclemency of the rainy season, you rascals, and let the dirt receive the impression of my shoes? Begone: take away your chair.

SECOND CHAIRMAN—Then, please to pay us, sir.

MASCARILLE—Hem!

SECOND CHAIRMAN—Please to give us our money, sir, I say.

MASCARILLE (*giving him a blow*)—How, rogue, ask money of a person of my quality?

SECOND CHAIRMAN—Are poor people to be paid thus? And will your quality get a dinner for us?

MASCARILLE—Ha, ha, ha, I shall teach you to know yourself. Dare the scoundrels play upon me!

FIRST CHAIRMAN (*taking one of the poles of his chair*)—Come, pay us quickly.

MASCARILLE—What?

FIRST CHAIRMAN—I say, I'll have money this moment.

MASCARILLE—This now is an understanding fellow.

FIRST CHAIRMAN—Make haste then.

MASCARILLE—Aye, you speak properly, for your part: but t'other is a rogue that knows not what he says. There: are you contented?

FIRST CHAIRMAN—No, I'm not contented, you struck my companion, and—— (*Holding up his pole.*)

MASCARILLE—Hold, there, that's for the blow.

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Everything may be obtained of me, when people take the right method. Go: but come and fetch me by and by and carry me to the drawing-room.

SCENE VIII: Marot, Mascarille.

MAROT—Sir, my mistresses will come presently.

MASCARILLE—Let them not hurry themselves. I am here posted commodiously for waiting.

MAROT—They are here.

SCENE IX: Magdalen, Cathos, Mascarille, Almanzor.

MASCARILLE (*after having saluted them*)—Ladies, you'll be surprised, no doubt, at the boldness of my visit; but your reputation brings this unlucky affair upon you, and merit has for me such potent charms that I run everywhere after it.

MAGDALEN—If you pursue merit, it's not in our grounds that you must hunt.

CATHOS—To find merit at our house, you must have brought it hither yourself.

MASCARILLE—Ah, I engage to prove the contrary. Fame told the truth in her relation of your worth, and you are going to pique, repique, and capot all that is polite in Paris.

MAGDALEN—Your complaisance pushes a little too far the liberality of its praises, and my cousin and I are not prepared to oppose our gravity to the sweetness of your flattery.

CATHOS—My dear, we should call for chairs.

MAGDALEN—Here, Almanzor.

ALMANZOR—Madam.

MAGDALEN—Convey hither to us, instantly, the conveniences of conversation.

MASCARILLE—But hold, am I in safety here?

(*Exit Almanzor.*)

CATHOS—What is't you fear?

MASCARILLE—Some robbery upon my heart, some assassination of my freedom. I behold there a pair of eyes that seem to be very naughty boys, to insult over liberty, and use a heart as a Turk does a negro slave. What the deuce do they put themselves upon their murdering guard as soon as one comes near 'em. Ah! By my faith, I'm suspicious of 'em, and must either scamper away or expect city-security that they shall not do me mischief.

MAGDALEN—My dear, this is the sprightly character.

CATHOS—I see, indeed, he's an Amilcar.

MAGDALEN—Fear nothing, our eyes have no ill designs, and your heart may be well assured of their good behavior.

CATHOS—But, good sir, be not inexorable to that elbow-chair which has stretched out its arms to you for a quarter of an hour: indulge a little the desire it has to embrace you.

MASCARILLE (*having combed himself and adjusted the rolls of his stockings*)—Well ladies, what do you say of Paris?

MAGDALEN—Alas! what can we say of it? 'Twould be the antipodes of reason not to acknowledge that Paris is the grand cabinet of wonders, the center of good taste, wit, and gallantry.

MASCARILLE—I think, for my part, that out of Paris there's no living for people of fashion.

CATHOS—That's an indisputable truth.

MASCARILLE—It's a little dirty; but then one has a chair.

MAGDALEN—A chair, really, is a wonderful security against the insults of the dirt and the bad weather.

MASCARILLE—You receive abundance of visits sure? What fine genius is yours?

MAGDALEN—Alas! we're not yet known: but we are in the way so to be; for we have a particular friend that has promised to bring hither all the gentlemen concerned in the Choice Collection of Miscellanies.

CATHOS—And some others whom he named to us likewise as the sovereign judges of fine things.

MASCARILLE—I'll do your business better than anybody; they all visit me, and I can say that I never rise without half a dozen wits about me.

MAGDALEN—O lard! we shall be obliged to you to the last degree if you'll do us that kindness; for, in short, one must have the acquaintance of all these gentlemen, if one would be of the beau-monde. 'Tis these that influence reputation at Paris; and in such a manner, you know, that only to keep 'em company is enough to occasion the report of one's being a critic, though there should be no other reason for it. But for myself, what I particularly consider is, that by means of these ingenious visits, one is taught an hundred things which there's a necessity of knowing, and which are the quintessence of fine wit. One learns by it every day the little new gallantries, the pretty correspondencies in prose or verse. One knows for certain that such a person has composed the finest piece in the world upon such a subject; such a lady has made words to such a tune; this person has formed a madrigal upon enjoyment; that has composed stanzas on infidelity; Mr. Such an One wrote an ode of six lines yesterday evening to Mrs. Such an One, to which she sent him an answer this morning at eight o'clock; such an author has laid such a design; this writer is about the third part of his romance; that other is putting his works into the press. 'Tis this makes you esteemed in company; and if people are ignorant of these things, I would not give one pin for all the wit that they can have.

CATHOS—In short, I think 'tis excessively ridiculous for a person to pretend to wit and not know even the least stanza that is made every day; and for my part, I should be under all the confusion in the world should anybody ask me if I had seen some new thing which I had not seen.

MASCARILLE—'Tis a shame, indeed, not to have the first of whatever is composed; but don't be in any pain, I'll establish an academy of wits at your house and give you my word not a rhyme shall be made at Paris which you shall not have by heart before anybody else. As for myself, such as you see me, I write a little when I'm in the mind, and you'll find handed about of mine in the fine assemblies at Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, without reckoning riddles and descriptions.

MAGDALEN—I must acknowledge that I am furiously for descriptions; I think nothing is so gallant.

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MASCARILLE—Descriptions are difficult and require a profound wit: you shall see some in my manner that won't disgust you.

CATHOS—For my part, I am terribly fond of riddles.

MASCARILLE—They exercise the wit, and I have made four of them already this morning which I'll give you to guess the meaning of.

MAGDALEN—Madrigals are agreeable, when they are well turned.

MASCARILLE—That's my particular qualification, and I'm about turning the whole Roman history into madrigals.

MAGDALEN—Ah! certainly that must be incomparably fine; I bespeak one book at least, if you have it printed.

MASCARILLE—I promise each of you one, bound in the best manner. It's below my quality; but I do it only for the benefit of the booksellers that tease me.

MAGDALEN—I fancy it's a great pleasure to see one's self in print.

MASCARILLE—Without doubt; but now I think on't, I must tell you an extempore that I made yesterday at a duchess', a friend of mine, whom I was visiting; for I am devilishly ready at extempores.

CATHOS—An extempore is certainly the touchstone of wit.

MASCARILLE—Hear then.

MAGDALEN—We do, with all our ears.

MASCARILLE—Oh! oh! quite off my guard was I;
Whilst no harm thinking,
You
I view;
Slyly your eyes
My heart surprise;
Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, I cry.

CATHOS—Ah! my stars! this is carried to the utmost pitch of gallantry.

MASCARILLE—All I do has an air of the gentleman, it does not favor of the pedant.

MAGDALEN—It is distant from that above two thousand leagues.

MASCARILLE—Did you mind this beginning, "Oh, oh!" This is extraordinary, "Oh! oh!"—like a man that bethinks himself all at once "Oh! oh!" The surprise, "Oh! oh!"

MAGDALEN—Aye, I think that "Oh! oh!" admirable.

MASCARILLE—This is nothing as it were.

CATHOS—Oh! my stars! what's that you say? Such sort of things as these cannot be enough esteemed.

MAGDALEN—No doubt on't, and I should like better to have made that "Oh! oh!" than an epic poem.

MASCARILLE—Egad, you've a good taste.

MAGDALEN—Eh! I've not an exceeding bad one.

MASCARILLE—But don't you admire also "Quite off my guard was I"—"quite off my guard was I"? I minded nothing of the matter: a natural way of speaking, "Quite off my guard was I." "Whilst no harm thinking"; whilst innocently, without malice, like a poor sheep, "you I view"; that is to say, I amuse myself with considering, with observing, with contemplating you. "Slyly your eyes." What think you of that word, "slyly"? Isn't it well chosen?

CATHOS—Perfectly well.

MASCARILLE—"Slyly," cunningly, it seems as it were a cat coming to catch a mouse, "slyly."

MAGDALEN—Nothing can be better.

MASCARILLE—"My heart surprise," snatch it away, force it from me, "Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, stop thief." Would you not imagine a man were crying out and running after a thief to seize him? "Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, stop thief."

MAGDALEN—It must be owned that this has a witty and gallant turn.

MASCARILLE—I'll sing you the tune I've made to't.

CATHOS—You have learned music?

MASCARILLE—I?—not at all.

CATHOS—How can it be then?

MASCARILLE—People of quality know everything, without ever learning anything.

MAGDALEN—Undoubtedly, my dear.

MASCARILLE—Hear if the tune be to your taste: hem, hem, la, la, la, la, la. The brutality of the season has furiously injured the delicacy of my voice: but no matter, 'tis gentleman-like. (*He sings.*) "Oh, oh! quite off my guard was I——"

CATHOS—Ah! how passionate a tune is that! Doesn't it kill one with delight?

MAGDALEN—It is something in the chromatic taste.

MASCARILLE—Don't you find the thought well expressed in the tune, "Stop thief, stop thief"? And then as if a body cried out violently, "Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop thief." Then all at once like a person out of breath—"Stop thief."

MAGDALEN—This it is to understand the perfection of things, the grand perfection, the perfection of perfections. 'Tis all marvelous, I assure you; I'm in ecstasies both at the tune and the words.

CATHOS—I never yet met with anything so strong as this.

MASCARILLE—All I do comes naturally to me, it's without study.

MAGDALEN—Nature has treated you like a very fond mother, and you are her darling child.

MASCARILLE—How do you pass away the time, ladies?

CATHOS—No way at all.

MAGDALEN—We've been here under a hideous abstinence from diversions.

MASCARILLE—I'm at your service to wait on you some day or other to the play, if you'll give me leave; and indeed a new one is to be acted which I should be glad that we might see together.

MAGDALEN—That is not to be refused.

MASCARILLE—But I beseech you to applaud it well, when we shall be at it; for I'm engaged to cry up the performance; the author visited me this morning to beg me so to do. It's the custom here for authors to come and read their new performances to us people of distinction, that they may engage us to approve of them and give them a reputation; and I leave you to imagine whether, when we say anything, the pit dares contradict us. For my part, I am very exact in this, and when I've promised any poet, always cry out how excellent it is, before the candles are lighted.

MAGDALEN—Say no more of it, Paris is a wonderful place; an hundred things happen in it every day which one knows not in the country, however witty one may be.

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CATHOS—'Tis enough; now we are told, we'll do our part in crying out as we ought at every word that's said.

MASCARILLE—I don't know whether I'm mistaken, but you have all the looks of having written a play yourself.

MAGDALEN—Eh! there may be something in what you say.

MASCARILLE—Ah! Faith, we must see it. Between ourselves, I've composed one which I'll have acted.

CATHOS—Aye! which company of actors will you give it to?

MASCARILLE—A fine question truly! To the actors of the Théâtre Royal;—none but they are capable of gaining things a reputation; the rest are ignorant creatures, that speak their parts just as one talks: they don't understand to make the verses roar, or pause at a beautiful passage; how can it be known where the fine lines are, if the actor does not stop at them, and apprise you thereby to clap?

CATHOS—Really, there's a way of making an audience sensible of the beauties of a performance, and things are well esteemed but according as they are well set off.

MASCARILLE—How d'ye like my trimming? D'ye think it suits my clothes?

CATHOS—Perfectly.

MASCARILLE—The ribbon is well chosen.

MAGDALEN—Furiously well. It's a charming plum color.

MASCARILLE—What say you of my rollers?

MAGDALEN—They have a perfectly good air.

MASCARILLE—I may boast, however, that they're a quarter of a yard wider than any that have been made.

MAGDALEN—I must own I never saw the elegance of dress carried to such a height.

MASCARILLE—Employ the reflection of your smelling faculty a little upon these gloves.

MAGDALEN—They smell terribly fine.

CATHOS—I never breathed an odor more agreeable.

MASCARILLE—And this here? (*He gives them his powdered wig to smell too.*)

MAGDALEN—That is extremely noble: the sublime in it is touched deliciously.

MASCARILLE—You say nothing of my feathers. How d'ye like them?

CATHOS—They're dreadfully beautiful.

MASCARILLE—D'ye know this little bit o' top cost me a louis d'or? For my part, I've the madness to be ready generally to give more than anybody for what's most excellent.

MAGDALEN—You and I sympathize, I assure you; I'm furiously delicate in everything I wear; and even to my very socks, I can't endure anything which is not by a good hand.

MASCARILLE (*crying out suddenly*)—O! O! O! gently, gently: damme, ladies, this is very ill usage: I've reason to complain of your behavior: this is not fair.

CATHOS—How now! what's the matter wi' ye?

MASCARILLE—What! both against my heart at the same time, attacking me right and left? Ha!—it's contrary to the law of nations, it's not an equal match, and I shall cry out murder.

CATHOS—It must be owned, he says things in a particular manner.

MAGDALEN—He has an admirable turn of wit.

CATHOS—You are more afraid that hurt, and your heart complains before 'tis wounded.

MASCARILLE—What the deuce! It's wounded from head to foot.

SCENE X: Cathos, Magdalen, Mascarille, Marot.

MAROT—Madam, somebody asks to see you.

MAGDALEN—Who?

MAROT—The Viscount Jodelet.

MASCARILLE—The Viscount Jodelet?

MAROT—Yes, sir.

CATHOS—Do you know him?

MASCARILLE—He's my best friend.

MAGDALEN—Conduct him in immediately.

MASCARILLE—It's some time since we have seen one another, and I'm overjoyed at this accident.

CATHOS—Here he is.

SCENE XI: Cathos, Magdalen, Jodelet, Mascarille, Marot, Almanzor.

MASCARILLE—Ah, viscount!

JODELET (*embracing* Mascarille)—Ah, marquis!

MASCARILLE—How glad I am to meet you!

JODELET—What joy I have to see you here!

MASCARILLE—Kiss me again a little, prithee.

MAGDALEN (*to* Cathos)—We begin to be known, my dearest; see the beau-monde find the way to visit us.

MASCARILLE—Ladies, give me leave to present this gentleman to you. Upon my word, he deserves your knowledge.

JODELET—'Tis but just to come and render you what one owes, and your charms demand their sovereign rights from all sorts of people.

MAGDALEN—This is to drive your civilities even to the borders of flattery.

CATHOS—This day ought to be marked in our almanac as a very happy one.

MAGDALEN (*to* Almanzor)—Come, boy, must things be always told you over and over? Don't you see there must be the addition of a chair?

MASCARILLE—Don't wonder to behold the viscount in this manner; he's but just recovered of an illness which has made his visage pale, as you see.

JODELET—'Tis the fruit of court attendance and the fatigues of war.

MASCARILLE—D'ye know, ladies, that in the viscount you behold one of the bravest men of the age? He's a perfect hero.

JODELET—Marquis, you're not behindhand with me; we know also what you can do.

MASCARILLE—It's true, we have seen one another upon occasion.

JODELET—And in places where 'twas very warm.

MASCARILLE (*looking at* Cathos *and* Magdalen)—Aye, but not so warm as 'tis here. Ha, ha, ha!

JODELET—Our acquaintance was made in the army, and the first time we saw each other, he commanded a regiment of horse aboard the galleys of Malta.

MASCARILLE—It's true; but for all that, you were before me in the service; and I remember that I was but a little officer when you commanded two thousand horse.

JODELET—War is a fine thing; but, faith, the court

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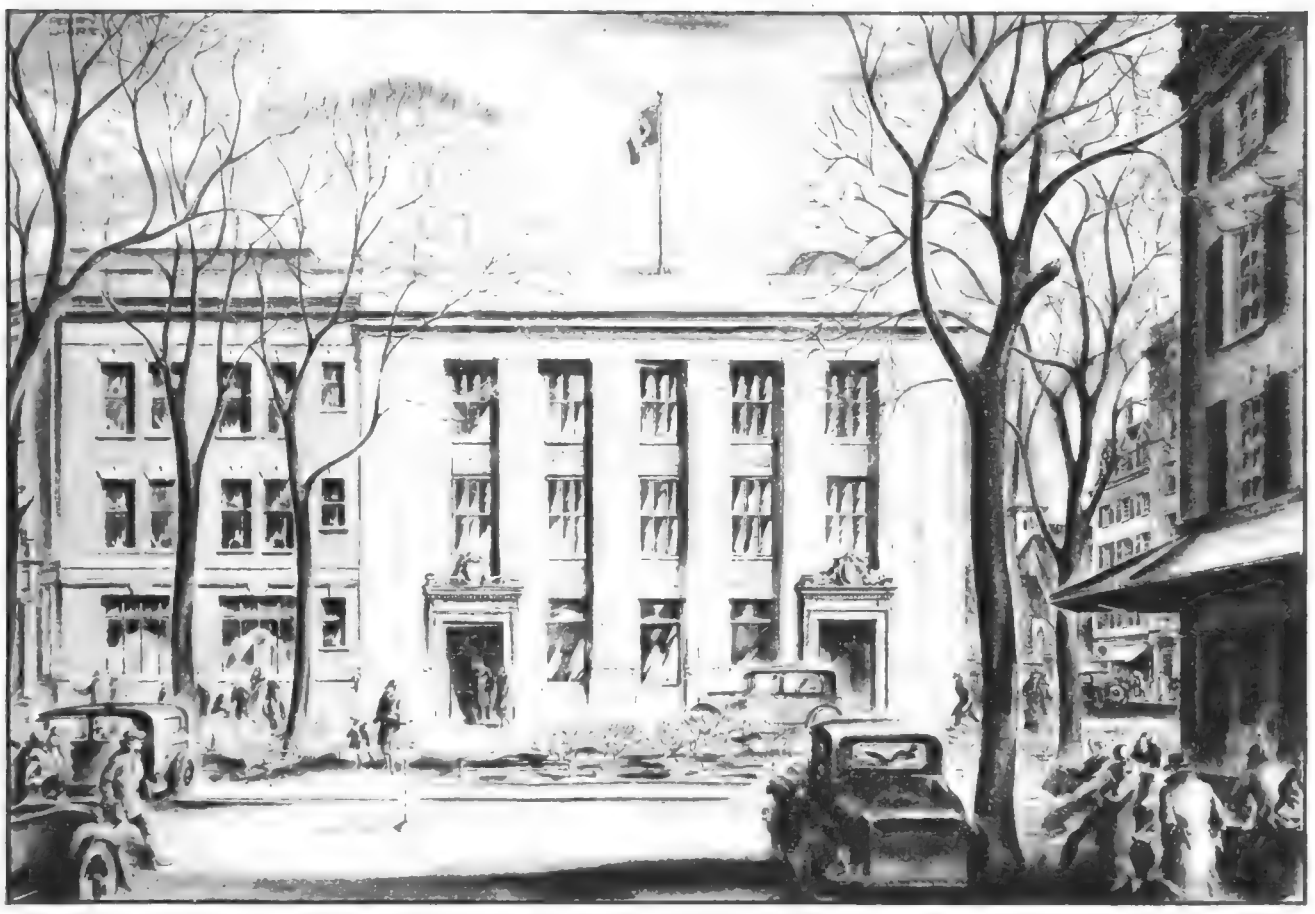

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nowadays rewards people that are of service like us very ill.

MASRARILLE—That's why I'll hang up my sword.

CATHOS—For my part, I've a furious tenderness for men of the sword.

MAGDALEN—I love them, too; but I'd have wit to temper bravery.

MASCARILLE—Do you remember, viscount, that half-moon we carried from the enemy at the siege of Arras?

JODELET—What d'ye mean by an half-moon? It was a whole moon, indeed.

MASCARILLE—I think you're right.

JODELET—I ought, faith, to remember it very well; I was there wounded in the leg by the burst of a grenade, of which I still carry the marks about me. Feel a little, pray; you'll be sensible what a wound it was.

CATHOS (*putting her hand to the place*)—The scar is large, truly.

MASCARILLE—Give me your hand a moment, and feel this; there, just in the back part of my head. Are you at it?

MAGDALEN—Ay, I feel something.

MASCARILLE—It's a musket-shot which I received the last campaign I made.

JODELET (*opening his bosom*)—Here's a wound which went quite through me at the attack of Graveling.

MASCARILLE (*putting his hand upon the button of his breeches*)—I'm going to show you a furious wound.

MAGDALEN—There's no occasion for't, we believe you without seeing it.

MASCARILLE—They are honorable marks, that show what a body is.

CATHOS—We make no doubt of what you are.

MASCARILLE—Viscount, have you your coach there?

JODELET—Why?

MASCARILLE—We'll carry the ladies to take a walk without the gates, and give them a collation.

MAGDALEN—We can't go abroad today.

MASCARILLE—Let's have fiddles then and dance.

JODELET—Faith, that's well thought of.

MAGDALEN—As for that we consent to it; but then there must be some addition of company.

MASCARILLE—Who's there?—Champagne, Picard, Bourgognon, Casquarat, Basque, la Verdure, Lorrain, Provençal, Violette.—I wish all footmen were at the devil! I don't think there's a gentleman in France worse served than I. These rascals always leave me alone.

MAGDALEN—Almanzor, tell the servants of my lord marquis to go look for music, and fetch us the gentlemen and ladies hereabouts, to people the solitude of our ball. (*Exit* Almanzor.)

MASCARILLE—Viscount, what say you of these eyes?

JODELET—Why, marquis, what d'ye think of 'em yourself?

MASCARILLE—I? I say, that our liberty will have much ado to get away clear from hence. At least, for my part, I receive strange pulls, and my heart is held only by one thread.

MAGDALEN—How natural is all he says! He turns things the most agreeably in the world.

CATHOS—Really, he's at a furious expense of wit.

MASCARILLE—To show you I'm in earnest, I'll make an extempore upon it. (*He muses.*)

CATHOS—O! I conjure you by all my soul holds sacred, let's have something made upon us.

JODELET—I should be glad to do as much for you; but I find myself a little inconvenienced in the poetic vein, by the quantity of blood which for some days past I have caused to be taken from me.

MASCARILLE—What the devil is the matter? I always make the first verse well, but I'm perplexed about the rest. Faith, this is a little too hasty, I'll make you an extempore at my leisure, which you'll find to be the finest in the world.

JODELET—He's as witty as the devil.

MAGDALEN—His wit's gallant and finely turned.

MASCARILLE—Viscount, tell me, is it long since you saw the countess?

JODELET—It's above three weeks since I paid her a visit.

MASCARILLE—D'ye know that the duke came to see me this morning, and would have taken me into the country a stag-hunting with him?

MAGDALEN—Here come our friends.

SCENE XII: Lucilia, Celimena, Cathos, Magdalen, Mascarille, Jodelet, Marot, Almanzor, and Fiddlers.

MAGDALEN—Lard! my dears! we ask your pardon. These gentlemen had a fancy to put life into our heels, and we sent to seek for you to fill the emptiness of our assembly.

LUCILIA—You have obliged us certainly.

MASCARILLE—This is here only a ball of a sudden; but one of these days we'll give you one in form. Are the fiddlers come?

ALMANZOR—Yes, sir, they're here.

CATHOS—Come then, my dears, take your places.

MASCARILLE (*dancing alone by way of prelude*)—La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

MAGDALEN—He has a shape perfectly elegant.

CATHOS—And he looks as if he could dance finely.

MASCARILLE (*having taken out Magdalen to dance*)—My liberty is going to dance a courant as well as my heels. Play in time, fiddlers, in time. O, what ignorant wretches! there's no dancing with 'em. The devil take ye, can't ye play in measure? La, la, la, la, la, la, la? Silence, ye country scrapers!

JODELET (*dancing afterwards*)—Hold, don't play so fast, I'm but just recovered of a fit of illness.

SCENE XIII: Du Croisy, La Grange, Cathos, Magdalen, Lucilia, Celimena, Jodelet, Mascarille, Marot, and Fiddlers.

LA GRANGE (*a stick in his hand*)—Ah, ah, rogues, what d'ye do here? it's three hours we've been looking for you.

MASCARILLE (*feeling himself beaten*)—O! O! O! You didn't tell me the blows were to be included.

JODELET—O! O! O!

LA GRANGE—It's fit for you, indeed, rascal as you are, to pretend to be a man of consequence.

DU CROISY—This will teach you to know yourself.

SCENE XIV: Cathos, Magdalen, Lucilia, Celimena, Mascarille, Jodelet, Marot, and Fiddlers.

MAGDALEN—What's the meaning of this?

JODELET—It's a wager.

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CATHOS—What, let yourselves be beaten in this manner?

MASCARILLE—Lard, I would not seem to take any notice of it; because I am violent, and should not have been able to command myself.

MAGDALEN—To suffer an affront like this in our presence!

MASCARILLE—It's nothing, let's not leave off. We've known one another a long while, and amongst friends one should not take pet for so small a matter.

SCENE XV: Du Croisy, La Grange, Magdalen, Cathos, Lucilia, Celimena, Mascarille, Jodelet, Marot, and Fiddlers.

LA GRANGE—Faith, rascals, you shall not laugh at us, I promise you.—Come in, you there. (*Three or four bullies enter.*)

MAGDALEN—What means this impudence, to come and disturb us thus in our own house?

DU CROISY—What, ladies, shall we bear to have our footmen received better than ourselves? Shall they come to make love to you at our expense, and present you with a ball?

MAGDALEN—Your footmen?

LA GRANGE—Ay, our footmen; it's neither decent nor honest to debauch them for us, as you do.

MAGDALEN—O Heaven! what insolence!

LA GRANGE—But they shall not have the advantage of our clothes to dazzle your eyes; if you will love them, it shall be, faith, for their handsome looks. Quick, let 'em be stripped immediately.

JODELET—Farewell finery.

MASCARILLE—The marquisate and the viscountship are at an end.

DU CROISY—Ah, ah, rascals, have you the impudence to interfere with us? You shall seek wherewithal to make yourselves agreeable to your mistresses somewhere else, I assure you.

LA GRANGE—It's too much to supplant us, and that with our own clothes.

MASCARILLE—O! fortune, how great is thy inconstancy.

DU CROISY—Quick, take everything away from 'em.

LA GRANGE—Carry away these clothes, begone with 'em. Now, ladies, in the condition they are, you may continue your amours with 'em as long as you please; we leave you entirely at liberty as to that, and this gentleman and I protest, we'll be in nowise jealous.

SCENE XVI: Magdalen, Cathos, Jodelet, Mascarille, and Fiddlers.

CATHOS—Ah! what confusion!

MAGDALEN—I burst with vexation.

FIRST FIDDLER (*to* MASCARILLE)—What's the meaning of this? Who's to give us the money?

MASCARILLE—Ask my lord the viscount.

FIRST FIDDLER (*to* JODELET)—Who must pay us?

JODELET—Ask my lord the marquis.

SCENE XVII: Gorgibus, Magdalen, Cathos, Jodelet, Mascarille, and Fiddlers.

GORGIBUS—Ah! Baggages as you are, you have brought us into a rare condition, by what I can find; I've heard indeed of your fine doings from those gentlemen and ladies that went out just now.

MAGDALEN—Ah! It's a cruel trick they've played us.

GORGIBUS—Ay, it's a cruel trick; but 'tis the effect of your impertinence, you wretches. They've shown their resentment for the usage you gave 'em; and yet unhappy that I am, I must put up with the affront.

MAGDALEN—Ah! I swear we'll be revenged, or I shall die with the vexation of it. And you, rascals, dare you continue here after your insolence?

MASCARILLE—D'ye use a marquis thus? This is the way of the world, the least disgrace makes us be slighted by those that before caressed us. Come along, brother, let's go seek our fortune somewhere else; I see they like nothing here but insignificant outside, and have no regard for naked virtue.

SCENE XVIII: Gorgibus, Magdalen, Cathos, and Fiddlers.

FIRST FIDDLER—Sir, we expect that you should satisfy us, since they don't, for 'twas here we played.

GORGIBUS (*beating them*)—Ay, ay, I'll satisfy ye, and here's the coin I'll pay ye in. And you, ye baggages, I don't know what should hinder me from doing as much for you; we shall become the common talk and ridicule of everybody, and this is what you have brought upon yourselves, by your extravagances. Go hide yourselves, ye villains, go hide yourselves for ever. (*Alone.*) And you, that are the occasion of their folly, stupid trumpery, mischievous amusements for idle minds, ye romances, verses, songs, sonnets, and sonatas, the devil take ye all.

Why so Pale *and* Wan?

By SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

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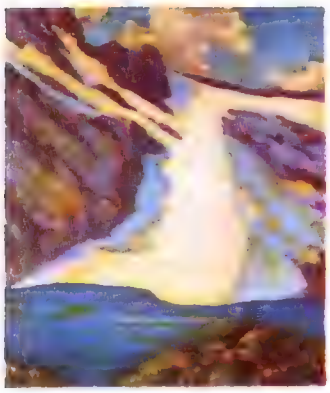

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Aubrey Beardsley

Sarah Bernhardt, Inspiration of Genius

The two things that are really significant about Sarah's amorous connections are first, that she loved for love or for character or for position, but not for money: her lovers were not idle sons of wealthy men. And secondly, her love appears to have inspired, ennobled, enriched life, instead of degrading it. As Madame Berton puts it, admirably: "The influence she exerted on her century in matters of art was incalculable. To painters she would say: 'If you love me, then paint a masterpiece and dedicate it to me.' To poets she would say: 'If it is true that you love me, you will write a poem about me that will live when we both are dead.'" And Alexandre Dumas fils once summed up the same thing: "She drives me mad when I am with her. She is all temperament and no heart; but when she is gone how I work! How I *can* work!" While the larger quality of Sarah's influence is well indicated in Maurice Baring's enthusiastic statement of the trace she left in all the art aspects of her time: "Eliminate these things and you eliminate one of the sources of inspiration of modern art; you take away something from D'Annunzio's poetry, from Maeterlinck's prose, from Moreau's pictures; you destroy one of the mainsprings of Rostand's work; you annihilate some of the colors of modern painting and you stifle some of the notes of modern music; for in all these you can trace in varying degrees the subtle, unconscious influence of Sarah Bernhardt."

Daughters of Eve. Gamaliel Bradford.

Romance and a sense of humor don't get on very well together.

Enchantment. Ruth Cross.

An Uncertain Staff

Gold Louis would ask for whenever he received settlement for some deal, and whenever he cashed in his grain checks.

And now they had a whole thousand! Lizzie had made a neat, cozy nest for the little fellows, a leather bag which lay hidden in a most unthinkable place. . . .

In the course of years, with the piles growing about the house, Louis and Lizzie invented a secret vocabulary, a code-language, intelligible only to themselves. The gold pieces they called *babies,* the bank notes *brats,* while the clumsy, big silver dollars were termed *shillings.* Whenever Louis had been marketing cattle or hogs, or had received settlement for grain, Lizzie would be sure to meet him in the yard on his return, eager to learn how he had fared. "All right," she might ask, "how did you make out today?" If he then could answer, "Fine, I tell you!" or, "Lots of babies today!" she would glow with a radiant joy. On such evenings they pulled the shades low, and then counted the money, sorting it and playing with it, happy as two lovers, until far into the night.

But one night a grave disaster struck near by; fire broke out in the house of a neighbor, an old bachelor, and before help could reach his place, the house had been utterly destroyed; the man barely escaped with his life.

The accident gave the Houglums a terrible fright. But it was not the destruction of the neighbor's home that worried them; to that part they never gave a thought. The story soon leaked out that the man had had six hundred dollars in paper money lying about the house, and how all of it was lost, all had vanished as the smoke from the burnt-down house had mingled with the very elements. Not a trace, not a sign left! . . . God have mercy—could it be possible? . . . Simply uncanny to think of . . . there was some kind of doom in it . . . no power on earth could restore that money to the owner. . . . Was money, too, a staff which broke when you leaned upon it? To the Houglums the ground they walked on had begun to sway under their feet.

Pure Gold. O. E. Rolvaag.

A man in a train is like a Turk in his harem, he thought, so many charms waiting passively for the chance appraisal of his eye.

John Merrill's Pleasant Life. Alice Beal Parsons.

(*Continued on page* 121)

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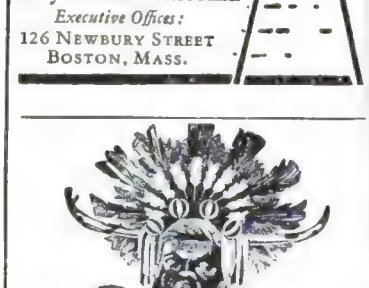

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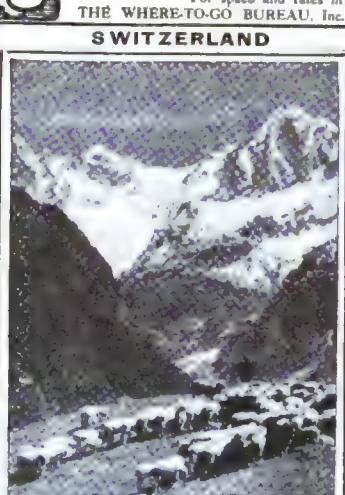

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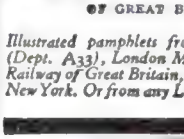

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Hors-d'œuvres
from the Newest Books
(*Continued from page* 117)

When Michael Angelo was Decorating the Vatican

They reached the platform at last; the old man (Pope Julius), breathless with the climbing, was gasping as he leaned on Michael Angelo's shoulder.

Then he walked round the scaffolding in silence, looking at the paintings. Sometimes, moved by curiosity, he lifted the piece of rough canvas hung over the unfinished frescoes. . . .

"There, now," Buonarotti (Michael Angelo) thought with boredom and aversion, "he is going to give me advice."

Julius put his face close to the Cumean Sybil to see more clearly the powerful muscles of the sunburnt arm and hand with which the old giantess held on her lap an open book of prophecies she was reading.

"Yes, it takes some patience! Devilish work!" the Pope said, turning to the artist, "By my soul, I have never seen anything like it. But this is impossible, do you hear?"

"What is impossible, Your Holiness?"

"It's impossible to work like this, Buonarotti. What you are aiming at is more than a man can do. When do you expect to finish the ceiling if you paint every vein, every muscle?"

"I cannot work any differently," Michael Angelo replied.

"But for whose sake, tell me please, do you do it? When the scaffolding is taken down, the frescoes will be so high that no one will see all these wrinkles and muscles and folds. . . . Why waste your time and strength? It's madness." . . .

"In that case," Michael Angelo said malignantly in a low voice, "Your Holiness ought to have given the work to somebody else, say, to that clever young man, Raphael from Urbino, whom you and Bramante like so much. He would have painted the ceiling in no time and not have bothered about wrinkles and muscles which the mob gaping at the painting from below will certainly fail to observe. I am ready to destroy my work, but I will not allow anyone to spoil it."
Michael Angelo.

Dmitri Merezhkovsky.

An Adventure with Bobwhite

In the heart of the Barrens is "Faraway," my cabin, on the bank of a crooked, brown stream. . . . Every week or so I escape there from the work and worry of life, for, as John Burroughs once wrote, we all need a little solitude at times to ensure deep and fast colors of the spirit. There are many who think that the Barrens, especially in winter, are a lonely and desolate region, nor suspect

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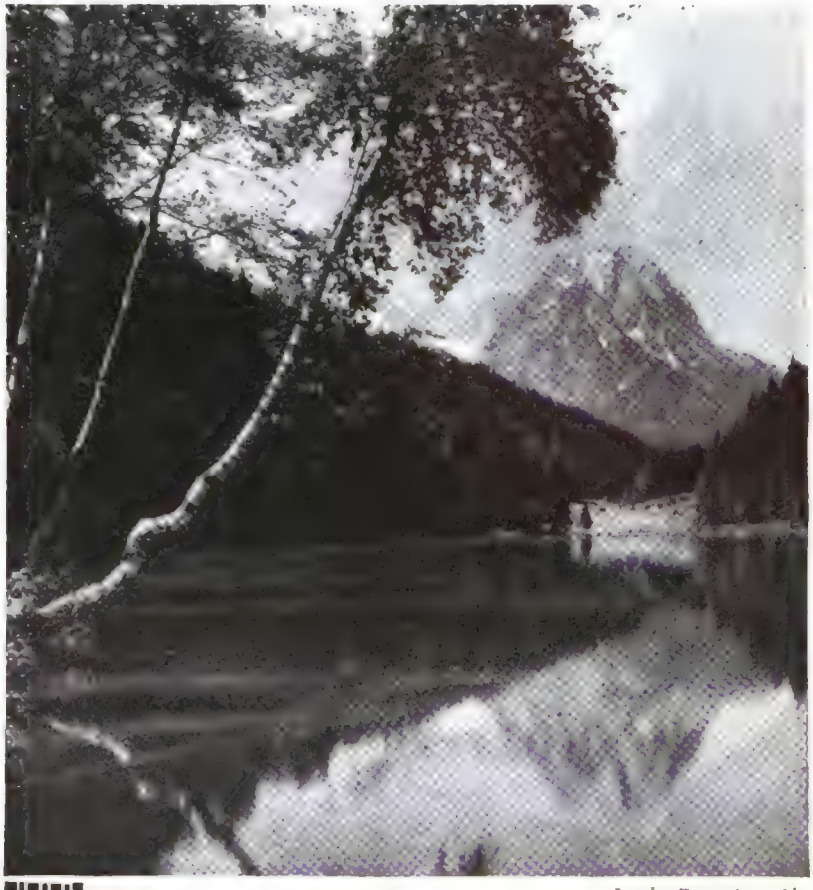

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At lovely Knaresborough, close to the Modern Spa of Harrogate, are the shattered ruins of the Norman Castle to which the murderers of Thomas a Becket came in hot haste and where in later years Richard II was imprisoned.

Old Whitby clings to a steep cliff and high above the town is a magnificent ruin of the abbey church associated with the great Abbess Hilda and the early poet Caedmon.

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how many friends are waiting there to welcome visitors.

One of them I met not long ago on a June day in a tiny field surrounded on all four sides by the pine woods. As I crossed this clearing I heard a quail whistle not far away, and imitated him—very badly, so I thought. Again he whistled, much nearer, and again I answered him. Suddenly there was a rustle close behind me, and from out of the thick grass into the path came a little cock bobwhite, fighting mad. With his wings raised, his beak half open, his feathers all bristled up, and his bright eyes gleaming like fire, he rushed out to demolish the rival who had dared to challenge him in his own field. He was so close to me that I could see his snowy throat, and the white line over his eye.

When he saw me, he stopped with a comical look of dismay, dropped his wings, and buzzed away like a bullet, scaling down into the grass far ahead of me. I tried in vain to call him back by whistling "bobwhite" again and the "O bobwhite," the treble note which a quail sometimes gives, but there was no answer. Then I essayed the assembly call, that curious little double note which calls a scattered covey together again.

After I had given it a few times there was a rustle near me, and out from the grass was thrust a little brown, black-bordered head. Bob evidently now wished to make friends with the strange giant who spoke his language, albeit so brokenly. When I whistled the call again, very softly, he gave a little click in his throat and moved nearer to me. When I went on, he followed me, and whenever I would stop, from somewhere within a circle of ten feet would appear his brown head and bright eyes.

Wild Honey. SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

SALT WATER FOR DESERT THIRST

Over the brow of the hill a covered wagon came lumbering, and dropped down into the valley below, while the drivers set up a cheer. But as the ox-teams rushed forward Randolph Morgan rode to meet them, waving his arms to turn them away.

"Don't drink!" he yelled. "The water is poison! Don't drink! It will be your death!" But the drivers did not give him a glance.

For two days and two nights they had been without water, except the little in their casks and canteens. Their tongues were dry with thirst, their throats were choking, their bodies were too parched to sweat. Gaunt and emaciated, their eyes blinded by heat and dust, they drove madly down the hill and out across the flat toward the creek that flowed by, crystal clear.

Men and oxen alike plunged into the little stream and drank deep, though the water was salt. They wallowed in the mud in an ecstasy of relief, while their

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dried-up skins soaked in moisture. And the man who rode among them, with warning shouts that the water was bad, was thought to be crazed with the heat. Teams of oxen, dragging their chains, came running from the wagons where their drivers had turned them loose and dammed the shallow stream with their bodies.

The covered wagons gave up women, with children at their skirts; and as they knelt by the trampled shore the strange man snatched them back, while he begged them not to drink. . . . Already yokes of oxen, turned out to graze on the salt-grass, had fallen like logs on the flats . . . men were running in crazy circles or digging holes in the sand. They were sick, deathly sick, yet to quench their fevered thirst they crawled back to the creek to drink. And the Indians, like flapping crows, swarmed the top of the grim, black butte, impatiently awaiting the end.

Horse-Ketchum. DANE COOLIDGE.

Mavis was still young enough to wake attractively.
End of the Avenue. PAMELA WYNNE.

A War-time Mother

Nancy's brother, Tony, was also in France now. Nancy's mother made herself ill with worrying about him. Early in July he was due to come home on leave; I was on leave myself at the end of one of the four-months' cadet courses, staying with the rest of Nancy's family at a big Tudor house near Harlech. It was the most haunted house that I have ever seen, though the ghosts were invisible except in the mirrors. . . .

This was the time of the first Spanish influenza epidemic and Nancy's mother caught it, but she did not want to miss Tony when he came on leave. She wanted to go to theaters with him in London; they were devoted to each other. So when the doctor came she reduced her temperature with aspirin and pretended that she was all right. But she knew that the ghosts in the mirrors knew. She died in London on July 13th, a few days later. While she was dying her chief feeling was one of pleasure that Tony had got his leave prolonged on her account. (Tony was killed two months later.)
Goodbye to All That. ROBERT GRAVES.

An Episode in Labrador

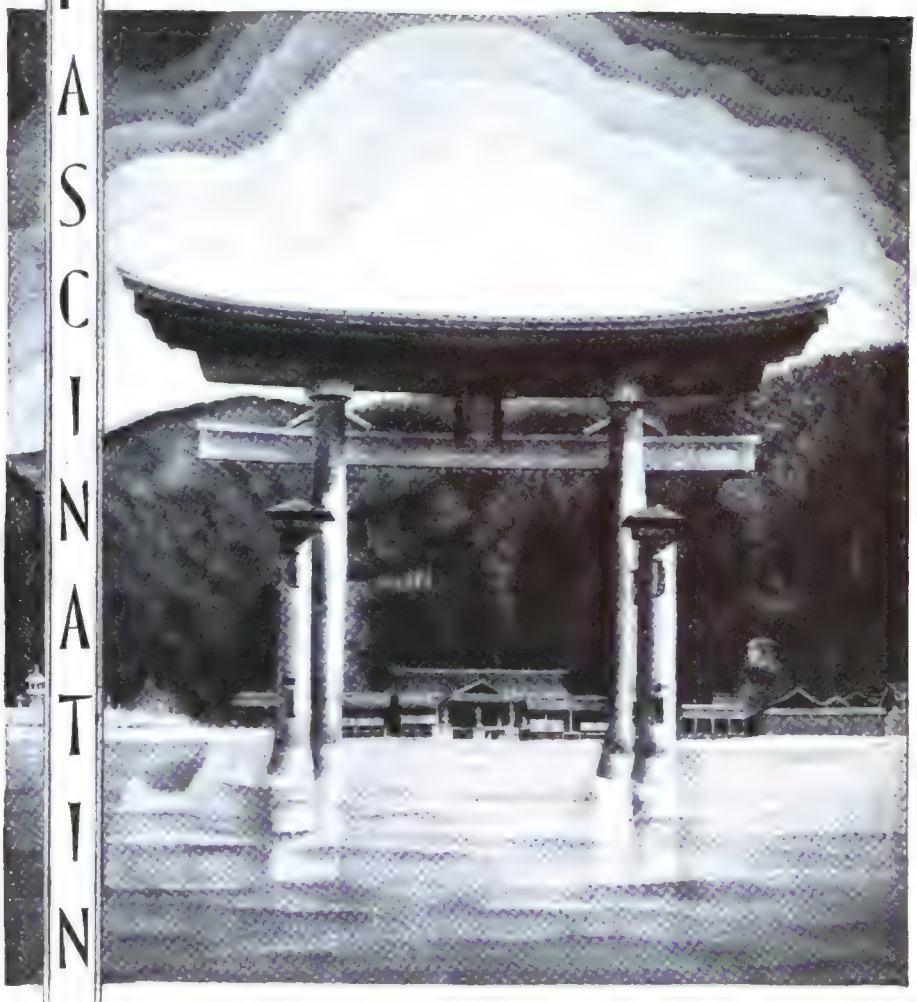
Sandy's body was sprawled across the sled, with one arm sticking into the snow. The team was grouped on the fall of the other slope. The dog next to the komatik was large and black. He stood erect, neck scruff on end facing the others. . . .

"He's guarding Sandy," Louisa whispered.

"He is, by God! Look—he's killed one of the other dogs, doing it!"

Steele slipped off the awkward snow-shoes. . . . He started on the run for the komatik.

FASCINATING JAPAN



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As though this were a signal, the dogs closed on the black one. The surge swept over the drift in a whirling mass of snapping jaws and springing thighs. It rolled down over the komatik. The black dog and Sandy's body were the center of it, but the traces held and tripped the others and each was for himself, lunging, tearing, mad with blood.

Steele rushed into it. He beat the mass with his whip. He yelled and kicked. He stabbed bodies with the whip butt. He threw them aside with his knee, with his hands. He was on the komatik. Fangs ripped his boots. A dog lunged through that air at his chest and fell short, twisting at the end of a trace. The scrimmage moved away from him. They had pulled Sandy's body to one side. The black dog was still on his feet, fighting. Steele ran in and grabbed Sandy's leg. He tugged it away, beyond where their traces could reach. The dogs fought each other. He ran to his fallen whip. He beat off the ones on the edge. He dropped the whip across the others, until he found himself beating only the black dog. His arm dropped. Louisa was right behind him.

Hymn to the Sun. MALCOLM ROSS.

THE GRASS ON THE MOUNTAIN
(Paiute Indian Song)

Oh, long, long
The snow has possessed the mountains.

The deer have come down and the bighorn,
They have followed the Sun to the south
To feed on the mesquite pods and the bunch grass.
Loud are the thunder drums
In the tents of the mountains.

Oh, long, long
Have we eaten *chia* seeds
And dried deer's flesh of the summer killing.
We are wearied of our huts
And the smoky smell of our garments.

We are sick with desire of the sun
And the grass on the mountain.

The American Rhythm. MARY AUSTIN.

OUR MORBID DESIRE FOR IMMORTALITY

"Got another proof of my theory," he (Castle) observed, and began rummaging around in his pockets for a paper.

" 'Man hangs himself from ceiling of his boarding-house bedroom. Letter begs police not to inquire into the motive of act, because he wants his secret to die with him.' "

"What's the theory?" Merrill asked. . . .

"Immortality," Castle said. "Even if it's only a newspaper headline. No age ever craved it more. And it's spiritual too, by God. The old biological substitute of the unbroken chain don't get by any more. Spiritual! Look at the human fly who lets his body be dashed to death from the fourteenth story of some building, so his daring will be in every man's mouth five minutes. Look at the fellow who goes over Niagara Falls in a barrel and comes out more like a jellyfish than a man. Look at the stunt aviators. Look at the pretty girl school teachers who do fool endurance tests. Never was the body more completely disdained by the immortal soul. We're all bitten by it. Not for us to yield ourselves to the slow-worm."

"But did anyone ever face extinction willingly?" Merrill asked. "Even buttressed as men were by a belief in immortality, they found it hard to die."

"Because they didn't really believe the old bunk," Castle smiled. "They tried to, but most of them couldn't. Still they took more easily to dying as a rule than we do today. People used to grow old almost as easily as they grew up. Their lives had some validity of their own, like that of trees and animals, and so they could die without making extravagant claims on time and space."

John Merrill's Pleasant Life.
ALICE BEAL PARSONS.

THE VEHEMENT FLAME

When people say that jealousy is a "primitive" emotion, they should add to this dictim that it is one which obviously attacks equally, and with its greatest virulence, the highest as much as the lowest type of man, though the actual resulting frenzy may be different in kind. At these two extremes it appears to aim—perhaps because they comprise the most emotional of men—in just the same manner that a few rare physical diseases, such as hæmophilia, assail only the most powerful and the most miserable in circumstances, the royal families and the slum-dwellers. . . .

Properly speaking, jealousy is not an emotion at all, but an abrupt chemical change in the blood, that takes the form of a series of recurrent fevers. It leaves the victim, as suddenly as it sprang upon him, exhausted, but apparently cured and free of poison; then, all at once, it swoops down upon him again without warning. Like Prometheus, the struggling prey cannot defend himself against this vulture that consumes his vitals. The delirium induced may be absolute, and last only for a minute, in which case murder most probably results, or may be partial and continue for a day or two at a time. And when, during a trial for murder, the prisoner pleads that "something came over him," that for a moment he "saw red." this statement is a true description of the process that was at work within him. It was, as he says, a physical sensation. The tide and surge of blood overwhelmed him. and he killed. . . . Jealousy with him (Tristram) was as the wand of a wizard which turns all it touches into something

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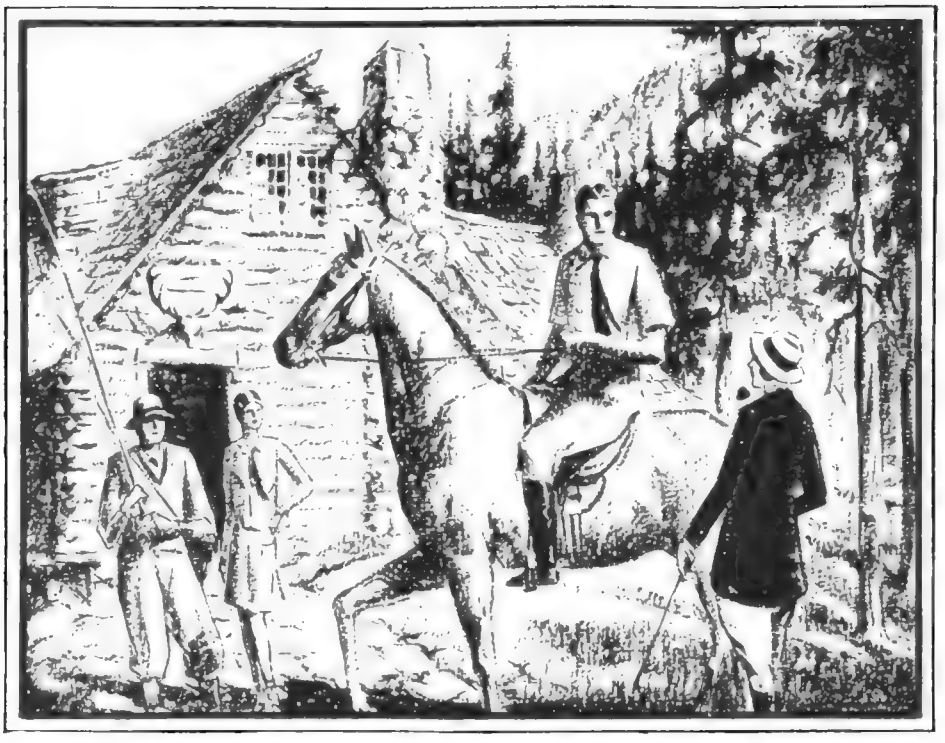

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base, striking all loved objects into the likeness of toads, and things of the night.
The Man Who Lost Himself.
OSBERT SITWELL.

ETIQUETTE AND THE RISING GENERATION

Do Nice Girls Pet?

The young men show a great deal of emotion on this subject. Vehemently they say, "Yes, nice girls do pet." The surprise is not that nice girls pet, for there has always been a suspicion that they did, but that so large a proportion of the young men think it's all right. Time was, and not so long ago, when young men had a double standard with regard to petting. It was all right for the men and all wrong for the girls.

Some of the affirmatives, however, are qualified. "Yes, but the petting is limited," says one. "Yes, but unfortunately not with me," says a non-petting young writer, who wishes to avoid the suspicion of priggishness. . . . A small but vigorous minority lament the changing standard. One of them becomes involved, saying, "I suppose nice girls do pet—but how nice are they?" while another says, "Some of the nice girls who pet are nice."

A young man of nineteen, born and brought up in a theatrical family, answers uncompromisingly, "No, they do not." Possibly he's the beginning of a reaction; otherwise it's difficult to account for him.

Back Bay Boston says: "I do not know, but would be prejudiced against one who did. They do not try it on New England granite." Evidently no man need be petted against his will.
Mrs. Grundy is Dead.
DORIS WEBSTER and
MARY ALDEN HOPKINS.

BALZAC WAS ALWAYS STARTING SOMETHING

Nor did anything come of the Order of the Red Horse which Balzac founded at about the same time, and of which both Léon Gozlan and Théophile Gautier were members—an Order which is best described as a mutual admiration society intended to organize mutual admiration and make systematic use of it in the struggle for success in life.

Publicity, Balzac argued, was the secret of popularity. Without publicity, the best work was likely to fall flat, but with it good work was certain to succeed. The men who needed publicity were also the men whose position enabled them to provide it, all the authors being also journalists. Let them agree to dine together regularly and lay their plans, arranging that each, in turn, should be acclaimed, at the psychological moment, by a deafening chorus of exaggerated praise. Then they would all in turn infallibly become best-sellers.

It sounded plausible; but the expectation was not fulfilled. No one of the thirteen members of the Order except Balzac himself ever became a best-seller; and it was not the Order which he had to thank for the augmentation of his sales. The Order, after four or five meetings, ceased to exist because some of its members were too busy to attend the dinners and others were too poor to pay for them.
Balzac: The Man and the Lover.
FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

The American, better protected than the Frenchman in his civil liberty and political rights, is less well armed against social conventions. Once outside the legal fortress of the Constitution and the Supreme Court, he puts up with anything. By a wave of his hand, a policeman stops twenty thousand people. A thousand and one petty tyrannies, which in France would lead to riot, are meekly borne; blue laws, all kinds of "don't" at all times and places; Prohibition, etc. The American likes to agree with the majority, which we love to defy. He thirsts for unanimity; has faith in the wisdom of nations; respects all established customs. Far more jealous of his political liberty than the Frenchman, he sacrifices without a qualm other liberties; those we value most. If we seek the reason, we find it in the instinctive and utter optimism which takes for granted the unparalleled perfection of American material civilization.
France and America. ANDRÉ TARDIEU.

A ROYAL HOST

At the tea hour he was served a bowl of hot tea. At six o'clock came dinner. The Court kept for a long time the customs of other times, and the official banquets were never later than seven, for after his long day the King liked to retire early. Although the great fashionable receptions became proportionately more and more rare, as the King advanced in age, Léopold rather often received at his table diplomats, members of Parliament, and the members of "society." He knew the Belgians well enough to understand the price that they attached to hospitality. The cuisine was good, the wines choice, the service impeccable. The Comte John d'Oultremont, Grand Marshal of the Court, had a particular talent for gathering together around the sovereign representative personalities of all social groups. The King profited ably by these meetings, the invitations for which were never given out haphazardly. He threw out new ideas. If there were occasion for winning a recalcitrant personage, he made use of all the trumps that his prodigious memory of facts and faces gave him.
Léopold of the Belgians.
COMTE LOUIS DE LICHTERVELDE. (REED)

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Riding the surf—Hawaii's sport of sports

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Traveling by Agency, 1930

By ROGER SHAW

DO YOU ENJOY checking baggage, buying tickets, wiring ahead for accommodations, and standing in line? Or asking countless foolish questions of bored or stupid natives? Probably not, gentle reader, and hence the travel agency—which does your thinking for you and turns the rocky road of travel into a primrose path. For this worthy purpose there exist various dependable concerns, notably Thomas Cook, The American Express, and Raymond & Whitcomb. Their potential services to the wayfarer are extraordinarily extensive—they even furnish cars and chauffeurs abroad—and their resourcefulness knows no bounds.

Agency touring falls into two main groups, the "independent" trip without escort, and the "conducted" trip which is a personally escorted party arrangement of varying size. To take an "independent," first decide approximately where you want to go, how long you want to be gone, and how much you want to spend. Then go to a travel agency and tell them about it. You will promptly receive a detailed itinerary of your excursion, you pay the agency for your entire trip, and every conceivable arrangement is made for your convenience far in advance. *You* are spared red tape!

The agency gets your passport viséed, arranges steamer passage, meets you at Southampton (or wherever you do land) and puts you safely on the boat train to London with your bags. At the London depot a taxi awaits you to take you to the hotel, which is expecting you. Every detail for a side trip to Scotland is similarly arranged, where perhaps Gleneagles golf awaits you. On your return you are met by a taxi which whisks you to Croydon airdrome, whence an air hop to France has been "fixed" for you and you are met at the other end and driven to French hotel reservations in Paris. And so on *ad infinitum;* whether it be England or Chile or Transvaal or Soviet Siberia the "independent" wishes to visit. He has no worries.

The American Express, for instance, has over 2000 employees in Europe to look after travelers; and 157 uniformed interpreters at docks, railroad stations, and frontier points to expedite matters. Thirteen thousand two hundred and seventy-three Americans visited their Paris office—11 Rue Scribe—on a single August day, and 5000 in one day, the London Haymarket plant. Cook and The American Express have offices everywhere, which vie with United States legations and consulates in helping troubled travelers and those "up against it." Two old ladies not protected by any agency had reached Singapore when one fell dangerously ill. At their frightened wits' end, an entirely disinterested agency stepped in and arranged for hospital, doctors, and every contingency. A life was thereby saved; and the company received a fervent letter opening "God bless your kindly organization," and promising future patronage. A romantic young lady in Rome desired an autographed photo of Mussolini. Confiding her wish to an agency official, lo and behold she got it! And these are but instances.

Personally conducted tours used to be scoffed at as the special vehicles of "school marms" and "turnvereins" who wanted to "step out." But popular interest has greatly revived, and such "joy-rides" are especially suitable for men and women traveling abroad for the first time—ignorant of foreign manners, customs, and idioms. The conductor attends to baggage, tickets, hotels, tipping, and every other wrinkle of the trip. He knows all points of interest and explains their meaning to his guests, obviating waste motion in sightseeing. And the guests themselves can branch off independently on stops, receiving notice when the caravan is ready to proceed on its itinerary. Here indeed there is nothing to worry about.

And should you decide that neither the "independent" nor the "conducted" tour is for you—even then is the travel bureau of assistance. For it can furnish a

Some of the Principal Events in Europe in 1930

TRONDHJEM—900th anniversary of introduction of Christianity into Norway, July 28-August 3, in combination with two National Expositions (June 1 to August 12).
SPAIN—World's Fair Exhibition (Spanish-American) at Seville—until June; (International) at Barcelona—until spring.
STOCKHOLM—Exhibition of Arts, Crafts and Industry—May 15 to September 15.
Decorative Arts Exhibition—May 18 to October 1.
BAYREUTH—Annual Wagnerian Festival—July 22 to August 21. Performances include Tannhäuser, Parsifal and the Ring.
MUNICH—Mozart and Wagnerian Operatic Festival—July 23 to August 31 (approximate dates).
SALZBURG—Annual Music and Dramatic Festival—August 1 to 31.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON — Shakespearean presentations given from April to September.
OBERAMMERGAU—Passion Play—performances held on Sundays and Wednesdays—May 11 to September 28.
PARIS—Grand Prix Races—beginning of July.
LONDON—Derby Races at Epsom—beginning of June.
Ascot Cup Races—begin middle of June.
BERLIN—The second season of Festival Plays—May 25 to June 16.

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matchless perspective on steamer sailings and arrange your passage at no additional cost. January, February, and March are the usual months for planning and inquiries of any sort just as June and July are favorite sailing months. But neither time nor tide nor the fourth dimension baffles the agency of today. Somehow or other they'll do it for you.

Thomas Cook's has an interesting history. In 1841 Mr. Cook, the founder, organized the first public railroad excursion ever attempted—from Leicester, England, to Loughborough—with 570 passengers booked at a shilling each. He arranged the details of reception and entertainment, and it was a great success. Five years later a trip to the mysterious Scottish Highlands was carried out—a district then almost unknown to Englishmen. In 1872 came the first World Tour of 222 days, undertaken by Mr. Cook and nine companions. Today his organization comprises 160 offices all over the world, and a permanent staff of 4000 workers—mainly English.

The American Express touring began in 1915. Its personnel includes many Americans, and abroad employs English, Scotch, Swiss, and Dutchmen. Express travelers' checks are famous; for they are legal tender from Greenland to Patagonia and points east and west. Two hundred million dollars' worth of these are issued yearly, and they are almost fool-proof. The company maintains an efficient secret service to guard against loss or theft. It has secured 1070 arrests in the last five years.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB have been escorting tours to Europe for some forty years, and in the past ten years have developed into a most important factor as an "operator" of cruisers. The cruise, on a specifically charted ship with a cruise director to carry out plans, gives its members the comforts of a floating home while traveling.

As proof of the popularity of cruises, the Raymond & Whitcomb, and Thos. Cook regular calendar of cruises includes among others: West Indies cruises, sailing from December to March; Mediterranean cruises both spring and winter, North Cape cruises sailing in June, and Round-the-World cruises sailing in January.

Visé service, by the way, is now either unnecessary or free on American passports to Albania, Costa Rica, Denmark, Dominica, Salvador, Iceland, Esthonia, Finland, Germany, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Liberia, Nicaragua, and Sweden; also to Belgium, Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Peru, Siam, and Switzerland. These sensible countries deserve honorable mention, and others will probably conform eventually. There is freedom of the seas; railway, highway, and airway call you. *"Up, Guards, and at 'em!"*—under the ægis of a travel agency.

au revoir — they're off!

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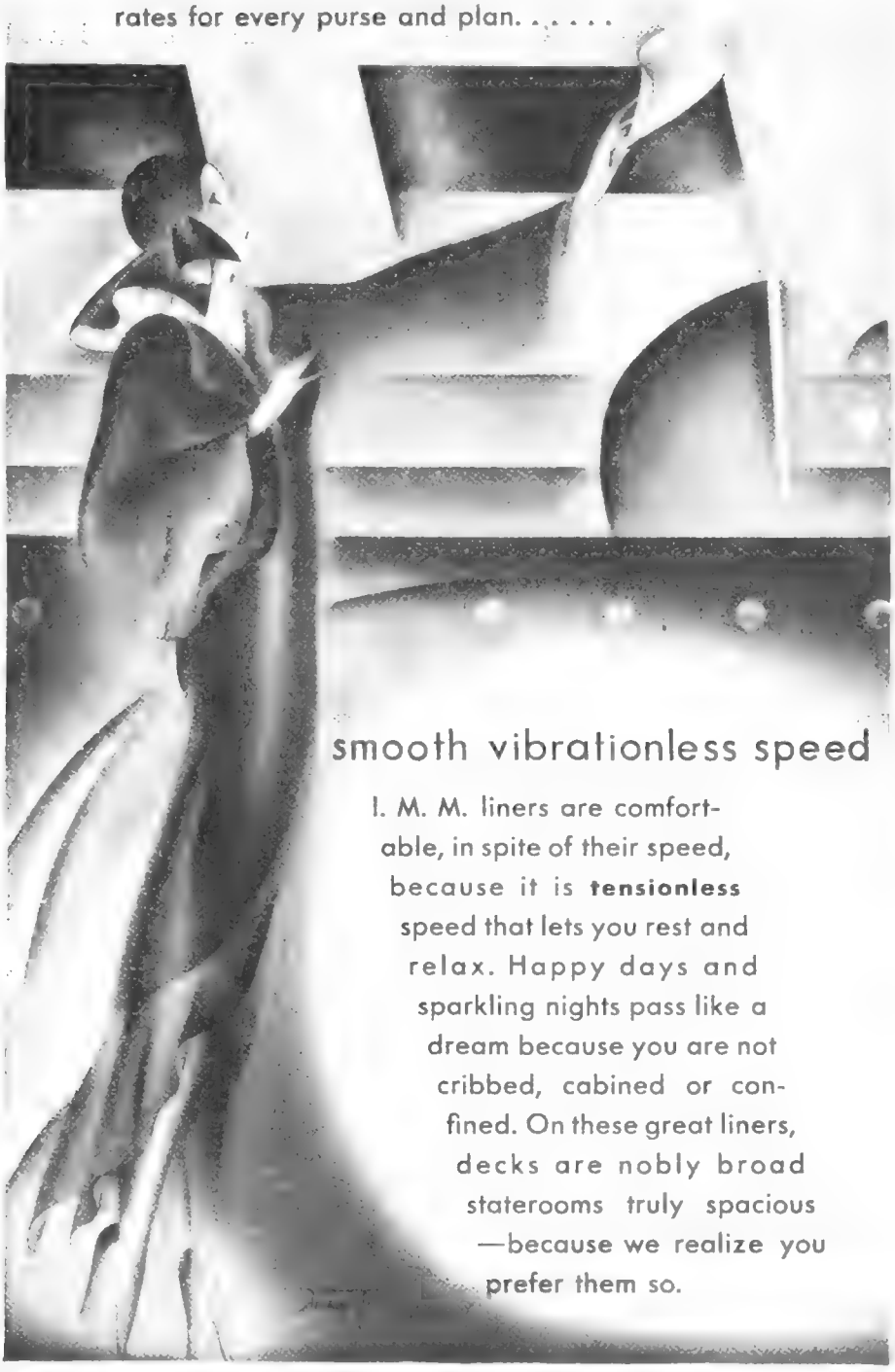

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Convertible Bonds; Hybrid *but* Flourishing

By HOWARD FLORANCE

¶ WHY does a thousand-dollar 4½ per cent. bond sell for $600 more than the same company's 5 per cent. bond? High-priced, yet so popular that it accounts for one-seventh of all the bond sales on the New York Exchange.

THE SECURITY of a bond, the speculative possibilities of a stock—what more could one ask for in a single investment? A combination of these two widely divergent features is responsible for the present popularity of the convertible bond. Here is a contradiction of the old truism that you cannot eat your cake and have it too.

It might be well to point out promptly that the convertible is not a gilt-edged bond; it seldom or never includes a mortgage on the property. It is a debenture bond, a promise to pay, supported by the good faith and credit of the company without the pledge of any specific assets for its security.

A convertible bond is exchangeable for common stock, under certain prescribed conditions. When the holder of such a bond exercises the conversion privilege he changes his own status from that of a creditor of the company to that of a partner. Obviously the exchange is made only if the company is in a prosperous condition. He surrenders a preferred position that would be valuable if the company could not carry on; he gains an opportunity to share in the profits of the business. He does not give up his bond unless he receives stock that has a greater market value, or a larger return in the form of current or prospective dividends.

Since the first of January, last year, eight of the country's great corporations have issued convertible bonds that will be alluded to in this present article. Four of them are railroads, two are public utilities, one is a coal company, and the remaining one has some of the characteristics of an investment trust. In the aggregate they represent five hundred million dollars of new financing.

Outstanding among the eight is the issue of $219,000,000 4½ per cent. convertible gold debenture bonds of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, maturing in ten years. They were offered to stockholders last July at par, the money thus obtained being used to retire a smaller issue of bonds and to provide for new construction.

If the owner of these Telephone convertible bonds so desires, he may hold them until they mature in 1939, enjoy a steady income of 4½ per cent., and feel secure in the safety that attaches to a debt of one of the country's great corporations. Written into the bond, however, is the right to convert it into common stock of the company—at $180 per share during 1930, at $190 during 1931-1932, and at $200 per share during 1933-1937.

THE CONVERSION privilege of the A. T. & T. bonds has now been available for more than two months, and it is pertinent to consider the advantages for and against an exchange. The company offers two plans. Option A gives the bondholder a share of stock for each $100 bond plus a cash payment by him equal to the difference between that amount and the conversion price, which this year is $180 per share. For $100 in bonds and $80 in cash he receives a share of stock. Option B gives the bondholder as many shares as the principal amount of bonds surrendered is a multiple of the conversion price. For $900 in bonds, as an example, he receives five shares of stock ($5\times180=900$).

Under Option A, therefore, the holder of $1000 in bonds may this year pay $800 and receive ten shares of stock in exchange. Under Option B he may pay $80 (giving his turn-in a total value of $1080) and receive six shares of stock.

An additional $720 in cash thus purchases four more shares of stock, each having a value of $240 at this writing (March 1); and Option A is obviously to the advantage of the bondholder who wishes to make the conversion at this time. This difference in favor of Option A is clearly reflected in the market value of the bonds and stock. Nine hundred dollars in bonds is the precise equivalent of five shares, under Option B. But $900 in bonds has a market value (at 160) of $1440, whereas five shares of stock are worth only $1200. If the owner of $900 in bonds had converted them into stock on March 1, under Option B, he would have penalized himself to the extent of $240. Since the addition of $80 in cash makes every $100 bond worth a share of stock, the market price of A. T. & T. convertible bonds should always be 80 points lower than that of the stock.

As regards income, the holder of a Telephone convertible bond may wonder whether he should make the switch to stock. On the face of things, a $1000 bond and $800 in a savings bank, both earning 4½ per cent., yield $81 a year. Converted into ten shares of stock, the same investment yields $90. But that is not all. The bondholder should bear in mind the fact that his bond is not really earning him 4½ per cent. It pays him, it is true, $45 per year; but he could sell it for $1600 and reinvest the proceeds at 4½ per cent. to yield $72. Actually the owner of a Telephone convertible bond is receiving only 2.8 per cent. upon the present value of his investment.

Having given so much attention to the A. T. & T. convertible bond, it is necessary to mention only briefly that of the International Telephone and Telegraph

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Company. Their interest rates and maturity dates are the same. The International bonds are convertible into common at $200 per share, and since the present market price of the stock is less than 70 the conversion privilege has no immediate value. During the wide-open market of 1929, International stock ranged as high as 150 and as low as 53; and the possibility that it will pass the conversion level of 200 in the years to come gives the convertible bonds a current market value of approximately 120.

American International Corporation 5½ per cent. bonds of 1949, brought out in January of last year, are another convertible issue where the conversion privilege has no immediate value. They may be exchanged for stock at 80 this year, at 90 during 1931 and 1932, and at 100 during 1933 and 1934. The present market value of the stock is 47, and the bonds are selling at 10 points less than their original price of 105.

Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company 6 per cent. debentures of 1949, issued last year, became convertible into stock on March 1 of this present year, forty shares for each $1000 bond, or at the rate of $25 per share. This is considerably in excess of the current market value of the stock, but the conversion privilege runs for nine years. The company produces one-eighth of the anthracite coal consumed each year, the money raised by the sale of bonds being used to install electrical machinery estimated to reduce costs and increase earnings more than $4,000,000 annually.

THE FOUR RAILROAD systems which have authorized convertible bonds since the first of last year are the Atchison, the Missouri Pacific, the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Rock Island. The conversion privilege is not yet in effect with any of these.

In January, 1929, the shareholders of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company were offered the right to subscribe at par for $40,204,000 twenty-year 4½ per cent. convertible bonds. The owner of 80 shares could purchase a $1000 bond. The conversion privilege runs for eight years following December 1, 1930, with each bond exchangeable for six shares of stock. The bonds are therefore a call upon the stock at 166 2-3. Atchison is currently selling for $230 per share, the dividend being $10. On the 1st of December, next, the owner of a $1000 bond earning $45 per year in interest may exchange it for six shares of stock earning $60 in dividends. Atchison convertible 4½s are selling at $1360 per $1000 bond, six times the value of a share of stock.

Missouri Pacific common stock does not command a high rating, when compared with that of some other systems, for the reason that it passed through a reorganization as recently as 1917. It pays no dividend, and cumulated arrears on

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the preferred stock amount to approximately $50 per share. Its convertible bonds, issued in April, 1929, draw 5½ per cent. interest and are convertible into common stock at 100 after May, 1931. The price range of the common, last fall and this winter, has been from 101 to 46 and back to 91. This has had a tendency to keep down the conversion value of the bonds, which were issued at 97½ and are worth 110 at the present writing.

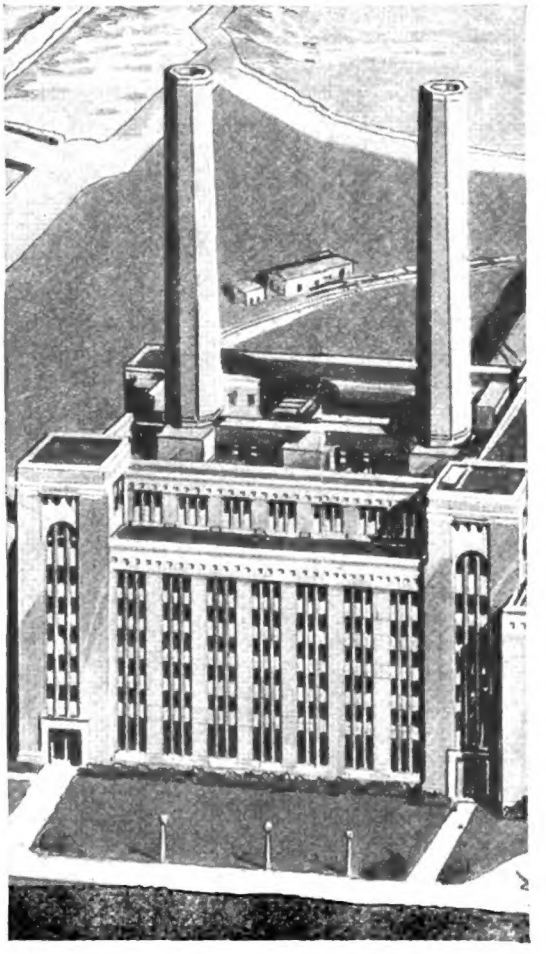
The Baltimore & Ohio and Rock Island convertible bonds, now being offered to stockholders, have many points in common. Each bears 4½ per cent. interest, runs for thirty years, is issued at 95, and is convertible into common stock after one year. The conversion price of the Baltimore & Ohio is 120 for the first five years, 125 for the next five, and 130 for the final period that ends with February 1, 1946. The Rock Island conversion price is 125 during the nine years that the privilege is open. Neither stock, at the moment, sells at those high levels.

MOST CONVERTIBLE BONDS carry a provision for redemption by the company. Both the B. & O. and the Rock Island, for example, may be "called" at 105 after February 1, 1936, plus a premium of 1 per cent. for each year between the retirement and maturity dates. Thus if the bonds, both maturing in 1960, are redeemed in 1940 the call price will be 105 plus 20, or $1250 per bond. The privilege of conversion terminates fifteen days prior to the retirement date, so that it rests with the bondholder to watch his investment.

Here, in fact, lies a fundamental difference between convertible and non-convertible bonds: it is impossible, or at least dangerous, for the owner of a convertible bond to give his investment merely casual attention. At first it has no conversion privilege; then for years it has one, often on a variable basis and sometimes without value; finally the conversion privilege ceases altogether.

A case in point is furnished by the 7 per cent. convertible bonds of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, maturing in 1938 but retired last summer by the company, which was in a prosperous condition. The owner of those bonds was entitled to convert them into common stock up to ten days of their retirement. This conversion privilege was valued so highly that each $1000 bond, early last year, was worth as much as $2680. But, through neglect or illness the owners of more than a million and a quarter of Anaconda convertible bonds had failed to exchange them into stock when the privilege expired.

The owner of a convertible bond might well be urged to write down the terms of his conversion privilege, and place the memorandum under the glass top of his office desk. In that way only can he guard against the pitfalls that lurk in forgotten corners of a safe-deposit box.



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